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DON: A DOG STORY by ZANE GREY

HARPERS MAGAZINE

August 1925

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"WOMEN OF OUR TYPE DON'T DO THAT SORT OF THING"

Harper's Magazine

VOL. CLI AUGUST, 1925 No. CMIII

DON

The Story of a Lion Dog

BY ZANE GREY

IT has taken me years to realize the greatness of a dog; and often as I have told the story of Don—his love of freedom and hatred of men—how I saved his life and how he saved mine—it never was told as I feel it now.

I saw Don first at Flagstaff, Arizona, where arrangements had been made for me to cross the desert with Buffalo Jones and a Mormon caravan en route to Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River. Jones had brought a pack of nondescript dogs. Our purpose was to cross the river and skirt the Vermilion Cliffs, and finally work up through Buckskin Forest to the north rim of the Grand Canyon, where Jones expected to lasso mountain lions and capture them alive. The most important part of our outfit, of course, was the pack of hounds. Never had I seen such a motley assembly of canines. They did not even have names. Jones gave me the privilege of finding names for them.

Among them was a hound that seemed out of place because of his superb proportions, his sleek dark smooth skin, his noble head, and great solemn black eyes. He had extraordinarily long ears, thick-veined and faintly tinged with brown. Here was a dog that looked to me like a thoroughbred. My friendly overtures to him were unnoticed. Jones said he was part bloodhound and had belonged to an old Mexican don in southern California. So I named him Don.

We were ten days crossing the Painted Desert, and protracted horseback riding was then so new and hard for me that I had no enthusiasm left to scrape acquaintance with the dogs. Still I did not forget and often felt sorry for them as they limped along, clinking their chains under the wagons. Even then I divined that horses and dogs were going to play a great part in my Western experience.

At Lee's Ferry we crossed the Colorado and I was introduced to the weird and wild canyon country, with its golden-red walls and purple depths. Here we parted with the caravan and went on with Jones' rangers, Jim and Emmet, who led our outfit into such a

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wonderful region as I had never dreamed of. We camped several days on the vast range where Jones let his buffalo herd run wild. One day the Arizonians put me astride a white mustang that apparently delighted in carrying a tenderfoot. I did not then know what I was soon to learn—that the buffalo always chased this mustang off the range. When I rode up on the herd, to my utter amaze and terror they took after me and—but I am digressing, and this is a dog story.

Once across the river, Jones had unchained the dogs and let them run on ahead or lag behind. Most of them lagged. Don for one, however, did not get sore feet. Beyond the buffalo range we entered the sage, and here Jones began to train the dogs in earnest. He carried on his saddle an old blunderbuss of a shotgun, about which I had wondered curiously. I had supposed he meant to use it to shoot small game.

Moze, our black-and-white dog, and the ugliest of the lot, gave chase to a jack rabbit.

"Hyar, you Moze, come back!" bawled Jones in stentorian tones. But Moze paid no attention. Jones whipped out the old shotgun and before I could utter a protest he had fired. The distance was pretty far—seventy yards or more—but Moze howled piercingly and came sneaking and limping back. It was remarkable to see him almost crawl to Jones' feet.

"Thar! That'll teach you not to chase rabbits. You're a lion dog!" shouted the old plainsman as if he were talking to a human.

At first I was so astounded and furious that I could not speak. But presently I voiced my feeling.

"Wal, it looks worse than it is," he said, with his keen gray-blue eyes on me. "I'm usin' fine birdshot an' it can't do any more than sting. You see, I've no time to train these dogs. It's necessary to make them see quick that they're not to trail or chase any varmints but lions."

There was nothing for me to do but hold my tongue, though my resentment appeared to be shared by Jim and Emmet. They made excuses for the old plainsman. Jim said, "He shore can make animals do what he wants. But I never seen the dog or hoss that cared two bits for him."

We rode on through the beautiful purple sageland, gradually up hill, toward a black-fringed horizon that was Buckskin Forest. Jack rabbits, cottontails, coyotes and foxes, prairie dogs and pack rats infested the sage and engaged the attention of our assorted pack of hounds. All the dogs except Don fell victim to Jones' old blunderbuss; and surely stubborn Moze received a second peppering, this time at closer range. I espied drops of blood upon his dirty white skin. After this it relieved me greatly to see that not even Moze transgressed again. Jones' method was cruel, but effective. He had captured and subdued wild animals since his boyhood. In fact, that had been the driving passion of his life, but no sentiment entered into it.

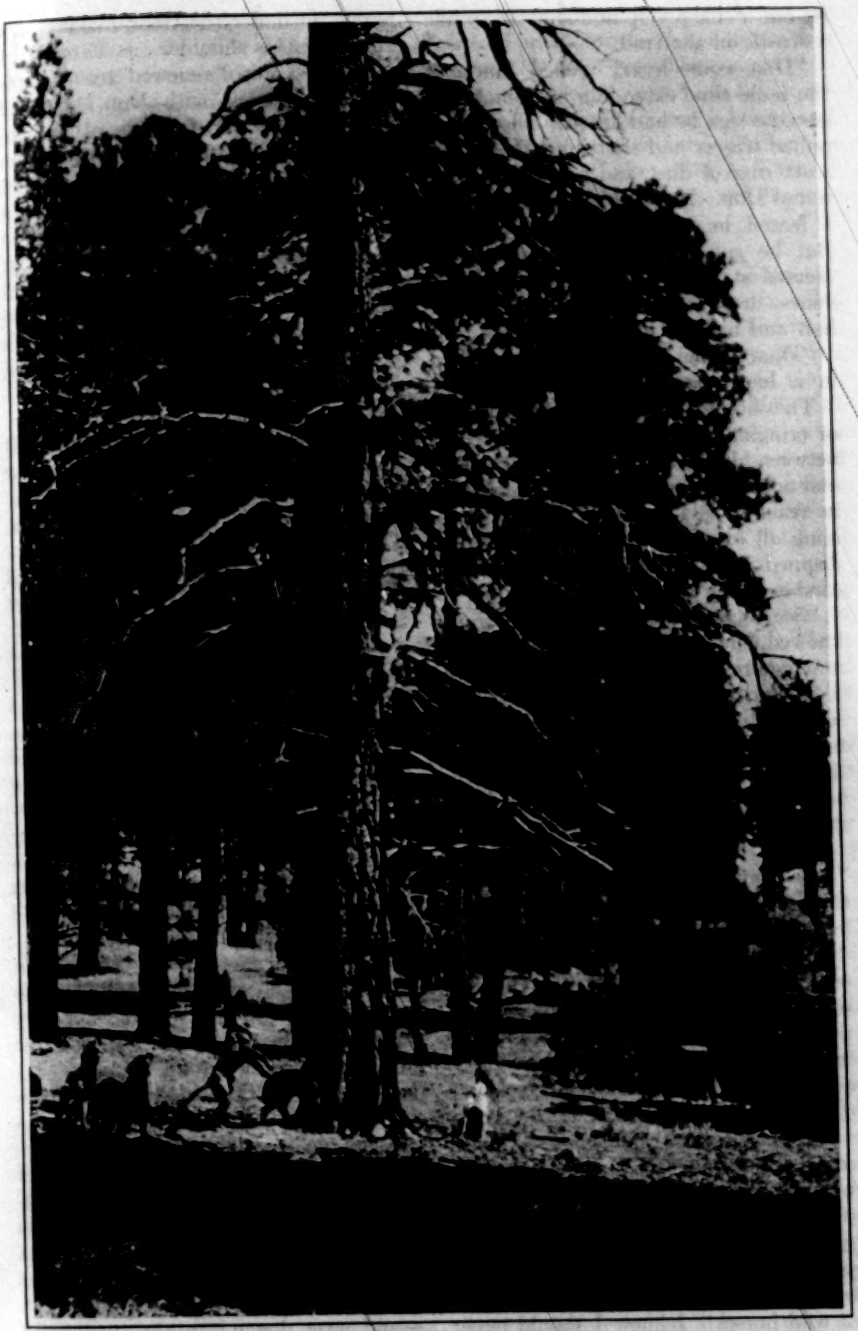
"Reckon Don is too smart to let you ketch him," Jim once remarked to our leader.

"Wal, I don't know," responded Jones, dubiously. "Mebbe he just wouldn't chase this sage trash. But wait till we jump some deer. Then we'll see. He's got bloodhound in him, and I'll bet he'll run deer. All hounds will, even the best ones trained on bear an' lion."

Not long after we entered the wonderful pine forest the reckoning of Don came as Jones had predicted. Several deer bounded out of a thicket and crossed ahead of us, soon disappearing in the green blur.

"Ahuh! Now we'll see," ejaculated Jones, deliberately pulling out the old shotgun.

The hounds trotted along beside our horses, unaware of the danger ahead. Soon we reached the deer tracks. All the hounds showed excitement. Don



A LION TREED BY THE DOGS

let out a sharp yelp and shot away like a streak on the trail.

"Don, come hyar!" yelled Jones, at the same time extending his gun. Don gave no sign he had heard. Then Jones pulled trigger and shot him. I saw the scattering of dust and pine needles all round Don. He doubled up and rolled. I feared he might be badly injured. But he got up and turned back. It seemed strange that he did not howl. Jones drew his plunging horse to a halt and bade us all stop.

"Don, come back hyar," he called in a loud, harsh, commanding voice.

The hound obeyed, not sneakingly or cringingly. He did not put his tail between his legs. But he was frightened and no doubt pretty badly hurt. When he reached us I saw that he was trembling all over and that drops of blood dripped from his long ears. What a somber sullen gaze in his eyes!

"See hyar," bellowed Jones, "I knowed you was a deer chaser. Wal, now you're a lion dog."

Later that day, when I had recovered sufficiently from my disapproval, I took Jones to task about this matter of shooting the dogs. I wanted to know how he expected the hounds to learn what he required of them.

"Wal, that's easy," he replied curtly. "When we strike a lion trail I'll put them on it—let them go. They'll soon learn."

It seemed plausible, but I was so insensed that I doubted the hounds would chase anything; and I resolved that, if Jones shot Don again, I would force the issue and end the hunt unless assured there would be no more of such drastic training methods.

Soon after this incident we made camp on the edge of a beautiful glade where a snowbank still lingered and a stream of water trickled down into a green swale. Before we got camp pitched a band of wild horses thudded by, thrilling me deeply. My first sight of wild horses! I knew I should never forget that splendid stallion, the leader, racing on under the trees, looking back at us over his shoulder.

At this camp I renewed my attempts to make friends with Don. He had been chained apart from the other dogs. He ate what I fetched him, but remained aloof. His dignity and distrust were such that I did not risk laying a hand on him then. But I resolved to win him if it were possible. His tragic eyes haunted me. There was a story in them I could not read. He always seemed to be looking afar. On this occasion I came to the conclusion that he hated Jones.

Buckskin Forest was well named. It appeared to be full of deer, the large black-tailed species known as mule deer. This species must be related to the elk. The size and beauty of them, the way they watched with long ears erect and then bounded off as if on springs, never failed to thrill me with delight.

As we traveled on the forest grew wilder and more beautiful. In the park-like glades a bleached white grass waved in the wind and bluebells smiled wanly. Wild horses outnumbered the deer, and that meant there were some always in sight. A large gray grouse flew up now and then; and most striking of the forest creatures to fascinate me was a magnificent black squirrel, with a long bushy white tail, and tufted ears, and a red stripe down its glossy sides.

We rode for several days through this enchanting wilderness, gradually ascending, and one afternoon we came abruptly to a break in the forest. It was the north rim of the Grand Canyon. My astounded gaze tried to grasp an appalling abyss of purple and gold and red, a chasm too terrible and beautiful to understand all at once. The effect of that moment must have been tremendous, for I have never recovered from it. To this day the thing that fascinates me most is to stand upon a great height—canyon wall, or promontory, or peak—and gaze down into the mysterious colorful depths.

Our destination was Powell's Plateau, an isolated cape jutting out into the canyon void. Jones showed it to me—a distant gold-rimmed black-fringed promontory, seemingly inaccessible and unscalable. The only trail leading to it was a wild-horse hunter's trail, seldom used, exceedingly dangerous. It took us two days over this canyon trail to reach the Saddle—a narrow strip of land dipping down from the Plateau and reaching up to the main rim. We camped under a vast looming golden wall, so wonderful that it kept me from sleeping. That night lions visited our camp. The hounds barked for hours. This was the first chance I had to hear Don. What a voice he had! Deep, ringing, wild, like the bay of a wolf!

Next morning we ascended the Saddle, from the notch of which I looked down into the chasm still asleep in purple shadows; then we climbed a narrow deer trail to the summit of the Plateau. Here indeed was the grand wild isolated spot of my dreams. Indeed I was in an all-satisfying trance of adventure.

I wanted to make camp on the rim but Jones laughed at me. We rode through the level stately forest of pines until we came to a ravine, on the north side of which lay a heavy bank of snow. This was very necessary, for there was no water on the Plateau. Jones rode off to scout while the rest of us pitched camp. Before we had completed our tasks a troop of deer appeared across the ravine, and motionless they stood watching us. There were big and little deer, blue-gray in color, sleek and graceful, so tame that to me it seemed brutal to shoot at them.

Don was the only one of the dogs that espied the deer. He stood up to gaze hard at them, but he did not bark or show any desire to chase them. Yet there seemed to me to be a strange yearning light in his dark eyes. I had never failed to approach Don whenever opportunity afforded, to continue my overtures of friendship. But now, as always, Don turned away from me. He was cold and somber. I had never seen him wag his tail or whine eagerly, as was common with most hounds.

Jones returned to camp jubilant and excited, as far as it was possible for the old plainsman to be. He had found lion trails and lion tracks, and he predicted a great hunt for us.

The Plateau resembled in shape the ace of clubs. It was perhaps six miles long and three or four wide. The body of it was covered with a heavy growth of pine and the capes that sloped somewhat toward the canyon were thick with sage and cedar. This lower part, with its numerous swales and ravines and gorges, all leading down into the jungle of splintered crags and thicketed slopes of the Grand Canyon, turned out to be a paradise for deer and lion.

We found many lion trails leading down from the cedared broken rim to the slopes of yellow and red. These slopes really constituted a big country, and finally led to the sheer perpendicular precipices, three thousand feet lower.

Deer were numerous and as tame as cattle on a range. They grazed with our horses. Herds of a dozen or more were common. Once we saw a very large band. Down in the sage and under the cedars and in ravines we found many remains of deer. Jones called these lion-kills. And he frankly stated that the number of deer killed yearly upon the Plateau would be incredible to anyone who had not seen the actual signs.

In two days we had three captive lions tied up to pine saplings near camp. They were two-year-olds. Don and I had treed the first lion; I had taken pictures of Jones lassoing him; I had jumped off a ledge into a cedar to escape another; I had helped Jones hold a third; I had scratches from lion claws on my chaps, and—but I keep forgetting that this is not a story about lions. Always before when I have told it I have slighted Don.

One night, a week or more after we had settled in camp, we sat round a blazing red fire and talked over the hunt of the day. We all had our part to tell. Jones and I had found where a lioness had jumped a deer. He showed me where the lioness had crouched upon a little brushy knoll, and how she had leaped thirty feet to the back of the deer. He showed me the tracks the deer had made—bounding, running, staggering with the lioness upon its back—and where, fully a hundred paces beyond, the big cat had downed its prey and killed it. There had been a fierce struggle. Then the lioness had dragged the carcass down the slope, through the sage, to the cedar tree where her four two-year-old cubs waited. All that we found of the deer were the ragged hide, some patches of hair, cracked bones, and two long ears. These were still warm.

Eventually we got the hounds on this trail and soon put up the lions. I found a craggy cliff under the rim and sat there watching and listening for hours. Jones rode to and fro above me, and at last dismounted to go down to join the other men. The hounds treed one of the lions. How that wild canyon slope rang with barks and bays and yells! Jones tied up this lion. Then the hounds worked up the ragged slope towards me, much to my gratification and excitement. Somewhere near me the lions had taken to cedars or crags, and I strained my eyes searching for them.

At last I located a lion on top of an isolated crag right beneath me. The hounds, with Don and Ranger leading, had been on the right track. My lusty yells brought the men. Then the lion stood up—a long, slender, yellowish cat—and spat at me. Next it leaped off that crag, fully fifty feet to the slope below, and bounded down, taking the direction from which the men had come. The hounds gave chase, yelping and baying. Jones bawled at them, trying to call them off, for what reason I could not guess. But I was soon to learn. They found the lion Jones had captured and left lying tied under a cedar, and they killed it, then took the trail of the other. They treed it far down in the rough jumble of rocks and cedars.

One by one we had ridden back to camp that night, tired out. Jim was the last in and he told his story last. And what was my amazement and fright to learn that all the three hours I had sat upon the edge of the caverned wall, the lioness had crouched on a bench above me. Jim on his way up had seen her, and then located her tracks in the dust back of my position. When this fact burst upon me I remembered how I had at first imagined I heard faint panting breaths near me somewhere. I had been too excited to trust my ears.

"Wal," said Jones, standing with the palms of his huge hands to the fire, "we had a poor day. If we had stuck to Don there'd have been a different story. I haven't trusted him. But now I reckon I'll have to. He'll make the greatest lion dog I ever had. Strikes me queer, too, for I never guessed it was in him. He has faults though. He's too fast. He outruns the other hounds, an' he's goin' to be killed because of that. Some day he'll beat the pack to a mean old Tom lion or a lioness with cubs, an' he'll get his everlastin'. Another fault is, he doesn't bark often. That's bad, too. You can't stick to him. He's got a grand bay, shore, but he saves his breath. Don wants to run an' trail an' fight alone. He's got more nerve than any hound I ever trained. He's too good for his own sake—an' it'll be his death."

Naturally I absorbed all that Buffalo Jones said about dogs, horses, lions, everything pertaining to the West, and I believed it as if it had been gospel. But I observed that the others, especially Jim, did not always agree with our chief in regard to the hounds. A little later, when Jones had left the fire, Jim spoke up with his slow Texas drawl:

"Wal, what does he know aboot

dawgs? I'll tell you right heah, if he hadn't shot Don we'd had the best hound thet ever put his nose to a track. Don is a wild strange hound, shore enough. Mebbe he's like a lone wolf. But it's plain he's been mistreated by men. An' Jones has just made him wuss."

Emmet inclined to Jim's point of view. And I respected this giant Mormon who was famous on the desert for his kindness to men and animals. His ranch at Lee's Ferry was overrun with dogs, cats, mustangs, burros, sheep, and tamed wild animals that he had succored.

"Yes, Don hates Jones and, I reckon, all of us," said Emmet. "Don's not old, but he's too old to change. Still, you can never tell what kindness will do to animals. I'd like to take Don home with me and see. But Jones is right. That hound will be killed."

"Now I wonder why Don doesn't run off from us?" inquired Jim.

"Perhaps he thinks he'd get shot again," I ventured.

"If he ever runs away it'll not be here in the wilds," replied Emmet. "I take Don to be about as smart as any dog ever gets. And that's pretty close to human intelligence. People have to live lonely lives with dogs before they understand them. I reckon I understand Don. He's either loved one master once and lost him, or else he has always hated all men."

"Humph! That's shore an idee," ejaculated Jim, dubiously. "Do you think a dog can feel like that?"

"Jim, I once saw a little Indian shepherd dog lie down on its master's grave and die," returned the Mormon, sonorously.

"Wal, dog-gone me!" exclaimed Jim, in mild surprise.

One morning Jim galloped in driving the horses pell-mell into camp. Any deviation from the Texan's usual leisurely manner of doing things always brought us up short with keen expectation.

"Saddle up," called Jim. "Shore thar's a chase on. I seen a big red lioness up heah. She must have come down out of the tree whar I hang my meat. Last night I had a haunch of

CAPTIVE LIONS IN CAMP

venison. It's gone. . . . Say, she was a beauty. Red as a red fox."

In a very few moments we were mounted and riding up the ravine, with the eager hounds sniffing the air. Always over-anxious in my excitement, I rode ahead of my comrades. The hounds trotted with me. The distance to Jim's meat tree was a short quarter of a mile. I knew well where it was and, as of course the lion trail would be fresh, I anticipated a fine opportunity to watch Don. The other hounds had come to regard him as their leader. When we neared the meat tree, which was a low-branched oak shaded by thick silver spruce, Don elevated his nose high in the air. He had caught a scent even at a distance. Jones had said more than once that Don had a wonderful nose. The other hounds, excited by Don, began to whine and yelp and run around with noses to the ground.

I had eyes only for Don. How instinct he was with life and fire! The hair on his neck stood up like bristles. Suddenly he let out a wild bark and bolted. He sped away from the pack and like a flash passed that oak tree, running with his head high. The hounds strung out after him and soon the woods seemed full of a baying chorus.

My horse, Black Bolly, well knew the meaning of that medley and did not need to be urged. He broke into a run and swiftly carried me up out of the hollow and through a brown-aisled pine-scented strip of forest to the canyon.

I rode along the edge of one of the deep indentations on the main rim. The hounds were bawling right under me at the base of a low cliff. They had jumped the lioness. I could not see them, but that was not necessary. They were running fast towards the head of this cove, and I had hard work to hold Black Bolly to a safe gait along that rocky rim. Suddenly she shied, and then reared, so that I fell out of the saddle as much as I dismounted. But I held the bridle, and then jerked my rifle from the saddle sheath. As I ran toward the rim I heard the yells of the men coming up behind. At the same instant I was startled and halted by sight of something red and furry flashing up into a tree right in front of me. It was the red lioness. The dogs had chased her into a pine the middle branches of which were on a level with the rim.

My skin went tight and cold and my heart fluttered. The lioness looked enormous, but that was because she was so close. I could have touched her with a long fishing pole. I stood motionless for an instant, thrilling in every nerve, reveling in the beauty and wildness of that great cat. She did not see me. The hounds below engaged all her attention. But when I let out a yell, which I could not stifle, she jerked spasmodically to face me. Then I froze again. What a tigerish yellow flash of eyes and fangs! She hissed. She could have sprung from the tree to the rim and upon me in two bounds. But she leaped to a ledge below the rim, glided along that and disappeared.

I ran ahead and with haste and violence clambered out upon a jutting point of the rim, from which I could command the situation. Jones and the others were riding and yelling back where I had left my horse. I called for them to come.

The hounds were baying along the base of the low cliff. No doubt they had seen the lioness leap out of the tree. My eyes roved everywhere. This cove was a shallow V-shaped gorge, a few hundred yards deep and as many across. Its slopes were steep with patches of brush and rock.

All at once my quick eye caught a glimpse of something moving up the opposite slope. It was a long red pantherish shape. The lioness! I yelled with all my might. She ran up the slope and at the base of the low wall she turned to the right. At that

moment Jones strode heavily over the rough loose rocks of the promontory toward me.

"Where's the cat?" he boomed, his gray eyes flashing. In a moment more I had pointed her out. "Ha! I see. . . Don't like that place. The canyon boxes. She can't get out. She'll turn back."

The old hunter had been quick to grasp what had escaped me. The lioness could not find any break in the wall, and manifestly she would not go down into the gorge. She wheeled back along the base of this yellow cliff. There appeared to be a strip of bare clay or shale rock against which background her red shape stood out clearly. She glided along, slowing her pace, and she turned her gaze across the gorge.

Then Don's deep bay rang out from the slope to our left. He had struck the trail of the lioness. I saw him running down. He leaped in long bounds. The other hounds heard him and broke for the brushy slope. In a moment they had struck the scent of their quarry and given tongue.

As they started down Don burst out of the willow thicket at the bottom of the gorge and bounded up the opposite slope. He was five hundred yards ahead of the pack. He was swiftly climbing. He would run into the lioness.

Jones gripped my arm in his powerful hand.

"Look!" he shouted. "Look at that fool hound! . . . Runnin' up hill to get to that lioness. She won't run. She's cornered. She'll meet him. She'll kill him. . . . Shoot her! Shoot her!"

I scarcely needed Jones' command to stir me to save Don, but it was certain that the old plainsman's piercing voice made me tremble. I knelt and leveled my rifle. The lioness showed red against the gray—a fine target. She was gliding more and more slowly. She saw or heard Don. The gunsight wavered. I could not hold steady. But I had to hurry. My first bullet struck two yards below the beast, puffing the dust. She kept on. My second bullet hit behind her. Jones was yelling in my ear. I could see Don out of the tail of my eye. . . . Again I shot. Too high! But the lioness jumped and halted. She lashed with her tail. What a wild picture! I strained—clamped every muscle, and pulled trigger. My bullet struck right under the lioness, scattering a great puff of dust and gravel in her face. She bounded ahead a few yards and up into a cedar tree. An instant later Don flashed over the bare spot where she had waited to kill him, and in another his deep bay rang out under the cedar.

"Treed, by gosh!" yelled Jones, joyfully pounding me on the back with his huge fist. "You saved that fool dog's life. She'd have killed him shore. . . . Wal, the pack will be there pronto, an' all we've got to do is go over an' tie her up. But it was a close shave for Don."

That night in camp Don was not in the least different from his usual somber self. He took no note of my proud proprietorship or my hovering near him while he ate the supper I provided, part of which came from my own plate. My interest and sympathy had augmented to love.

Don's attitude toward the captured and chained lions never ceased to be a source of delight and wonder to me. All the other hounds were upset by the presence of the big cats. Moze, Sounder, Tige, Ranger would have fought these collared lions. Not so Don! For him they had ceased to exist. He would walk within ten feet of a hissing lioness without the slightest sign of having seen or heard her. He never joined in the howling chorus of the dogs. He would go to sleep close to where the lions clanked their chains, clawed the trees, whined and spat and squalled.

Several days after that incident of the red lioness we had a long and severe chase through the brushy cedar forest

on the left wing of the Plateau. I did well to keep the hounds within earshot. When I arrived at the end of that run I was torn and blackened by the brush, wet with sweat, and hot as fire. Jones, lasso in hand, was walking round a large cedar under which the pack of hounds was clamoring. Jim and Emmet were seated on a stone, wiping their red faces.

"Wal, I'll rope him before he rests up," declared Jones.

"Wait till — I get — my breath," panted Emmet.

"We shore oozed along this mawnin'," drawled Jim.

Dismounting, I untied my camera from the saddle and then began to peer up into the bushy cedar.

"It's a Tom lion," declared Jones. "Not very big, but he looks mean. I reckon he'll mess us up some."

"Haw! Haw!" shouted Jim, sarcastically. The old plainsman's imperturbability sometimes wore on our nerves.

I climbed a cedar next to the one in which the lion had taken refuge. From a topmost fork, swaying to and fro, I stood up to photograph our quarry. He was a good-sized animal, tawny in hue, rather gray of face, and a fierce-looking brute. As the distance between us was not far, my situation was as uncomfortable as thrilling. He snarled at me and spat viciously. I was about to abandon my swinging limb when the lion turned away from me to peer down through the branches.

Jones was climbing into the cedar. Low and deep the lion growled. Jones held in one hand a long pole with a small fork at the end, upon which hung the noose of his lasso. Presently he got far enough up to reach the lion. Usually he climbed close enough to throw the rope, but evidently he regarded this beast as dangerous. He tried to slip the noose over the head of the lion. One sweep of a big paw sent pole and noose flying. Patiently Jones made ready and tried again, with similar result. Many times he tried. His patience and perseverance seemed incredible. One attribute of his great power to capture and train wild animals here asserted itself. Finally the lion grew careless or tired, on which instant Jones slipped the noose over its head.

Drawing the lasso tight, he threw his end over a thick branch and let it trail down to the men below. "Wait now!" he yelled and quickly backed down out of the cedar. The hounds were leaping eagerly.

"Pull him off that fork an' let him down easy so I can rope one of his paws."

It turned out, however, that the lion was hard to dislodge. I could see his muscles ridge and bulge. Dead branches cracked, the tree-top waved. Jones began to roar in anger. The men replied with strained hoarse voices. I saw the lion drawn from his perch and, clawing the branches, springing convulsively, he disappeared from my sight.

Then followed a crash. The branch over which Jones was lowering the beast had broken. Wild yells greeted my startled ears and a perfect din of yelps and howls. Pandemonium had broken loose down there. I fell more than I descended from that tree.

As I bounded erect I espied the men scrambling out of the way of a huge furry wheel. Ten hounds and one lion comprised that brown whirling ball. Suddenly out of it a dog came hurtling. He rolled to my feet, staggered up.

It was Don. Blood was streaming from him. Swiftly I dragged him aside, out of harm's way. And I forgot the fight. My hands came away from Don wet and dripping with hot blood. It shocked me. Then I saw that his throat had been terribly torn. I thought his jugular vein had been severed. Don lay down and stretched out. He looked at me with those great somber eyes. Never would I forget! He was going to die right there before my eyes.

BUFFALO JONES WITH A CAPTIVE LION

"Oh Don! Don! What can I do?" I cried in horror.

As I sank beside Don one of my hands came in contact with snow. It had snowed that morning and there were still white patches in shady places. Like a flash I ripped off my scarf and bound it round Don's neck. Then I scraped up a double handful of snow and placed that in my bandana handkerchief. This also I bound tightly round his neck. I could do no more. My hope left me then, and I had not the courage to sit there beside him until he died.

All the while I had been aware of a bedlam near at hand. When I looked I saw a spectacle for a hunter. Jones, yelling at the top of his stentorian voice, seized one hound after the other by the hind legs and, jerking him from the lion, threw him down the steep slope. Jim and Emmet were trying to help while at the same time they avoided close quarters with that threshing beast. At last they got the dogs off and the lion stretched out. Jones got up, shaking his shaggy head. Then he espied me and his hard face took on a look of alarm.

"Hyar — you're all — bloody," he panted plaintively, as if I had been exceedingly remiss.

Whereupon I told him briefly about Don. Then Jim and Emmet approached and we all stood looking down on the quiet dog and the patch of bloody snow.

"Wal, I reckon he's a goner," said Jones, breathing hard. "Shore I knew he'd get his everlastin'."

"Looks powerful like the lion has aboot got his too," added Jim.

Emmet knelt by Don and examined the bandage round his neck. "Bleeding yet," he muttered, thoughtfully. "You did all that was possible. Too bad! . . . The kindest thing we can do is to leave him here."

I did not question this but I hated to consent. Still, to move him would only bring on more hemorrhage and to put him out of his agony would have been impossible for me. Moreover, while there was life there was hope! Scraping up a goodly ball of snow I rolled it close to Don so that he could lick it if he chose. Then I turned aside and could not look again. But I knew

that to-morrow or the following day I would find my way back to this wild spot.

The accident to Don and what seemed the inevitable issue weighed heavily upon my mind. Don's eyes haunted me. I very much feared that the hunt had reached an unhappy ending for me. Next day the weather was threatening and, as the hounds were pretty tired, we rested in camp, devoting ourselves to needful tasks. A hundred times I thought of Don, alone out there in the wild brakes. Perhaps merciful death had relieved him of suffering. I would surely find out on the morrow.

But the indefatigable Jones desired to hunt in another direction next day and, as I was by no means sure I could find the place where Don had been left, I had to defer that trip. We had a thrilling hazardous luckless chase, and I for one gave up before it ended.

Weary and dejected I rode back. I could not get Don off my conscience. The pleasant woodland camp did not seem the same place. For the first time the hissing, spitting, chain-clinking, tail-lashing lions caused me irritation and resentment. I would have none of them. What was the capture of a lot of spiteful vicious cats to the life of a noble dog? Slipping my saddle off, I turned Black Bolly loose.

Then I imagined I saw a beautiful black long-eared hound enter the glade. I rubbed my eyes. Indeed there was a dog coming. Don! I shouted my joy and awe. Running like a boy I knelt by him, saying I knew not what. Don wagged his tail! He licked my hand! These actions seemed as marvelous as his return. He looked sick and weak but he was all right. The handkerchief was gone from his neck but the scarf remained, and it was stuck tight where his throat had been lacerated.

Later Emmet examined Don and said we had made a mistake about the jugular vein being severed. Don's injury had been serious, however, and without the prompt aid I had so fortunately given he would soon have bled to death. Jones shook his gray old locks and said, "Reckon Don's time hadn't come. Hope that will teach him sense." In a couple of days Don had recovered and on the next he was back leading the pack.

A subtle change had come over Don in his relation to me. I did not grasp it so clearly then. Thought and memory afterward brought the realization to me. But there was a light in his eyes for me which had never been there before.

One day Jones and I treed three lions. The largest leaped and ran down into the canyon. The hounds followed. Jones strode after them, leaving me alone with nothing but a camera to keep those two lions up that tree. I had left horse and gun far up the slope. I protested; I yelled after him, "What'll I do if they start down?"

He turned to gaze up at me. His grim face flashed in the sunlight.

"Grab a club an' chase them back," he replied.

Then I was left alone with two ferocious-looking lions in a piñon tree scarcely thirty feet high. While they heard the baying of the hounds they paid no attention to me, but after that ceased they got ugly. Then I hid behind a bush and barked like a dog. It worked beautifully. The lions grew quiet. I barked and yelped and bayed until I lost my voice. Then they got ugly again! They started down. With stones and clubs I kept them up there, while all the time I was wearing to collapse. When at last I was about to give up in terror and despair I heard Don's bay, faint and far away. The lions had heard it before I had. How they strained! I could see the beating of their hearts through their lean sides. My own heart leaped. Don's bay floated up, wild and mournful. He was coming. Jones had put him on the back trail of the lion that had leaped from the tree.

Deeper and clearer came the bays.

How strange that Don should vary from his habit of seldom baying! There was something uncanny in this change. Soon I saw him far down the rocky slope. He was climbing fast. It seemed I had long to wait, yet my fear left me. On and up he came, ringing out that wild bay. It must have curdled the blood of those palpitating lions. It seemed the herald of that bawling pack of hounds.

Don espied me before he reached the piñon in which were the lions. He bounded right past it and up to me with the wildest demeanor. He leaped up and placed his forepaws on my breast. And as I leaned down, excited and amazed, he licked my face. Then he whirled back to the tree, where he stood up and fiercely bayed the lions. While I sank down to rest, overcome, the familiar baying chorus of the hounds floated up from below. As usual they were far behind the fleet Don, but they were coming.

Another day I found myself alone on the edge of a huge cove that opened down into the main canyon. We were always getting lost from one another. And so were the hounds. There were so many lion trails that the pack would

THE AUTHOR AND DON

split, some going one way, some another, until it appeared each dog finally had a lion to himself.

It was a glorious day. From far below, faint and soft, came the strange roar of the Rio Colorado. I could see it winding, somber and red, through the sinister chasm. Adventure ceased to exist for me. I was gripped by the grandeur and loveliness, the desolation and loneliness of the supreme spectacle of nature.

Then as I sat there, absorbed and chained, the spell of enchantment was broken by Don. He had come to me. His mouth was covered with froth. I knew what that meant. Rising, I got my canteen from the saddle and poured water into the crown of my sombrero. Don lapped it. As he drank so thirstily I espied a bloody scratch on his nose.

"Aha! A lion has batted you one, this very morning," I cried. "Don—I fear for you."

He rested while I once more was lost in contemplation of the glory of the canyon. What significant hours these on the lonely heights! But then I only saw and felt.

Presently I mounted my horse and headed for camp, with Don trotting behind. When we reached the notch of the cove the hound let out his deep bay and bounded down a break in the low wall. I dismounted and called. Only another deep bay answered me. Don had scented a lion or crossed one's trail. Suddenly several sharp deep yelps came from below, a crashing of brush, a rattling of stones. Don had jumped another lion.

Quickly I threw off sombrero and coat and chaps. I retained my left glove. Then, with camera over my shoulder and revolver in my belt, I plunged down the break in the crag. My boots were heavy soled and studded with hobnails. The weeks on these rocky slopes had trained me to fleetness and sure-footedness. I plunged down the sliding slant of weathered stone, crashed through the brush, dodged under the cedars, leaped from boulder to ledge and down from ledge to bench. Reaching a dry stream bed, I espied in the sand the tracks of a big lion, and beside them smaller tracks that were Don's. And as I ran I yelled at the top of my lungs, hoping to help Don tree the lion. What I was afraid of was that the beast might wait for Don and kill him.

Such strenuous exertion required a moment's rest now and then, during which I listened for Don. Twice I heard his bay, and the last one sounded as if he had treed the lion. Again I took to my plunging, jumping, sliding descent; and I was not long in reaching the bottom of that gorge. Ear and eye had guided me unerringly for I came to an open place near the main jump-off into the canyon, and here I saw a tawny shape in a cedar tree. It belonged to a big Tom lion. He swayed the branch and leaped to a ledge, and from that down to another, and then vanished round a corner of wall.

Don could not follow down those high steps. Neither could I. We worked along the ledge, under cedars, and over huge slabs of rock toward the corner where our quarry had disappeared. We were close to the great abyss. I could almost feel it. Then the glaring light of a void struck my eyes like some tangible thing.

At last I worked out from the shade of rocks and trees and, turning the abrupt jut of wall, I found a few feet of stone ledge between me and the appalling chasm. How blue, how fathomless! Despite my pursuit of a lion I was suddenly shocked into awe and fear.

Then Don returned to me. The hair on his neck was bristling. He had come from the right, from round the corner of wall where the ledge ran, and where surely the lion had gone. My blood was up and I meant to track that beast to his lair, photograph him if possible, and kill him. So I strode on to the ledge and round the point of

wall. Soon I espied huge cat tracks in the dust, close to the base. A well-defined lion trail showed there. And ahead I saw the ledge—widening somewhat and far from level—stretch before me to another corner.

Don acted queerly. He followed me, close at my heels. He whined. He growled. I did not stop to think then what he wanted to do. But it must have been that he wanted to go back. The heat of youth and the wildness of adventure had gripped me and fear and caution were not in me.

Nevertheless my sensibilities were remarkably acute. When Don got in front of me there was something that compelled me to go slowly. Soon, in any event, I should have been forced to that. The ledge narrowed. Then it widened again to a large bench with cavernous walls overhanging it. I passed this safe zone to turn on to a narrowing edge of rock that disappeared round another corner. When I came to this point I must have been possessed, for I flattened myself against the wall and worked round it.

Again the way appeared easier. But what made Don go so cautiously? I heard his growls; still, no longer did I look at him. I felt this pursuit was nearing an end. At the next turn I halted short, suddenly quivering. The ledge ended—and there lay the lion, licking a bloody paw.

Tumultuous indeed were my emotions, yet on that instant I did not seem conscious of fear. Jones had told me never, in close quarters, to take my eyes off a lion. I forgot. In the wild excitement of a chance for an incomparable picture I forgot. A few precious seconds were wasted over the attempt to focus my camera.

Then I heard quick thuds. Don growled. With a start I jerked up to see the lion had leaped or run half the distance. He was coming. His eyes blazed purple fire. They seemed to paralyze me, yet I began to back along the ledge. Whipping out my revolver I tried to aim. But my nerves had undergone such a shock that I could not aim. The gun wobbled. I dared not risk shooting. If I wounded the lion it was certain he would knock me off that narrow ledge.

So I kept on backing, step by step. Don did likewise. He stayed between me and the lion. Therein lay the greatness of that hound. How easily he could have dodged by me to escape along the ledge! But he did not do it.

A precious opportunity presented when I reached the widest part of the bench. Here I had a chance and I recognized it. Then, when the overhanging wall bumped my shoulder, I realized too late. I had come to the narrowing part of the ledge. Not reason but fright kept me from turning to run. Perhaps that might have been the best way out of the predicament. I backed along the strip of stone that was only a foot wide. A few more blind steps meant death. My nerve was gone. Collapse seemed inevitable. I had a camera in one hand and a revolver in the other.

That purple-eyed beast did not halt. My distorted imagination gave him a thousand shapes and actions. Bitter despairing thoughts flashed through my mind. Jones had said mountain lions were cowards, but not when cornered—never when there was no avenue of escape!

Then Don's haunches backed into my knees. I dared not look down but I felt the hound against me. He was shaking yet he snarled fiercely. The feel of Don there, the sense of his courage caused my cold thick blood to burst into hot gushes. In another second he would be pawed off the ledge or he would grapple with this hissing lion. That meant destruction for both, for they would roll off the ledge.

I had to save Don. That mounting thought was my salvation. Physically, he could not have saved me or himself, but this grand spirit somehow pierced to my manhood.

Leaning against the wall, I lifted the revolver and steadied my arm with my left hand, which still held the camera. I aimed between the purple eyes. That second was an eternity. The gun crashed. The blaze of one of those terrible eyes went out.

Up leaped the lion, beating the wall with heavy thudding paws. Then he seemed to propel himself outward, off the ledge into space—a tawny spread figure that careened majestically over and over, down—down—down to vanish in the blue depths.

Don whined. I stared at the abyss, slowly becoming unlocked from the grip of terror. I staggered a few steps forward to a wider part of the ledge and there I sank down, unable to stand longer. Don crept to me, put his head in my lap.

I listened. I strained my ears. How endlessly long seemed that lion in falling! But all was magnified. At last puffed up a sliding roar, swelling and dying until again the terrific silence of the canyon enfolded me.

Presently Don sat up and gazed into the depths. How strange to see him peer down! Then he turned his sleek dark head to look at me. What did I see through the somber sadness of his eyes? He whined and licked my hand. It seemed to me Don and I were more than man and dog. He moved away then round the narrow ledge, and I had to summon energy to follow. Shudderingly, I turned my back on that awful chasm and held my breath while I slipped round the perilous place. Don waited there for me, then trotted on. Not until I had gotten safely off that ledge did I draw a full breath. Then I toiled up the steep rough slope to the rim. Don was waiting beside my horse. Between us we drank the rest of the water in my canteen, and when we reached camp night had fallen. A bright fire and a good supper broke the gloom of my mind. My story held those rugged Westerners spellbound. Don stayed close to me, followed me of his own accord, and slept beside me in my tent.

There came a frosty morning when the sun rose red over the ramparts of colored rock. We had a lion running before the misty shadows dispersed from the canyon depths.

The hounds chased him through the sage and cedar into the wild brakes of the north wing of the Plateau. This lion must have been a mean old Tom for he did not soon go down the slopes.

The particular section he at last took refuge in was impassable for man. The hounds gave him a grueling chase, then one by one they crawled up, sore and thirsty. All but Don! He did not come. Jones rolled out his mighty voice, which pealed back in mocking hollow echoes. Don did not come. At noonday Jones and the men left for camp with the hounds.

I remained. I had a vigil there on the lofty rim, alone, where I could peer down the yellow-green slope and beyond to the sinister depths. It was a still day. The silence was overpowering. When Don's haunting bay floated up it shocked me. At long intervals I heard it, fainter and fainter. Then no more!

Still I waited and watched and listened. Afternoon waned. My horse neighed piercingly from the cedars. The sinking sun began to fire the Pink Cliffs of Utah, and then the hundred miles of immense chasm over which my charmed gaze held dominion. How lonely, how terrifying that stupendous rent in the earth! Lion and hound had no fear. But the thinking, feeling man was afraid. What did they mean—this exquisitely hued and monstrous canyon—the setting sun—the wildness of a lion, the grand spirit of a dog—and the wondering sadness of a man?

I rode home without Don. Half the night I lay awake waiting, hoping. But he did not return by dawn, nor through that day. He never came back.

FIVE DAYS AND AN EDUCATION

With Some Aspersions on Intelligence Tests

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

HAD Napier not invented logarithms it was ordained that William Wainright Wallingford should. That base of Napier's (2.7182818), as terrifying to me as an army with banners, is as simple to Wallingford as a pair of callipers, explaining for him all mundane things and things astral. Wallingford's job at the factory is to calculate pressures, tensions, resiliencies, costs, and the like, and he has created a variety of slide rules, endowed with 2.7182818 or some other loggish intelligences, which instantly answer any question they may be asked—from the morals of a spiral spring to the vagaries of that factory wanton known as "Overhead." He has a slide rule for predicting the weather; and has been some time at work upon one for the races. But this one puzzles him. The problem seems to possess a peculiarly elusive element. He has figured long over it. "It is dead easy," he declares as he figures, figures, figures. "And I could pick the winner every time, if—if I could only find a factor for the jockey."

Stop figuring, William. Not every jockey has even his "price," so how could all jockeys have a common factor? You can't find a factor for what we call human nature. But this is something the slide-rulers refuse to learn. The other day I heard one of them, a very violent logarithmiac, reporting the application of log 2.7182818 to an English class in high school. He found 67¾% of the class deficient in the verbs lay and lie; 3% deficient in capitals; 42 3/7% deficient in semicolons; 39% deficient in commas; and 2% deficient in periods. His theme was "The Educational Value of the Intelligence Test." He is a well-known tester, the dean of a college of pedagogy and a professor of psychology. I longed

> To be chief mourner at his obsequies,

for, though well embalmed, he should be buried so that something alive and human might succeed to his place.

"Herein lies the value of the intelligence test," his talk continued. "The teacher, knowing exactly the defects of her class, can exert 67¾% more pressure on lay and lie; 3% more pressure on capitals; 42 3/7% more pressure on semicolons; 39% more pressure on commas; and so turn out an absolutely 100% perfect product with the placing of precisely 2% more pressure on periods."

"Oh, Lord," I groaned, "they have put a hook into the nose of leviathan, and bored his jaw with a thorn! Is this to go to school? Does education begin with a capital, advance with commas and semicolons, and conclude with a period?

> Can the rush grow up without mire?
> Can the flag grow without water?

What, Lord, are typesetters and stenographers fashioned for?"

There was no reply. The Almighty, unable to create individuals by slide rule, knows they cannot be educated by such a rule and so abandons teachers' institutes to pedagogues and psychologists, an adnate pair.

Never was education left in more deadly hands. What other modern sci-

ences are of such pretensions as pedagogy and psychology? Their joint educational circus has the original Barnum's beaten. Humbugging the public doubtless serves the silly public right. But children are not the public. They are the hope of the world. And they are the wrath of God.

I cannot conceive of anything more futile, more fatal in education than this idiot-confirming, moron-making process called the intelligence test. It is also a setting up of intellectual prigs. We are all off the normal, above or below, or (as with most of the educators I chance to know) on both levels all of the time —the one non-existent individual among us being that mythical perfect person, the so-called "average-man." There is no such animal—nor child nor man. And these intelligence testers, by what authority do they test, and how would they behave if tested? I can scarcely remember a more moronic talk than that on the test in English by this adenoidal dean.

Is a good education to-day any better than it ever was, or essentially any different? Schools are better; teachers are better trained—but what is an education? That is a question quite unanswerable because it is strictly personal, for no two individuals the same. We talk of educations as if there were well-marked, standardized varieties of them: one for business; one for life; one for the law; one for citizenship. But these are only stresses, vocational and conventional aspects of an inner process which is always selective and personal.

Going to school is of value and has somewhat to do with education. It has a great deal more to do with society and government. A common school for all the people is imperative as a preparation for democracy, and still more as a demonstration of democracy. But this is the social as distinct from the personal end in education, about which latter this inquiry is concerned. We can and must all go to school together. What I here am interested in is the factor for the jockey—the effect of our costly schools, our multiple machinery, and our more multiple theories upon the education of the individual; whether that education is different and better than it ever was as a result of the spraying and sorting and standardizing of the intelligence-testers.

That cannot be decided until we agree on a definition of education, or at least on what its essential elements are—a question which every individual, examining his education or his lack of it, must define for himself. What then is the nature of my education, or the thing which passes for my education?

Except for a three-month turn in the fall of my thirteenth year, when I was under the only simon-pure fool teacher I ever had (I ran away from his school in November and never returned), I think I enjoyed going to school—a pleasure which was quite apart from any great satisfaction of my teachers. In all I went to school nineteen years, an appalling length of time, for as I review them it seems to me that I got all of my education out of just five days.

One was a day of investment. One was a day of adventure. One was a day of wonder. One was a day of power. One was a day of weakness.

Aside from the drill of school (which I needed, possibly), line upon line, for nineteen years—these five days of buying, of daring, of wondering, of doing, and of disavowing seem to comprise the whole of my education, though they may comprehend no fractional part of what the schoolmen technically call an education. But I am not concerned now with schoolmen or their technicalities, whether or not they think me educated. I am trying to account for what must pass as my education: what it is, how I got it, and how I value it, far as it may be from the standard thing of pedagogy. I think it must be like most persons' in the main. Anyhow it is all I have, the nearest to a substitute that I can offer; and being mine, whatever it is, it is interesting to me; and, what is very im-

portant, being mine, I can speak about it, not as the scribes but with authority.

There is an accidental quality, a certain haphazardry about these educational experiences as against the guaranteed and tabulated product of scientific pedagogy; but something must be allowed me for having begun my education before the invention of the Brain Register and the Moron Machine, and for having started for school in daring ignorance of what may be my true moronic condition.

At the close of any one of these five significant days, had I been put through the intelligence register under the third degree I might have shown a lower quotient than I began with in the morning; for these were days of spiritual rather than intellectual results. I might have recorded my educational growth in a poem or a prayer; but I could not have shown then, nor can I show now, that I had learned a thing at the time which any test could tally.

The First Day—Investment. An older brother's Sunday-school teacher one Christmas gave Joe a year's subscription to *The Youth's Companion* and gave me the premium, a little green box of tools. I was "going on" thirteen. He was a well-intentioned man but he didn't know boys—how much Joe wanted those tools, and how I longed for the subscription. We got home and traded: Joe taking the tools, I the paper. Joe is a dentist in the old home town.

The thing we did was not accidental. It was foreordained thus. There was that difference in our protoplasms—his substance toolish, mine bookish. But let me finish the story, for it is about a book.

One of the first things I read in my new paper was an account of Gilbert White and his *Natural History of Selborne.* Not till then did I know that there was any such book in all the world. I must read it. But how could I? There was no library in our town, nothing but the Sunday-school library consisting chiefly of E. P. Roe and *Elsie.* I was not opening chestnut burrs then and as for Elsie, she never did appeal to me. But a lawyer friend, a book lover, got me a Philadelphia publisher's catalog where I found the Gilbert White listed in two volumes, fifteen cents a volume. Money was inconceivably scarce in those days and I was some time, even with the help of the junk man, in getting the funds together. But I did it and bought the two books—my first independent investment, and the most momentous investment I ever made.

Of its educational bearing—that is to be seen, first, in the nature of the investment—that it was a book; and, second, in the fact that it was an investment, my hard-earned money gone into literature. For thus I established at the start the right relation between myself and my education—which is, after all, little more than the ability to value books. The only honorable way to approach a book is with its price. Reading a book is a more solemn business than the writing of it. The contract ought not to be entered into lightly, but seriously, for better or for worse, till death do us part. There are many exceptions; but a borrowed book is almost as great a scandal as a borrowed wife.

This investment in books was tremendously significant, committing me to books as one of life's rich resources; and confirming me in my love of the out-of-doors as by some solemn laying on of hands. To bring a boy and his book together is to make a match in heaven; and to cause him with all his earthly goods that book to endow is to leave him living intellectually happy ever after.

The Second Day—Adventure. The second day came a year or two later. I was in my first botany class. A young teacher, fresh from college, was reading the story of mistletoe—written no doubt by a scientist but, past all doubt, by a poet. Perhaps I had begun to have a human interest in mistletoe at Christmas time; perhaps I already knew something of the

plant's parasitic habits. Here, however, was its whole ignoble story.

Something stirred within me. I sat up alert—the first time, if I remember, in all my going to school. I should like to meet this monster in the woods, sucking the blood of some great forest tree whose evil and unwelcome guest it was, more like a human thing than any mindless plant.

Do we have mistletoe in this country? I asked. Yes, said the teacher, consulting her book, in the South on the sour gums and live oaks. We have gum trees here in New Jersey, I went on excitedly. Does mistletoe grow in New Jersey? The teacher again looked into the back of her book (it was the old 1870 edition of Gray we were using), then turning suddenly upon me, she said, with quick words and glowing face:

"There are gums along Cohansey Creek here?"

"Lots of them."

"Then you go find some mistletoe. And be the first, perhaps, to report that plant from your native state!"

I went. Columbus could not have gone faster. Isabella could not have given a more peremptory command. A man will go as far for mistletoe as for a continent. They are the same quest—finding what no one had ever found; bringing back what no one had ever brought to a waiting, rewarding world. Fail? In the light of that girl's eyes? With the faith in her expectant, fervent voice? She had seen a vision—deep in the swamp, deep in my soul, where I had seen no light before—and had flashed the vision unto me. I could follow the Gleam.

I brought in the mistletoe. And I can feel the pressure on my sternum of a big bulge in the bole of the gum tree even yet. From the ground as I looked up I thought the clump of stuff might be only another squirrel's nest, or some insect sting, grown over with suckers and still adrift with brown autumn leaves.

No, I don't suppose I was the first to report mistletoe in New Jersey. But I was the first to report it to the teacher, and to the class, and to my own soul, which is more important. I was not having a new adventure but making an old adventure new—rediscovering the mistletoe—as daring an experience as the original discoverer had, who may indeed have merely stumbled upon it.

That day marked a second great movement in my education. A new earth, and so a new heaven, were given me with every book in the schoolhouse a possible trail leading into a frontier. No humdrum round of the classroom has yet robbed me of that adventure. If I am still trying to scale the walls of heaven (though never so feebly and on all fours) I owe the effort to the moment of exaltation above the bulge in the bole of that ancient gum tree. How it curled the gristle of my breast bone! But it was a perfect saddle from above; and I have been riding the lofty thing ever since.

What was it the teacher did for me? Where can every teacher be trained to do the same? What happened had little to do with facts and nothing to do with scholarship. Perhaps I might have been a scholar except for her and her larger quest. What happened had to do with zest, with daring and desire, with travel "in the realms of gold."

The Third Day—Wonder. Still in my teens, I was at work in the school museum one Saturday morning when the old naturalist, J. W. P. Jenks of Brown University, came to see how his gift to the museum was being set up. It was my first contact with a man of his distinction—and a naturalist! We worked together till noon, when the old man said to me, "You ought to have a lesson in skinning and mounting a bird. Get me a bird from the woods." Another quest! Acres of oaks surrounded the school and I was not long gone.

All of the morning I had worked as under a spell—the spell of personality. Here was a great man, friend of Agassiz's, old, an author, explorer, stung by centipedes, moving with a hurried, flat-footed

shuffle caused by arsenical poisoning from handling cured skins for the museum. Arsenic in his very bones!

My feet were winged. I was back with my bird, a yellow-billed cuckoo, which I laid before the great man, venturing the remark that it was the only bad bird I could find. The face of the old naturalist darkened with disapproval.

"No! no!" he exclaimed, "that's one of our most useful birds. You should have brought an English sparrow. See, when I open the gizzard of this bird, how he has befriended you. His gizzard will be stuck full of caterpillar hairs." And while he was speaking his deft fingers had removed the delicate skin without a drop of blood or a broken feather. Then taking the gizzard out of the body, and running his scalpel around the walls, he turned the thing inside out —and lo, like a piece of plush the walls were lined with thousands of penetrating caterpillar hairs!

They were the hairs of the "woolly-bear" caterpillar. The fleshy parts having been digested, these chitinous hairs —needlelike and almost as hard, yielding neither to the dissolving juice nor to the grinding stones of the gizzard—were penetrating its walls as if to work their way through and pierce every portion of the bird's body.

This was what it meant to know!—not merely the shape of the bird, nor merely the soft melancholy call of the bird, but even the gizzard of the bird; for true knowledge went inside of the bird, through and through the bird, into the secret places of its gizzard where might be hidden a greater meaning and a larger beauty than in its languid form and dreamy call.

My education entered a new phase that day. Study had already become an adventure; now it became also a reward. The excitement of pursuit was now balanced by the wonder of possession. If only bare facts could be had from study, only the list of the contents of that bird's gizzard, it were worth while. But see the penetrating hairs! "See, it is the friend of man!" the old naturalist cried. It was that—that friend of man, that human meaning (at such a cost!) which made me tremble and covered every void and common thing about the room with glory.

No one except myself had trouble with my education after that. It had progressed too far to turn back. I could change its direction, but wonder was now awake and learning must go on. What pedagogical bearing it all has I do not clearly see—how teachers can be prepared to give, and pupils prepared to receive this imponderable, untestable, non-recordable substance of the spirit. There seems no way of showing it on a record book or of making such teaching and learning scientifically sure. On the other hand, teaching is not the sure science the schools of pedagogy would reduce it to. It is more art than science —a living teacher instead of a trained machine, and a living human child in place of a bucket of known capacity.

Methods there must be, courses of study, grades, and no doubt most of the paraphernalia of our present school system, for this school child is legion. The thing we are in danger of forgetting, however, is that he is always one—a person, single—and more in need of an inspiring teacher than of all the machinery gone and going into Limbo.

The Fourth Day—Power. The fourth day, I said, was a day of power. On my way to school that day I came upon two snakes fighting by the woodside. One was a thunder or king snake, a jet-black gleaming constrictor with narrow bands of white every inch or so apart around the powerful body. The contrasts truly thunder. No less appropriate is his title "king," for he rules his tribe—no snake in his realm, not even the rattler, is a match for him. In his twisted grip lay a flattened lifeless adder, the limp form of the weaker snake a mere rag in the thunderer's wringing coils.

I seized the knotted bunch and untied it. And of course it delayed my getting

on to school. Then it happened that I had been wishing for a thunder snake (the one of my collection having escaped), so, tossing the poor adder into the brush, I held on to the thunderer and took to my heels—up through the grove and into my classroom, the gleaming, swaying monster still in my hand, and behind the table a woman teacher. She wore a white dress with sprigs of pink flowers in it. She was neither trained nor deeply learned but she was very pretty and pale, with a lot of squealing girls behind her and a bunch of barking boys in front of her.

I had gone too far. There was a moment's lull, a standing back for the teacher, and in that dreadful hush—an instant of awful import to me—she said, with steady, personally conducted words, "What do you call that snake?" I told her. "Will it bite?" No. "Then will you lend it to me for the rest of the hour?" and stepping around the table she took the storm king in her fair white hands, bent it slowly about her neck, its head and tail crossing upon her bosom among the sprigs of pink flowers in her white frock, while she had me tell the class how I captured it.

When my short and rather horrid story was done, and the sweet warm color had come back to her face, and the quiet of the frightened class had been restored, she said to me with great earnestness, "That would make a good essay. Why not try that for your next theme?" So I did. And when I read the essay aloud on Friday afternoon, as the custom was, to the whole school she came (or another teacher came) to me after the exercises and said, "That's a good enough story to send to some editor. Try it at *The Youth's Companion*." So I did. And the editor sent me a check for ten dollars as pay for it. And I have never been the same man since.

I have told the incident at length when I should have been discussing its educational meanings. But the experience was so truly accidental, so utterly a matter of chance and out of the regular school order that what it meant, great as it was, seems like another story or the mere aftermath of the real adventure which I was having with the teacher.

For suppose she had been different, ordinary, and, angered, as well she might have been, had ordered me from the room and had me expelled from the school? I richly deserved it. But teaching is not to dismiss. It is to discern—to snatch a snake as a band of steel to bind a boy to his books or, winging the crawling horrid creature, give him as Pegasus for the boy to ride.

And all of this might have been different with a different teacher! This turning of creeping things into words, this endowing of incident with human interest, this reaching out from a hundred pupils in a little school to a million readers around the world, and this multiplying of myself a million times—all of this might have ended, I say, in defiance, dismay, and defeat; instead of the book of knowledge,

> Presented with a Universal blank
> Of nature's works.

It is not easy to follow up the results of this day in my education. My rise to power was of short duration. Exalted to the heavens, I came to earth with a thud when the editor sent back my next contribution. I have hit the ground hard a good many times since. I shall never fly. But if a pair of feet, down any plodding way, ever felt like a pair of wings, it was mine on the day of that first acceptance.

A conviction, however, I did acquire directly from the whole adventure which changed and enlarged both my thinking and my action: the conviction was that experience and expression are the same thing, or the complete thing—clay and form and molded jar; that one does not have all in the experience, not until one has given form to it, meaning, and so invested it with the image of oneself; that writing thus becomes a second life, a way of living twice, now in the spirit with the Word—revisiting the scene, re-

calling the incident and, free from accident and extraneous detail, realizing fully what at first was hazy and half a dream.

A whole education must include not only the ability to read a book but also the ability to write a book, learning to read and learning to write being a joint exercise. Let the schools give every child a book to write. Instead, they ask the child to write like a book and stop with that, concerned with the *way* he uses lay and lie, that he cross his t's and dot his i's and get in all the commas, content when he shall test 100% perfect—which is stenography, not education.

What boots the fountain of ink upon one's person if within one's person is no fount of thought? Everybody nowadays walks with a pen, only to work at cross-word puzzles! Why increase your vocabulary when you have nothing to say? The town is full of correct writers who are without thought because in school they were taught to associate their writing with nothing but grammar. Writing in school should be associated with nothing except with what the child has to say. Incidentally the teacher may suggest that a capital at the beginning and a period at the end of a sentence will help the reader to get the thought; and that there are such things as sentences, their natures and uses. But the thought is the important thing: that this is an exercise in self-expression—not in spelling-expression, or in grammar-expression, or in rhetoric-expression but in self-expression until it becomes paramount and developed into a habit.

The Fifth Day—Weakness. The fifth day fell in the final year of my graduate work in theology, with the lapse of the college years between. They were not lost years, nor dull years, but what they yielded me was more the result of what I brought with me from the lower schools than of what I found in college when I arrived. Those four, and two in the seminary were gone—and a heresy trial was brewing in the classroom of the Professor of Hebrew. The class was sharply divided, bitterly antagonistic, and quite typically theological. We were a bunch of devils, pious devils, our cassocks full of fagots for one another. And the dear "Rabbi" (so we, who loved him, called him) was undone, making neither head nor tail of it all. He was not only the pure scholar but so modest, so simple, so generous and unsuspecting a soul that he would often pause—bewildered by some vicious attack, his fine spirit concerned only for the truth—so incapable of bias as to be incapable of self-defense.

We were reading the Book of Amos in the Hebrew. The spirit of the class on that particular morning was surcharged with malediction. Amos was the Rabbi's favorite author. He loved the elemental language, the fiery eloquence, the righteous wrath, the hard-hitting of the Shepherd Prophet. We had come up to the last great chapter, which begins:

> I saw the Lord standing upon the altar

As the hour progressed the men forgot their hateful zeal and, yielding to the passion of the Prophet and to the spell of the Rabbi's voice as the balanced measures rose and fell or gathered for some crashing period, sat as if awaiting heaven to open. And heaven did open.

> I saw the Lord standing upon the altar,

cried the Prophet. Then the fierce wrath of God arose:

> Though they dig into Hell, thence shall mine hand take them;
> And though they climb up to Heaven, thence will I bring them down!

And as the mighty storm broke I felt myself caught up in the whirlwind; and as it came thundering into the glorious imagery of the chambered heavens and the vaulted earth and the pouring waters of the sea, I found myself amid the tossing waves, my anchors gone, no chart, no compass in my hand, and in the murky sky no star. But the Rabbi's face shone like God's. And the Rabbi's

impatient voice, or God's, through the thunder was saying:

"Are ye not as the children of the Ethiopians unto me,
O children of Israel?
Have not I brought up Israel out of the land of Egypt?
And the Philistines from Caphtor,
And the Syrians from Kir?"

What happened? What had it to do with my education? I can scarcely say. But it was something more radical, larger, and more lasting than all the years of collegiate study had given me. The sight of God leading Israel in his right hand out of Egypt, and in his left hand at the same time leading Philistia and Syria, and loving just as much the Ethiopians—loving and leading all of them, and these heresy-hunting devils in the class with me, and the Fundamentalist and the Modernist and the Scientist and the Communist and the Kleagle and the Cardinal and every *habeas corpus* cabal of us—I was ashamed that I had ever tried to corner truth or put a label on God. What matter whence I was being led—out of Egypt or Caphtor or Kir? Or whither, if God were leading? How easy am I to lead? must be my concern; and, How far can God lead me?

Such is the history of my education. I have reviewed the years in school and marked their passage—slow, footless years for the most part, and, like buildings and texts and tests and other impedimenta, quite unessential to an education. But how all-essential seems the teacher! And the spirit and imagination of the child! And how utterly individual a thing an education is!

Education is many things and many years. It has many aspects, many ends. But first of all and always it is personal, developing me from within, not filling me up from without. It will inform me; but it must quicken me. It may give me skill; but it must give me zest and daring for life, keep me fresh for wonder at the world, clothe me with power and, covering me with darkness and confusion, make me humble on my way out of Egypt or, it may be, out of Caphtor or out of Kir.

FAMILIAR BEAUTY

BY GEORGE STERLING

LIKE boyhood friends that go and come again,
They come remembered by the heart and eyes,
With grace of wonted things to end our sighs,
And happiness that has its part in pain:
The tender welcome of an old refrain
That tells of motherhood before it dies;
The smoke of home, seen against evening skies;
The breath of asters in autumnal rain.

Day done, who shall not say that these are best?
Beauty forgotten, were not these her ways?
Homesick, were not this voice in alien lands?—
Amber and umber of the twilight west;
Scents that call back the long-departed days,
And music like the touch of loving hands.

BY AIR TO THE HIGH PLATEAU

Bogotá, The Capital Above the Clouds

BY WILLIAM McFEE

HE resembled in no particular whatever the standard conventional figure of an empire builder. A tall spare sandy person with a toothbrush mustache and a refined persuasive voice, he might have passed for a bond salesman, a golf champion, or a painter from Montmartre. He might have called himself an author and excited no incredulity. He had neither a projecting jaw nor an air of ruthless belligerence, nor even the cold gray eye of the fictional conqueror of the great open spaces. On the contrary he had rather an air of living his life with great enjoyment. The general trend of his communications was that New Granada was rather a lark, so why not come and see it? He had been there twenty years and spent a good part of it prospecting on horseback and experiencing all kinds of hardships from poisoned arrows to yellow fever. But of these he said nothing. It was really amusing and he knew a lot of fine people, to whom he would be delighted to give introductions. So come!

So the lone tourist was come, and now stood with his friend in front of a very large map of the country and discussed what may be called, without any hyperbole, his flight into the interior—as though he were a dethroned monarch or a president in danger of assassination!

"I'm afraid you'll have to fly everywhere," said the empire builder, as though he were addressing a bird of passage, as indeed he was. "You see, the river is low, and when that happens it may take you twenty or twenty-five days to reach Giradot." And he laid the point of his pencil on a round black spot on the Upper Magdalena.

"And you simply must see So-and-so and So-and-so and So-and-so. No use coming down here at all if you don't see *them*. They know all about the country, much more than I do."

This, it may be mentioned, is another of the empire builder's unimperial habits. He is always crediting other men with wonderful knowledge and wisdom, and deprecating his own.

"And then," he went on with great enthusiasm, as though he were not an empire builder at all but a bank teller planning a fishing trip, "and then after you've been to Bogotá and seen Zipaquirá and Nemocón and Tequendama" (and several other places with resounding names), "it would be simply unthinkable to go home without having a look at Antioquia. Antioquia is a most marvelous place. Gold! Why I know a man who's taken out millions from one small river. You ought to see the railway they've built all by themselves. Very fine indeed. And platinum!"

No one would have gathered from this burst of optimism and general information that he himself had a most exact and intricate knowledge of those small rivers and their auriferous possibilities. Oh dear, no! He simply enjoyed knowing how well all these fine fellows were prospering. Well, that meant going to Medellín. I could fly down to Puerto Berrío from Giradot, and take the train up to Limon, then a motor car over the great Quebra Pass in the Andes to Santiago, where another railroad ran down

the valley to Medellín. "Wonderful chaps in Medellín." He would write letters of introduction to them. What those chaps didn't know about Antioquia was not worth knowing. But I should have to fly if I were to do it all in the time allowed.

So it was planned out, the busy pencil following the lines of rivers and railways, pausing here and there to indicate ranches where So-and-so or So-and-so had located rich mineral deposits, or Someone else was building a railway. "All fine chaps." They must be seen if possible. Letters would be ready, of course.

And it came about very much as that persuasive person desired. The tourist flew. But he regrets that the progress of science does not interest him and he recants his juvenile ambition to have wings. He was warned by his friends that he would experience none of the sensations of flying, whatever they may be, and his friends were probably right. The sensations were those of anyone proceeding at high speed along an incredibly high bridge in a comfortable limousine, save when reaching the water previous to a landing, when the sensations resembled a pitiably weak imitation of a sleeping car being stopped and started in the small hours. Towns became maps and maps became extremely misleading. There was nothing inspiring or heroic about it, and one tourist at least, after a fine lunch and two bottles of beer and a fat black cigar at the Hotel Magdalena at Puerto Berrío, must confess that he lay back in his seat in the body of that hydroplane as it roared across the summits of the Andes between Honda and Giradot, and slept peacefully until his fellow-passengers, who were ladies of Bogotá, became alarmed and woke him up in time for him to realize it was dark and the plane was wheeling slowly over a magical city of the night, over a bridge like a cobweb above a shining void, and presently it came down out of that heaven of darkness and speed and went bumping away past steamers and launches, and mysterious shore-lights winked in a friendly fashion as it came to a stop at a bank of soft mud.

For if the truth be an acceptable feature of a traveler's tale, it must be confessed further that the romance of the flight eluded him. An easy thing is never romantic and mechanical things are usually easy. It might have been romantic if something had failed us and we had toppled from that high ridge of air along which we sped so smoothly into the jungles of the Department of Bolivar. We should have fallen, not only from whatever altitude showed on the gauge, but from a world of schedules and fares at so much per kilo to a region where our own fortitude and resourcefulness would have been our only salvation. We should have had an opportunity of knowing one another's strength and weakness of character, and there would have been a chance for those great protagonists, Love and Hate and Jealousy, to come stealing through the forest to join us.

However, possibly to the regret of the reader but not of the tourist, nothing of the sort happened—save once when a cylinder persisted in missing, having burned out its plugs—and we descended in a spiral curve, ending with a bump, upon a very hot river, and the ladies, being pious like all the ladies of Bogotá, crossed themselves. This may have had a good effect, once new plugs were screwed in, for we rose heavenward without a hitch, all six cylinders hitting with a most comforting crackle. So none of us had any excuse for revealing how despicably incapable he or she could be in an emergency. Quite without shame we resigned everything to the two goggled creatures in the cockpit, whose weird heads we could see dimly through the mica glass of the cabin, talking, as divers at the bottom of the sea might talk, by signs, and apparently regarding each other under their canvas visors with the truculent malevolence of Chibcha idols.

All this seems to belong to another world, once we stumble and strive up

MAP OF COLOMBIA

the steep muddy banks of the river in the darkness and reach the hotel. As indeed it does, for this hot dark city on the Magdalena is the portal by which we pass to the High Plateau, a region so remote from all we in the North can understand that it might be in Mars or some other planet. Perhaps it is. Perhaps that sleep the tourist took in the air was the result of a magic potion. There was, he remembers, a peculiar look in the barman's eye in the Hotel Magdalena when he brought that bottle of *Cerveza Soledad*. Perhaps the landing among those starry lights last night was not Giradot at all, but the jetty of some inter-planetary air line. As the train begins to struggle up the steep slopes of the mountains of Cundinamarca he sees a creature standing by the track in a great hat and a cloak of shining leaves like verdant plumage. He looks exactly like an inhabitant of the moon, in the opinion of a fascinated tourist peering from the window of the train. He is at any rate as far from Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, or the Loop in Chicago as any lunar denizen.

It appears, however, that the traveler's imagination has been getting the better of him. One look at the locomotive dragging the long heavy train up these killing grades shows it was made not in Persepolis but in England. It is a huge, chunky, patent affair having a radial bogie, with engines at each end carrying a big boiler between them. There is a hard sharp note to its exhaust that is somehow peculiar to English mountain locomotives. A very large and muscular passenger who is, quite unnecessarily, reading an American magazine of physical development is good

enough to explain that the road is on a yard gauge. He also remarks that we change trains at a place with the humorous name of Facatativá. When asked why, he assumes a broad grin that augments the attractiveness of a pleasant enough face, and then rubs the side of his nose. The fact is, he murmurs, as though reluctant to say anything against the place, the fact is the gauge, after Facatativá, is a meter. The tourist suggests that this must be somewhat of a trial to shippers of freight to the capital. An expressive roll of the eyes and shrug of the great shoulders inform the tourist that he has stated a fact of the first magnitude. And this sort of thing is not by any means singular in New Granada. There are no connecting links between any of the fragmentary lines that radiate from cities like Bogotá or Medellín, and many of them have had their routes dictated by the exigencies of departmental politics rather than by any sane and comprehensive scheme for developing the interior as a homogeneous entity. Here is a case of a lack of foresight, when a concession is granted a foreign company to build a line from the great inland waterway of the country towards the capital, and the government begins to build a line down from the capital to meet the concessionaires, but on a Continental gauge! A serious matter when the terminal elevation is nine thousand feet above the sea.

It must be admitted the notion returns again to the tourist that he is in some strange region in some other part of our universe, where things are deliberately topsy-turvy, where people solemnly live above the clouds instead of below them, where they arrange things to suit themselves rather than some distant emperor or board of financiers, where the railways go upstairs and the people sleep on the ground floor, and where having red blood in your body is reckoned as important as having a trunk line with a staggering bond issue. So it seems as we climb higher and higher, though the proposition is not put to one's fellow passenger quite so antithetically as it is here. It is an amusing feature of life in any Latin-American territory—the extreme reluctance of alien residents to become identified with even good-natured criticism. Their opinions are generally carefully sterilized and strained through a series of cautious prepositional sieves. As they are fond of remarking, *sotto voce*, "You see, we have to live here." Which may be true enough, though it never seems to strike Europeans that way when they reach the United States. Indeed, the more alien and the more recent they are, the more resounding is their comment upon North American ideals and methods. And that too, perhaps, is a characteristic of a topsy-turvy land where foreigners hold their tongues and mind their own business and observe the laws and allow the inhabitants to run things their own way.

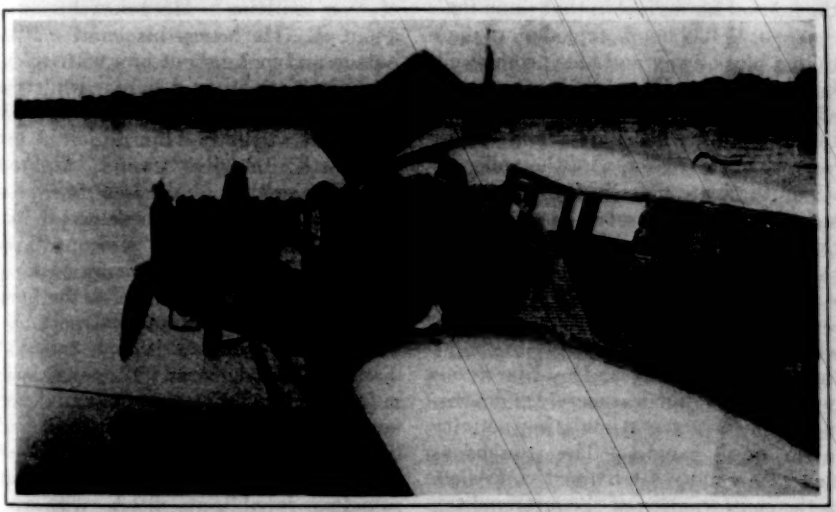
And here in the blazing sunlight on the mountainside is the humorous point of transfer, Facatativá. But one's memory goes back a few miles to La Esperanza, where we lunched at a balconied restaurant that overlooks the great valley up which we have climbed: La Esperanza, around whose fragrant bowers the railroad twines like a necklace and upon whose roofs we peer down with drowsy repletion as we pass on into huge rolling billows of vapor. We have reached the clouds, and only in fugitive rifts can we see the splendor of the far slopes below us. And we, who were so hot and steamy down there, are shoving up the windows and unstrapping our overcoats from our saddlebags, and looking reproachfully towards the indefatigable boy who is always opening the door that leads to the restaurant car ahead.

And after Facatativá, while we are boring through those tunnels of cool white vapor as through some mountain of fairy alabaster, the train begins to go faster. That desperate bronchitic gasping one heard from the locomotive as it dragged us so slowly round and round those interminable cuttings is gone. There is a chipper and cheerful racket

ahead, and when we stop at a station we roar in in fine style and the brakes are needed to bring us to rest. The stations show the elevation too, and they mention twenty-eight hundred meters without even an exclamation point. Soon we are plainly enough on the high plateau; the horizon is rimmed by great dark peaks but the plain opens before us with jolly farms and country houses and automobiles spinning along a road, and at dusk the domes and towers of Bogotá. And then we are in a large, clean, dreary station, nodding preoccupied farewells and agreeing to look in one of these evenings at the Anglo-American Club and have a whisky-and-soda. Outside are cabs and coaches, and one of these takes a very tired tourist through a great many cobbled streets until he comes out at last into a vast square with a cathedral and electric skysigns declaiming the virtues of Somebody's Beer and Someone else's Soap. Then up the *Carrera Septima* to the Hotel Regina, where he falls among friends from New York who are most hospitable and very much amused at anybody coming all this way unless business compelled him.

It may be asserted as a basic element of philosophic travel, nevertheless, that though it is in the highest degree comforting to discover friends in distant cities, especially above the clouds, the traveler must not depend upon them if he is to extract his own essence from his experiences. It is in the very nature of their affairs of intricate personal aggrandizement that they should entertain views the reverse of philosophical. It is not to be expected of them to catch the subtle and elusive qualities of this strange city on the high plateau. They are, with agreeable reservations, very much like those seafarers who sail all over the world and tarry in magic harbors and beneath the glittering cupolas of marvelous cities, and come home and say there is nothing in the world to see. They possess admirably incondite minds set upon trade and concessions and golf and the women whose photographs adorn their dressing tables. So the true traveler is grateful to the friends he finds, but goes his own way to catch the place unawares, as it were, and see and feel for himself.

And it was just like this particular traveler's good fortune to find someone to be an interpreter so exactly resem-

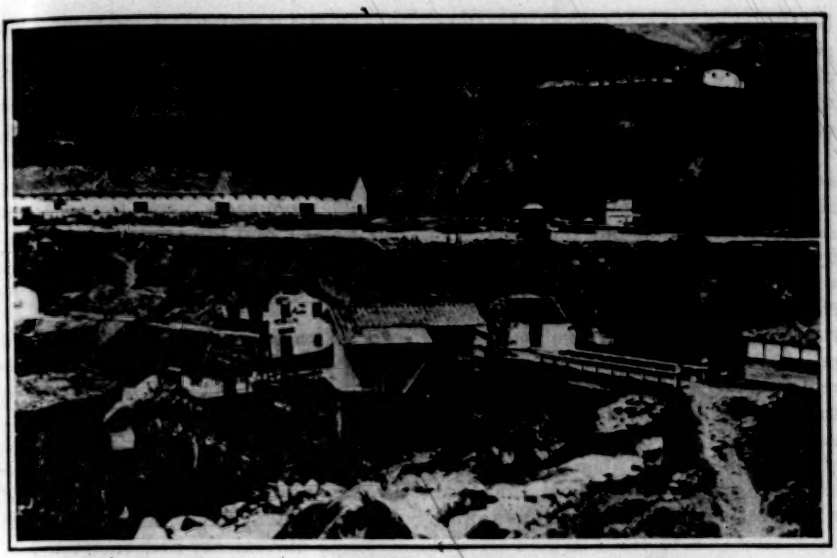


ALIGHTING FROM THE HYDROPLANE

bling a character in a book that he never ceased to treat him like one, to talk to him as though he had no actual existence beyond the ability to give vague replies that in no way interfered with the traveler's own critical monologue. That young man, who appeared silently in the courtyard of the hotel whenever he was wanted—more like a shade than a real human being—was enormously useful to one who, whatever else he wanted, was not looking for dogmatic and positive opinions. So the bargain was struck, if that verb may be used to describe anything so noiseless and free from collisions as the first conversation. So far from seeking to bargain, this denizen of the world above the clouds conveyed the impression of having wandered for years in a cold and vindictive universe and having at last come to rest in the shadow of one who really did appreciate his shadowy virtues. He would be most tranquilly happy to come at any time he could be of service. Having breathed these words into an enraptured ear he vanished through the archway into the *Calle Septima*.

It was on the first evening of the tourist's stay in Bogotá, and almost at the hour of his arrival in that same *Calle Septima*, that a bomb exploded no more than a block away and killed some well-known person. This highly mysterious affair continued to exercise the minds of the citizens for many days and it may have been the reason why the police, of whom there are more in Bogotá than in any other city known to fame, examined the new arrival with so much attention as he went out to take the air. This was the thought that flitted through his mind at the time, together with the whimsical notion that possibly the bomb thrower might have had no murderous motives at all, but was merely endeavoring to evoke some stimulating activity in the city's ganglia. The criminal as well as his motive remained concealed, to the consternation of the metropolitan press, who at any rate had some real news for a few days. It may reveal something of the character of the Bogotanos when it is said that you can more easily arouse horror than humor in their minds. They are extraordinarily polite, and their hospitality transcends even that of the coast, but their capacity for rollicking laughter and biting satire is easily reached.

But there is one matter in which they probably surpass everybody, and that is their relish for ear-splitting and brain-stupefying noises. There is a funeral proceeding—we may suppose, as usual—and the coffin is being borne from the dingy hearse, a vehicle with a thing like a black monkey tree at each corner. The great bells of the Cathedral are raining down cataracts of harsh clamor that echo back from the façade of the Capitol with redoubled power. The bells of another church next door to the Cathedral take up the tale. Across the square, where a line of taxis stand, one of the drivers is trying out his horn. He touches a connection and tries it—har-har-har-r! He enjoys the sound and repeats it *allegretto*—Ha-ha-har!—ha-ha-har-r-r! This pleases him beyond measure and he goes on like one bemused with cacophony. He has no intention of ever quitting. He takes his time about it. He leaves his hand on the button and looks about him with an expression of great good humor while the devilish thing emits an interminable snarl that would send him to jail in any city north of the Rio Grande. And not a head save that of the lone tourist is turned towards him. These people like it. The chauffeurs see someone three hundred yards ahead who may possibly cross the street. They turn on the horn and keep it shrilling and caterwauling until that person has been lost in the distance behind them. They will halt in front of a building containing a dozen families, and instead of getting out and finding their customer, they will sit and honk for twenty minutes while the surrounding inhabitants listen with unmoved features. It may be doubted



A VILLAGE IN THE ANDES

The railhead at Santiago, from which freight is carried by mules over the mountains to the railroad on the other side.

which the working population enjoy more when fortune sends them a ride in some old car—the crashing of the axles against the body or the horrible uproar of the horn assailing their ears.

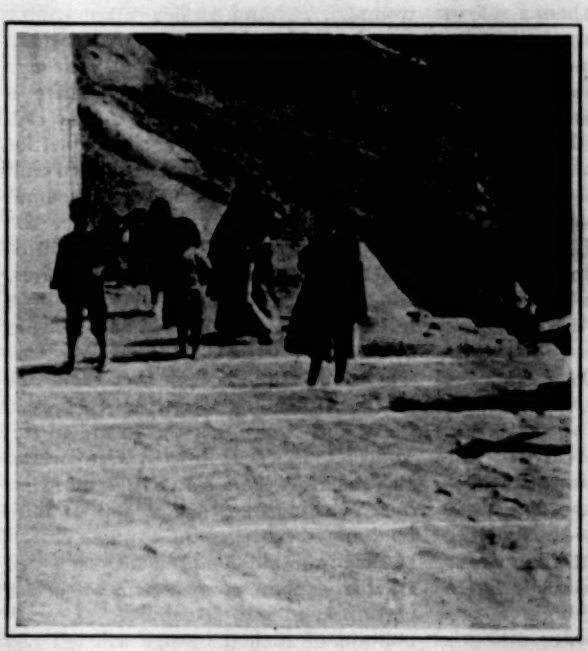
Yet this is a passing and intermittent phenomenon compared with the ecclesiastical outrages upon the peace and quiet of the place. Bogotá is essentially a city of policemen and politicians, but above all, of priests. They come galumphing down the steep streets towards the Plaza, they haunt the arcades near the palace of the Papal Nuncio, they are on the trolley cars and in automobiles and in stores. Their churches are at every corner and all these churches have bells which hang in open belfries, and you may stop suddenly in the street, stunned by some almost intolerable clangor, and looking up you will see boys standing by the bells—hammering them with all their might like young fiends at play! It paralyzes you like a drug and the bludgeoned brain moans for mercy. And the sudden cessation is almost as sharp an agony, like the withdrawing of a blunt weapon from the wound. . . . And trolley after trolley goes hurrahing down the narrow street, its bell bang-bang-banging at your ears until it reaches a crossing, where a couple of automobiles take up the cry.

At night, however, a silence settles over the city as though the shrewd chill in the air after sunset had sent them all to bed under heavy blankets, for the streets are deserted. Unlike most Latin-American capitals, unlike Buenos Aires, Rio Janeiro, Havana, or even San Jose in Costa Rica, Bogotá has no night-life at all, in the sense that degenerate Nordics have in mind when they walk out of the Hotel Inglaterra on the great Plaza and step along the Prado to the Malecon or sit at little tables in the Havana cafés and watch the world go by. Nothing like that at all. It may be doubted whether the average citizen of Bogotá would comprehend you if you tried to explain your doctrine of urban cheerfulness and sociability. Cosmopolitans of ancient lineage will tell you the people are too poor: and this may

be true, since the indigence of a large part of the population becomes a nightmare to a sensitive stranger after a few weeks; and their incredible resignation only makes it worse.

However, it is a conventional reply among the wealthy in New Granada that all their troubles flow from a lack of money. You point out the millions of hydro-electric horsepower running to waste daily, and they agree, but say there is no money. You show how a tunnel costing a couple of millions would pay for itself in a few years, and they reply—there is no money. You allude to the scandalous condition of the Magdalena, the lack of water costing the country untold sums when a few millions in levees would cure the evil; and they reiterate there is no money. You draw their attention to the coal and oil and gold that runs in veins of incalculable value through their country and they shrug and say: "No money." It is a standardized formula, uttered entirely without any real understanding of the causes and conditions of greatness in nations. And while it may explain to superficial folk the disturbing discovery that the capital of the country has not a single café or cabaret where a philosophic traveler can see and be seen, staying himself with flagons and exchanging amiable comments upon the customs, the women, and the prices of New Granada, it is not an entirely satisfactory solution of the enigma.

This leads one by a pleasant logical course to the Interpreter, who has already appeared upon the scene. He is a slender young man with a deep, gentle, expiring voice and a self-effacing manner. The notion that he might pose as an inhabitant of a newly discovered planet is attractively fostered by his noiseless movements and complete isolation from the frailties and sophistications of our sleek and genial culture. On one occasion, which seems to have made no particular impression upon him, he caught a glimpse of the Magdalena at Giradot. Beyond that his travels have not carried him. He speaks English because his grandfather was English, but there is no exultation in his voice when he mentions it. In fact he is an entire stranger to exultations of any kind; so it may be true about his English strain.

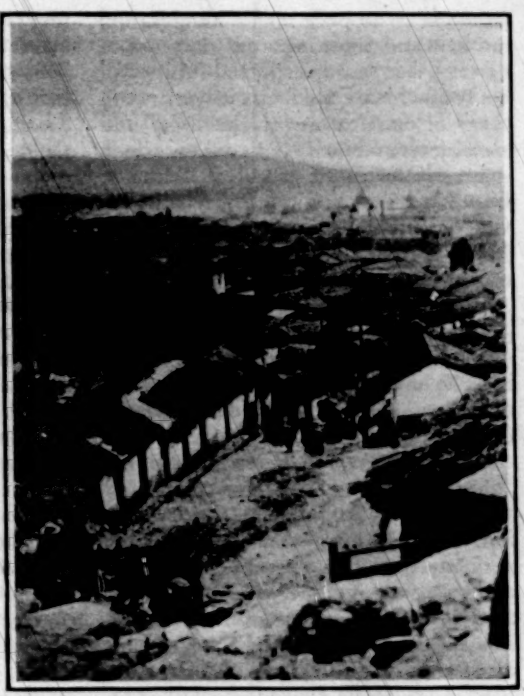


ON THE HEIGHTS ABOVE BOGOTÁ

But it can be safely asserted he has never before had the experience of being *cicerone* to a philosophic traveler with a passion for interrogation, investigation, and vituperation. He seems stunned by the avalanche of questions that have never arisen in his own mind since he was born—questions

about things he has accepted as laws of God and Nature. He betrays no curiosity about our world at all. His conception of the sea, for example, is just water—a great deal of it, of course, but merely water. To live on a plateau nine thousand feet above the sea and to have one's horizon blocked by a ring of dark cloud-swathed precipices is apparently not stimulating to the imagination.

Gradually, as his visitor goes about with him, making little journeys to Zipaquirá and Nemocón, a picture of a strange existence comes into view. The key to the problem of his abstracted air is discovered. He is of what is known in Latin America as "first family." If you are of first family you are not able to do much or think much or say much, and if you could, it would have no effect upon the vast overwhelming fact of your birth. You are! The fates may decree that you become too poor to live without working, in which case your family, in some elusive and intricate way, arrange that you assist in a genteel occupation that in no sense affronts the dignity of your ancestral pride. You go on being first family. If you are, on the other hand, a scion of a fortunate house, you grow richer and richer and you travel to Europe and North America. You will probably be sent to both places for your education and you will return with a new view of life quite incomprehensible to your poorer compatriots. These will respect you and stand by you not because you are rich but because you are "first family." And whether you are rich or poor you will be quite unable to imagine yourself marrying any lady who is not of the same august descent.



THE DOMES AND TOWERS OF BOGOTÁ

The result of this is that the Social Register of Bogotá, if such a thing existed, would resemble that defunct but alluring publication the *Almanach de Gotha*. The hardy mixed stock of the coast whose forebears have not been at any great pains to avoid the bar sinister—some of whom are becoming extremely wealthy—are regarded by the first families as highly undesirable alliances. But on the other hand, mothers and daughters have an extraordinary leaning toward husbands from Northern Europe or the United States. This is not so foolish as it seems to the cynical at first sight. Those German, English, Dutch, and American men with whom these ladies mingle on the high plateau are usually outstanding examples of their race and class, bold filibusters of the armies of commerce, well-heeled prospectors of mineral wealth, cultured and decently-bred concessionaires. New

Granada is no poor man's immigration ground, and those who are destined to open up her resources in the future will be trained and able executives. And there is one feature of the fiscal and social intercourse of that country which some of the more truculent salesmen from New York can remember with advantage—that the merchant is a good judge of character and is not to be deceived by standardized good-fellowship. And while he may be ignorant of the great world of cement roads and elevated structures and fifty-story office buildings, he has a very fine brand of conduct of his own and has no difficulty in associating with gentlemen.

This, however, is a digression from the Interpreter, who is not a merchant himself but clerks in an office, and is "first family." Just at present he is not doing very much and has permission to turn an honest and dignified *peso* by showing a philosophic traveler around Bogotá. The latter, busily writing up his notes at a table on the gallery of the courtyard of the Hotel Regina, is startled by suddenly finding his young gentleman standing by the balustrade as though he had materialized out of the rich golden sunshine pouring over the red roof. He is what we used to call "*distingué*" and his gold-rimmed *pince-nez* make him seem more like a stage diplomat than an intellectual. He has at all times, save when he is shrinking slightly under the hail of questions inflicted by this strange fellow from beyond the "still-vext Bermoothes," an air of being sunk in a profound but by no means bitter consideration of fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute, and kindred philosophical conundrums. A faint smile flits across his face at rare intervals as though he saw for a moment, far off among the roseate glamours of his thoughts, a key to the extraordinary hazard that has brought us together. There is some resemblance between him and that pessimistic chauffeur whose spirit, once he had got us axle-deep in a morass, sank into a slough of despond. Perhaps the chauffeur was first family too, and the contact with an alien plebian makes them both pensive.

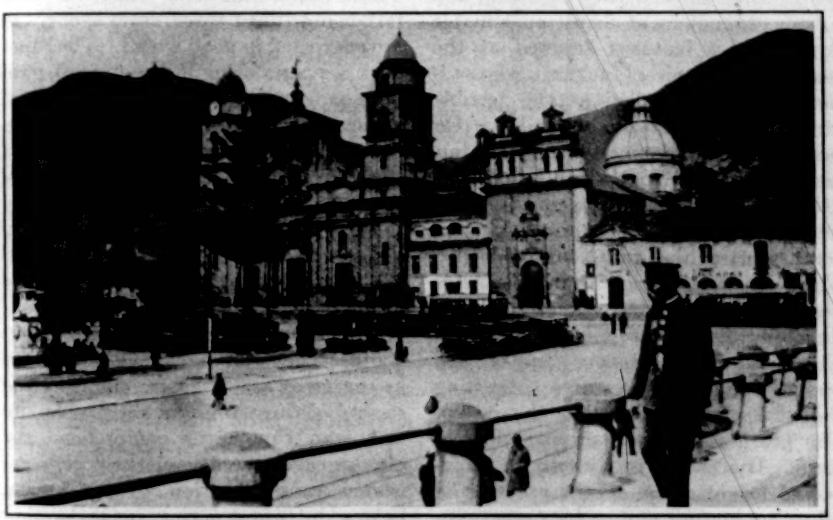
So he stands, the fingers of one hand thrust slightly into a trouser-pocket, waiting courteously for eventualities, for the next astonishing remarks of his philosophic traveler. Perhaps he is wondering what sort of pandemonium and hell-on-earth that northern country must be if all the natives continually ask questions and criticize every aspect of one's daily life. Or perhaps he is wondering whether he will ever get a chance to go down the great river and over that sea, of which he has heard so much, and take a bashful glance at a world of living men. There is, according to his own tale, very little prospect of that. He lives with his mother and four elder sisters in a huge *palacio* of a place down near the station, and they have three servants because, being first family, they cannot possibly do anything of a menial nature. They confine themselves, those five large well-nourished ladies, to piety and good works. This of course cuts well into the salary of a young gentleman clerk, but he would not have it otherwise. When it is pointed out to him that plenty of nice young ladies spring actively aboard trolley cars in the square about seven o'clock of a fine morning and jangle away to work in offices, because his tourist friend has seen them and actually had words with one of them in one of the offices, the Interpreter agrees in a faint faraway voice, but adds that of course they are not first family.

There is something very definite about the young man and his social position in spite of his willowy remoteness and meek comportment. It dawns on the tourist that possibly a consciousness of immaculate heredity and aristocratic tradition might be rather a fine thing to have, however far outside of his own experience it lies. Possibly such a consciousness can enable its possessor to weather the gales of adversity with poise and gentleness. Possibly it can make for adequate citizenship and become the foundation of sound character. It is disturb-

ing after all these years of democratic dither and communistic carousings to find a suspicion creeping into one's mind that perhaps there is something more desirable than material prosperity and a truculent faith in bank balances. More desirable even than the bright modern aims of that empire builder who seeks to substitute tarred highways for the *Camino Real*, golf and Mah Jong for cock-fighting, and victrolas for *marimbas*. Not that he would deprecate gentility, but that it seems automatically to evaporate when those pushing Costenos and Antioquians begin to rush to and fro in high-powered cars over the tarred highways. It is an imponderable and alluring quality and he has it, that quiet young man who takes his derisive and interrogatory employer out along the streets of old Bogotá and into the ancient salt-mines of Zipaquirá.

And yet one cannot but regret that he is continually in danger of being mistaken for a denizen of some other and more fabulous world. He makes an impatient, eager, critical yet philosophic traveler want to take him back home and exhibit him as a vestige of a forgotten civilization, discovered by himself on the High Plateau—a civilization whose dead impose themselves heavily upon the living, whose houses are built like fortresses so that the sunlight beats upon vast blank walls and heavy portals and even love has to shoot his slow-winged darts through dark embrasures.

That was the memory he left the traveler each day as he breathed a shy farewell and vanished like a wraith in the darkness of the hotel entrance. Most potent of all was the effect upon that young man of an incident up the mountainside where the poor folk live in brown-thatched huts lining steep ravines like wasps on a sunny wall. They are very shy, these barefooted ragged citizens of the Bogotá suburbs, and the way they wear their straight black hair all tumbled about their fathomless black eyes evokes more thoughts of stumbling upon a race who have never seen one's kind before. They run and peep at you as you pass, whereas the metropolitan Bogotanos fix you with a portentous and devouring stare that is fastened upon your retreating back as far as he can distinguish you in the throng. That stare



THE GREAT SQUARE OF BOGOTÁ

The Cathedral and the Church of Santa Clara stand side by side.

means—Who are you and what are you doing here? Where is your home and why have you left it? What is your religion, your political affiliation, your profession, and your Intelligence Quotient? And so on. It is the frankest and most undisguised curiosity on earth, and obviously the result of astonishment at finding someone in the city of two hundred thousand with whose face he is not familiar.

But the shy folk up the mountain run and hide, which is vexing for a tourist who has carried his camera all the way up from Cartagena by air and car and rail. He stalks a party of children who are playing prettily by a spring that is supposed to possess miraculous powers. A gaunt priest is seated on the rocks among them and the visitor is captured with the idyllic serenity of the scene. He wishes to click the shutter. The Interpreter, however, is not sanguine about this enterprise. He points out apologetically that it might not be approved. Good heavens! But by whom? Well . . . the young man looks at the ground and hesitates. He hardly knows how to explain. His companion waves aside the shadowy objection and advances, camera at focus, an amiable smile on his features directed at the nearest child, a girl of fourteen, who suddenly stands appalled at the terrible stranger bearing down upon her. On her austere face are many emotions, but chiefly a sense of outrage and exasperation. She turns and flies up the slope. Other children, seeing the oncoming portent, scuttle like crabs out of sight. Those who are nearer the priest cluster about his person and his attention is directed toward the source of the excitement. The stranger smiles and makes pacificatory gestures suggesting the idea of photographing the group. The priest's features darken and grow stern. His tall form rises to an unexpected height as he stands up, and he raises a minatory and embarrassing finger. There is no doubt about it, the tourist is afraid of that tall, ungainly, and shabby creature up there. A most unusual sensation of being in the wrong, and what is perhaps worse, of having broken some mysterious law of courtesy makes him turn to his interpreter to have the affair explained.

But that young gentleman had washed his hands of the business long ago. He was away down the road, sitting in the hired carriage. Nor did he vouchsafe very much information concerning the episode. He seemed oppressed by the whole affair, remarking that it was unfortunate. This was not very clear and he remained sunk in a profound reverie as the carriage descended the hill, from which could be seen the domes and towers of Bogotá, with vistas of those red-tiled roofs glowing like dull hammered bronze in the afternoon sun.

The young gentleman stands in the obscurity of the great archway of the hotel and in a voice like the dying away of a wind among the reeds promises to come at the appointed hour to-morrow. He is there, and then suddenly he has vanished without a sound. Somewhere in the city he will be seated in a great chamber with his womenfolk about him. Those ladies still wear black for their father now dead three years agone, and are engrossed in good works. The squat dark servants bring in the modest meal on monogrammed silver, the heritage of ancient days. They sit mostly in silence, noting with serious care the needs of their revered parent. Over the heavy mahogany sideboard are the portraits of their grandparents, the Englishman and his patrician bride. Perhaps they will ask their brother what sort of day he has had, and he will give a slight shudder and remain silent. They will understand. They will know he has been out in the great world again, enduring the society of those who are not first family and who can never comprehend the obscure agonies of soul their very existence must occasion to the august beings in whose veins runs the thin and haughty azure stream of unsullied lineage.

"SAVOIR FAIRE"

A Story

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

CAROLYN WRIGHT did not receive many letters. She looked critically at the handwriting on the envelope of the one that had just been given her. Who might be writing to her from—? She could not make out the postmark. Then it seemed to her she did remember. And yet—it could hardly be!

She opened the letter. It was really rather more like a telegram; for there were just a few lines, without date or address:

My dear:

I shall be motoring through Crayville tomorrow (Wednesday) afternoon, at about four o'clock; and shall stop for an hour, on the chance that I may see you.

With my love,

Quite the same—Margaret.

Why, of course! How could she have failed to recognize that handsome—in the old days she would have said "fashionable"—handwriting? But how strange and unlikely, too. How out of a clear sky. She had not seen Margaret—let me see! was it possible?—for sixteen years.

There was something exhilarating and very pleasing in this surprise and, following this, something slightly disturbing. Strange how a few lines, written so characteristically, could bring Margaret's very presence to her.

She folded the letter and returned it to its envelope absent-mindedly, planning. There was something thrilling, really, in having it in her hand. Margaret! It brought back so much—that wonderful year at Miss Edgeworth's School, which stood out from all the others of her life, unique.

It had been a great venture. Sixteen years ago. It had changed life really very much for her. She had always fretted before that against her limitations. She had wanted to be like other girls, of a better class. And so when her great-aunt died and left her that pitiful legacy of fifteen hundred dollars she had chosen deliberately to spend it that way; and being alone and free in the world, there was no one to oppose her.

The year at school had made a great change in her; so that when she returned to Crayville, which seemed to her flatter and a good bit dingier than when she went away, she shone among its people with an added brilliancy and a single loveliness. She was really its star, noticeable and dominant—the real glory of the place. You could see her counterpart any clear evening in the western skies, when the glare and clatter and business of the day had died down, allowing the first wet-gold planet its beauty and importance.

Yet at times—particularly at first—Carolyn had wondered about her venture. What had it served, after all, save to preserve her strange unsatisfied longing? There was no more money for staying longer in the fashionable cultured world. Just that one year. After that she had come back to remain in Crayville, and within six months had married Luke Wright.

That was at first rather puzzling to the people of Crayville. They had hardly

expected her to settle down, content, as the wife of the head of Crayville's one lumber company. But once it was done they were proud of her, and loyal to her, and placid about it, and took the compliment of it, as it were, to themselves. And Carolyn, proud and well-bred to begin with, had picked up too many ways and habits of good breeding at Miss Edgeworth's, to show her discontent, if discontent were there.

But it was there, nevertheless. It expressed itself delicately in the books she bought, in which Luke Wright had, or was likely to have, no interest; in the music she played, always quite beyond his comprehension; and clothes of a certain rarity—rich in unusual color—that she designed for herself, and that Luke liked, but the subtlcties of whose charm he in no way apprehended.

He doted on her and wished her to have anything she wanted, which he could afford. It would never have entered his downright mind that all these things, in which he took a pride, though he did not understand them, were avenues of escape into another world—a world which for sixteen years had called to her—away from himself.

Now, the prospect of Margaret's coming was like the swinging back of a door. Carolyn was to see again the person who had been, in a sense, her model, the most curiously potent influence in that one most influential year.

They had not written to each other since they parted, good friends though they had been. It was in a measure instinct on Carolyn's part, that there should never be any question of it. She foresaw, without too much detail of foresight, that such a correspondence as could exist between them would inevitably tend to be dropped, and it seemed to her rather nice pride a more advisable thing never to take it up. It gave her the somewhat subtle pleasure of—well, if you like—dropping Margaret. The other way around would have ended in time, she knew, in Margaret's dropping her.

She speculated as to what Margaret would be like now, recalled her as she had been: tall and beautiful with that air of distinction that is better than beauty. It shone in everything she did—in the way she rose to greet you, in the beautiful way she held herself, in the little gentle lazy manner of pulling off her gloves, in the graciousness with which her sleeve fell back from her forearm, or clasped it delicately close and low, leaving only her slender white fingers to articulate her few and quite exquisite gestures; above all, in the many delicate modulations of her extraordinarily beautiful voice; and in the equally mellow and varied silences, always so well chosen and maintained.

She had had all those advantages of inheritance and early training that gave her an instinctive knowledge of the right thing to be done in every possible case. It was this "knowing-how"—this "savoir faire" that had made her Carolyn's idol. It was this delicately woven, fine-spun manner of dealing with life that had made Carolyn's less sophisticated world seem, when she thought back upon it, so roughly home-spun. And it was Carolyn's cherished awareness of these differences, and her own additionally cultivated manners, which had upon her return home from school given her her immediate added distinction in Crayville. She felt, now, that she had owed all this mainly to Margaret. Indeed, in time they had come rather to worship her in Crayville and perpetually deferred to her; so that when the new Town Hall was to be built, for instance, it was she, of course, as the first lady of Crayville, who entertained the commissioners and the visiting architect of its chosen plan.

It was at that time that John Bannerman came into her life; and this, too, and all that in the past three weeks he had come to mean to her she felt she owed to Margaret. Yes; and that extraordinary relation had gone quite beyond anything she had dreamed would ever come into her days. It had grown

as a flower grows, you do not know how; and had bloomed as a flower blooms that blooms at night and that you find in the morning, full-blown, in a miraculous unlooked-for manner. And now, the culmination of that relation appeared to her curiously well timed. That the something undefined, but exquisitely certain, in John Bannerman's devotion to her should have come to its perfection at the very moment when Margaret, out of a world of desirable culture, was to descend upon her, was as fitting as that the handsomest of the zinnias should be blooming at just that time in the garden, to be gathered and put in a bowl on the verandah, strikingly, and in the cool drawing-room.

She had had some moments of uneasiness when the little round-headed sub-architect Johnson—who seemed to have constituted himself a sort of watch dog for Bannerman—looked at her with such cold and calculating eyes which somehow conveyed to her that he knew his master well enough to realize the danger there was that he might, in that easy masterful way of his, make forty-seven kinds of a fool of himself where unexpected beauty and a woman were concerned. But Carolyn quite forgot that now or transmuted it in the exhilarating prospect of Margaret's coming.

For it was precisely the presence and devotion in her life of a distinguished type like Bannerman, and the fact that she had so far handled the whole situation with so much skill that would give her her vantage of ease with Margaret. She would, because of it, meet her, not as the small-town person Margaret might very well have supposed her now to be, but as a woman of experience—of interesting and subtle experience. It even flashed through her mind that she might delicately ask Margaret's advice—smiling all the while—on so delicate a matter—what *would* be the best procedure to prevent a man going too far in such a situation? It would all be, of course, a matter of womanly tact and savoir-faire. And at that point she would tactfully mention her husband and his attitude of perpetual and complete generosity in her life.

She fell to thinking of him now. As a matter of fact, he had been generous; even generous enough, she thought, to appreciate Bannerman's charm and genius and to trust both him and her.

But there she mistook him. Luke Wright was neither flattered nor concerned that John Bannerman had come to his house so often during these past three weeks. It would no more have entered his mind that there was any danger lurking between this stranger and his wife, and in the sympathy of their tastes, than he would have suspected pine of being chestnut or oak of being either. He was a man whose facts were as neatly arranged and piled up as the lumber was neatly arranged and piled up in his extensive lumber-yard. Moreover, he knew that weathered and seasoned facts were better than green and fresh-cut facts. The weathered and seasoned facts in his own life happened to be that fifteen years previous Carolyn Wakeley—then in her twentieth year—had consented to marry him, and that a few months later they were man and wife. Then, too, there were the facts of her general dignity and sweetness, her enviable standing in the community. She was too well-bred to do any untoward thing. Not that he got so far as to put that in words in his thought; but he knew.

So Bannerman's visits had not disturbed him, not even the fact that many of them were made in the afternoon, when he was not at home. Nor was this due solely to his estimate of his wife's type, her good breeding, and her social sense that at times left him almost gaping; it was due somewhat to her frankness in announcing, for instance, "Mr. Bannerman stayed quite a while this afternoon. He really is very interesting"—and some of it was due to his pride. He had had the good judgment to marry just that refined, self-poised sort of woman. When other men's wives

shamed them it was the men he blamed. Why had they selected cheap women to marry, or weak ones?

Carolyn heard now Bannerman's step, too well-known, on the verandah; rose hastily, with a swift, half-alarmed, dark glance at herself in the mirror. Then she went straight—thinking of Margaret and with Margaret's ease and graciousness—into the hall to meet him.

He stood, handsome and boyish—that fine athletic figure of his had something still of the college boy about it—in the doorway. The branching honeysuckle that clambered over the verandah seemed to be stretching its gracious arms back of him, announcing him.

She had noticed it each afternoon that he came, and had begun to associate the two things—his frank eager coming and the delicate announcing friendliness of the honeysuckle back of him as though it said, "Here he is, you see—again!" How lovely, really! A surge of exquisitely sensuous pleasure that the mere beauty roused in her rose and ebbed, leaving her as she always was, a trifle faint as she put her hand in his.

"It's so good of you to come," she said graciously, ridding herself almost at once of the too eager inquiry and detention of his handclasp, "and good of you to send me those little blue-print photographs of the Cathedrals. Mr. Wright and I looked at them last night."

Flowingly as it was spoken, each word was as well chosen and delivered as Margaret herself would have chosen and delivered them; and that carefully yet easily turned reference to her husband, was like a wrought clasp on the sweeping cloak of savoir faire with which she almost visibly went clothed.

Indeed, it was just this unlooked-for "knowing-how"—added to her beauty—which roused Bannerman's persistent interest in her and heightened the quite exquisite pleasure of being with her: this surprising, extraordinary ease of a woman of her unextraordinary surroundings. Easily the "first lady" of the town. Yes; but then—such a town!

Where had she acquired it? It interested his art sense; for obviously the whole world of art was foreign to her. He gravitated toward it as toward his own world. It piqued his curiosity a good deal and his vanity much more. That little coolness and aloofness of her, where one might have looked for embarrassment and easy yielding; that poise, that was at times almost indifference, where he might have expected frank wonder and adoration of him, such as the other ladies of the town devotedly brought him. There was none of this. Carolyn Wright even expected him, even often directed him, to wait upon her; bade him hand her a book, or lay one down; disagreed with him, even on points of art—and extraordinarily intelligently, too.

"I am forever bothering you!" Bannerman said now in his eager way. It was his usual introduction to his intention to stay just as long as Carolyn would allow him. He threw his cap on a chair in the hall, drew his hand over the back of his head, and followed her to the delicious tempered light of the vine-covered verandah at the back of the house, she saying easily and graciously, "Indeed, you know quite the contrary. I'm always delighted to have you come."

The verandah was of flagstones, under an open arbor that stretched spaciously around it, inclosing it save at one end. Beyond this opening, the quivering treble-blue of larkspur, the rich and resonant purple of phlox, and the unimagined colors of the zinnias, like a brilliant accord in music, lent by contrast a certain almost searching quiet and withdrawn coolness to the inclosure. It was a place of delicately sheltered light and stillness, so that, better than any room, it expressed friendliness—a sort of intimacy of reserved friendliness.

Bannerman had come to fulfill his promise to look over with her the little blue-print views of great cathedrals. She had them ready, and they began looking at them almost at once, seated

near each other, he, in his low porch-chair, bending toward her, his elbows on his knees, pointing out to her carefully the beauty of this line or that and the meaning of it; she, at the same time that she bent forward to follow his explanation, withdrawn nevertheless, in a kind of supreme delicacy of purposed reserve, so that the whole leaning and nearness was his. Indeed, like a growing thing, and more and more it was his nearness to her, not hers to him, that became the interest of them both, though they continued to concentrate their attention on the blue-prints.

Soon she noticed, even while most carefully following his words that his hand began to shake a little.

Presently he rose suddenly.

"I don't believe I can go on," he said with an almost pathetically frank admission of defeat. "I'm not thinking of any of this, of course. I'm thinking of you."

It was as though he flung the fact down in front of her; and it seemed to lie there between them, a potent invisible thing.

She showed not the slightest emotion. Her graciousness and poise stood her in good stead.

"What an idea!" she said softly and with a faint smile, gathering the blue-prints together and turning them into evenness and order between her fingers as one does a pack of cards. Truly, the training of that one year, and Margaret's influence, had given her a power, a cultivated quietness. There was not anywhere, not in her least gesture, the slightest evidence of alarm. Yet her heart was very nearly choking her, and a sudden wild tattoo of drums, drumming warning and approach and danger, was in her blood.

He sat down again and bent toward her, now frankly pouring out his feeling, as a man of his power might; and as an artist had, he conceived, the right to do. And she bore the gusts of his passion still without a quiver, though the things that he was saying to her washed and dimmed and brightly blinded her, as when wind and rain beat in determined hard-flung gusts against a bright, clear, closed pane of glass.

There was something triumphantly desirable in listening to Bannerman's declaration of this passion of a sort that had no vulgarity.

He told her in hurried yet chosen words how he had watched her, had been stirred by her beauty from the first. He had come to this town expecting the usual types of women, and he had found her!—the very line of her hair a thing to haunt him; the very turn of her throat a memory he could not be rid of, like a flower that floats on a stream. He had a wife, of whom he had been honest enough to speak from time to time. But there is that passion in a man, that creative love for beauty, that deep desire which comes like the very call of a higher art—an art higher than the mere art of his customary living.

"And you," he finished, "it must be you are—a little!"

At this she raised her eyebrows the least bit, still keeping her eyes on the blue-prints in her hands, her lips very faintly smiling; it might have been at his audacity.

"I'm not a coarse man!" he swept on. "You know that! Thank God, I'm not offering you anything low and coarse. Situated as we are, bound as we are, what can I ask for but understanding of what I've told you, and companionship? But, good God, not a petty thing! Not a thing like this afternoon and the sharing of those prints! The world has seen a few truths of late years, has learned a few freedoms! The old shackles are gone. The younger men and women, the very boys and girls know it. We have a few rights! Not only a few! What does it mean when two people like ourselves meet—each of us tied? Isn't there some creative freedom? Have we no rights?"

But his voice was not as assertive as his words; it was pleading. Suddenly he put one hand on top of the other, laid

them both in this fashion on her knee, and bent his forehead down on them, as though commending himself by that gesture to her mercy and, his face hidden against her so, made his final confession hoarsely:

"I want your lips. I want you—with all the beauty that you stand for—in my arms. Then I'll go on!"

It seemed strange he should not feel and be aware of the heavy beat of her heart and all its hundred echoes everywhere in her body, down down down to her fingertips.

She drew her hands from where his face and his hot breath touched them, and put them on his hair instead, and stooped over him. She could almost have put a kiss on the brown mass of it. He raised his haggard face, so that had she chosen to give the kiss it would have fallen direct on his forehead, then, with a quick tilt of his head, brought his own lips hotly on hers, and she was completely in his arms.

She brushed her hand over her eyes when she was free, too dazed to think. Then gradually her thoughts formed themselves, and the form of them harked back to many things. No—there was nothing coarse in any of this!

Bannerman had none of her poise. He was overcome by his feelings. He had dropped into his chair again now and sat with his head in his hands. It was she still who must be serene.

"You don't know," he said, still hoarsely, "what your trust will do for me. I promise not to worry you with my needs. You are beautiful to me, beyond words beautiful."

Then suddenly, across all the tumult of their double silence, Carolyn's name was called; and there was a step on the front verandah.

"May I come in, my dear, a moment?" It was one of the ladies of the Town Hall guild, coming as usual to ask advice or favor.

So the whole precious moment was broken, yet mercifully broken too, in its perfection. Then something as elemental as self-preservation rushed into Bannerman's mind. He meant to cling to what he had. His eyes were imploring:

"Will you come to the path by the river, this evening?"

She closed her eyes, gave the slightest of nods, rose and left him. In a moment he heard her saying, "Well, my dear, I'm glad to see you." And in another moment she had brought her visitor back with her.

The swimming of a goldfish in a rounded bowl and its deft gracious turning and facing about in its direction could not have been more exquisite than this tact, this savoir faire with which he saw her turn moments of the most passionate progression into those of easy friendly greeting.

"But I've interrupted you," said the visitor, looking from one to the other.

"Indeed, no! And I'm especially glad you've come, for Mr. Bannerman can answer your questions better than I. Besides I myself must leave you. I have a friend coming in a little while whom I have not seen in many years. There are several things to be done before she arrives. So, I'll leave you here together for about five minutes, to settle your problem; then I shall come back and tell you that I must send you both away."

When a little later they left, she watched them go down the path together, watched Bannerman's way of holding open the gate, the beautiful, unconscious, tremendous courtesy of his body, and the conscious deference of his gesture. Then she turned to face what the next half-hour would bring her.

Nothing could have fitted her more fully for it than the half-hour just gone. In all her former relation to Margaret there had always been a kind of fundamental realization of inferiority, based on her paucity of experience and her lesser training. But now! . . . From the vantage ground of the last half-hour, she would not be climbing any steep paths to attain Margaret's level. She would be meeting her on even ground.

Drawn by Harrison Booth

"HOW YOU MUST DESPISE ME," HE SAID

Such things as she had just experienced might happen, if they would, in Margaret's world but they could not have happened there with more beauty. She felt, for the first time in her aspiring life, a complete sense of unity with distinguished powers and possibilities—a sort of sublimated savoir faire.

It was this, as much as the whirling memory of Bannerman's hot breath on her hands and of the sense of his powerful and beautiful body bent before her that gave her now so striking an additional beauty and bloom.

And it was all this, in effect, which was to account for Margaret's quite lovely gesture, as she held her off prettily at arm's length immediately after they had kissed, half-closed her eyes, and said:

"But, my dear! How *beautiful* you have grown!"

Beautiful she was indeed. Bannerman had once paused in this same cool and darkened hallway after he had greeted her, to liken her beauty to that of a tall mauve zinnia which stood among others, in a bowl on the hall table, where a single shaft of sunlight, falling through the bowed shutters, singled it out.

Margaret gave her another critical lovely look, all compounded of the charm and graciousness and ease of manner which *were* Margaret, and said, in slow addition:

"And so—why—my dear—so *distinguished!*" She put her hand on her heart, a delightful gesture. "You quite overwhelm me."

Nothing could have made a better beginning. Whether it was done with conscious purpose, or from old unconscious gracious habit, Margaret had, by means of just those words and observations, put the whole situation perfectly at its ease.

Margaret caught a glimpse of the latticed verandah beyond.

"My dear, how charming. Are we to sit out there?"

She took the chair John Bannerman had sat in. As she sank into it, with just the same lovely graciousness as of old, Carolyn was delicately aware of a hundred reminders: the same turn of the wrist, and the same manner of soft silk folds falling away from it; and the same well-remembered, rare gestures of the exquisite white fingers. For a moment she found herself almost wishing she had asked John Bannerman to stay, except that there would have been a certain bad taste in asking him to remain on, to meet another woman, after those supreme moments.

Margaret was speaking:

"And your husband, my dear—am I to meet him?"

"Not unless you will consent to remain over."

"That I cannot."

"At the end of the month Mr. Wright always remains late at his office and will not be home until about ten." Carolyn leaned forward a trifle. "How did you know that I was married?"

"Oh, nothing easier, my dear. You remember Miss Trapp, the Social secretary at Miss Edgeworth's school? Well, when Miss Edgeworth died last year, Miss Trapp came straight to me. She is my secretary now. She is simply a mine of information. She knows every girl who ever went to Miss Edgeworth's and exactly where everyone is located. She is really quite a marvel. She always was, you know."

"And I," said Carolyn, taking the conversation delicately between her fingers, like ribbon, and turning it back on itself whimsically, "I who have not a social secretary, I do not know—"

"Of course, my dear," Margaret agreed. "You don't even know whether I am married."

"Oh, yes"—Carolyn gave her a smile, and a swift generous glance—"I should have been sure."

"Ah, flattery, my dear!" Margaret held up a pretty hand and turned her head away, rejectingly. "But you don't know *whom* I married!"

Carolyn waited.

"Well, an adorable person. A kind of gorgeous lord of creation, sought after,

and distinguished, and besides—a very good architect, who now has the honor of building your Town Hall." She spread her hands. "Isn't that nice?"

Carolyn sat looking at her dumbly.

"Why do you look so amazed? Don't you like the Town Hall?"—It was Margaret's old charm of delicate lightness.

"Why, yes." Carolyn rallied, "and I like Mr. Bannerman. I know him."

It is so that a surprised and good swimmer might turn and take an unexpected wave.

"Of course you'd know him. And of course you'd like him. And—it's not like me to beat about the bush—that's why I'm here."

Carolyn's blood that had flowed so hot was like chilling ice in her veins now. The tips of her fingers were cold and wet. She had the sense of some terrible *faux pas* that had, all in an instant, in this unlooked-for manner, put her in Margaret's power. Something that had been her triumph was being transformed to ugliness. She had overstayed the hour. What had been her glory was turning to rags. She reached out for some slender hope of beauty, to save it.

"I think him a very beautiful person."

"He is," said Margaret, with delicate cordiality. "Precisely. And that is why you will help me." (Again the intolerable situation, and the sense of loveliness crumbling.) "I don't suppose you have ever been through any tragic uncertainty as to your husband?"

"Oh, no," Carolyn said softly, hardly hearing herself speak.

"Well, it would not be like me, you know, to spy. But the report came to me from a direct source. So I did not wait. I said, 'the directest method is the best.' I said 'Carolyn Wakely will understand.' I said 'Carolyn will know who the woman is.'"

Oh, the unspeakable relief of that! Her blood flowed again under the ice.

"Yes, I do know," she said at last.

Margaret expressed no especial surprise or satisfaction at that. She held up her two hands, frailly, exquisitely forbidding, and spoke again with delicate lightness:

"Don't tell me her name. It might be one of my favorite ones, and I should probably hate it always afterwards. What is she like?"

"Well, she is tall and dark—about my coloring." It is with such a step that one goes forward to a desperate goal, on uncertain ice, despite the fact that it cracks under one.

"Is she beautiful?"

"I think he would think so," Carolyn parried.

Margaret hesitated, as though considering a number of words, and then made a choice:

"Interesting?"

"Why—yes." Carolyn looked away to the larkspurs and phlox and zinnias and their perfect poise and self-possession in the sunshine. "She is"—the words came slowly—"very refined . . . a cultivated sort of person."

Carolyn was aware of a slight ironic raising of Margaret's eyebrows.

"Come, now, Carolyn! You and I know that women of our type don't do that kind of thing. They simply don't. Fancy the indelicacy—"

Carolyn did not reply at once. When she did she said slowly:

"Maybe she didn't know."

Margaret took the words from her:

"Oh, yes, she knew. She knew he was married. Johnson, his assistant, you know, would have seen to that. And there isn't the really cultivated woman"—She waved it away unfinished, with a delicate gesture. "They simply don't. You and I know that."

Again Carolyn had the sense of things crumbling in her hands; then she said:

"Well, I'll tell you—she's rather a simple woman in her way." (Penitence could not have wrung so much from her. She only knew that for his sake, for Margaret's, for her own, this thing must not be known.) "I know her. I can reach her, get at her, about a thing of this sort."

"Well, that is quite what I wanted to ask you."

"You see," Carolyn continued, "it may sound a bit like boasting, but you won't take it that way: I have a sort of influence here."

"Well, of course. And, my dear, you would know how. You have distinction. It is in everything you do."

"I mean—I think I should only have to say—to explain—well, to say that I know you—that you are my friend."

"Exactly! And account for not mentioning it before as you like. You've the tact; you've the savoir faire."

A moment later she rose, graceful and slender as a girl but with all the perfection of a woman.

"Now you will understand why I cannot stay, why I must be going."

At the door Margaret turned to Carolyn fully. "Good-by, my dear," and kissed her. "I shan't know how to thank you." She held her for the fraction of a moment, looking at her as though unresolved, and considering every trait of her dark beauty. Then suddenly she unveiled her thought, as a woman unveils her face: "You see, I adore him—in my own way—quite utterly adore him."

When Carolyn returned from the river and stepped upon the front verandah the full moonlight lay sifted through the branched honeysuckle vines. She could not have remained there, where the exquisite sweetness of the flower and the haunting coolness of the light met. Nor would it have been endurable to her to go to the flagstone verandah, at the back of the house, where he and she, and then Margaret and she, had met and talked together that afternoon, and where even more markedly the moon's white silence would lay, making pattern and meaning of the shadows of the leaves.

She went into the library and pulled on the light at once, and felt, escaping from the incredible beauty of the night outside, as though she had escaped some bright and sinister sorcery.

How almost, how nearly, she had fallen into a terrible snare! It was as though there had been hounds on her traces—those swift hounds of Diana that are reputed to run on moonlight nights noiselessly, silverly, pitilessly, their pointed muzzles to the ground.

But even at the supreme moment, with the river swimming along in silver at her feet; with her body swayed not by any youthful surge of feeling, but by all the terrible richness of older passion; with Bannerman holding her two hands tight, so that it hurt, and bending toward her with all the force and intenseness of his argument; when the easiest thing in the world would have been to find herself in his arms—she had somehow—known how! With a power, almost an ease—a savoir faire—she had been able to check him beautifully, convince him quickly, deftly, that she had not met him to yield anything to him, but rather only to show him himself; to remind him of things that he had forgotten; to speak to him of certain ideals, conventions, if you like, which to a woman of cultivation who knows the world are essential, and are ignored only by the simple, the untrained: to recall to him, in short, his wife—he had told her, early in their acquaintance, of his wife—

And at that he had fallen back, put his clenched hand to his forehead, closed his eyes, and turned away from her, and in a moment had said slowly, "How you must—how you must—despise me!"

Yes; she had made her escape! She had known how! and the hounds had gone on other traces. But she was still trembling from it all, with a sort of terrible regret and relief.

There was a step in the hall. Could he have followed her for a final word? She turned, ready to face that too, if necessary.

But, no; it was Luke Wright, home a little earlier than he had expected; tall and towering, and clean, and practical as one of his own heaps of lumber.

"Were you reading? Lovely night," he said.

She went toward him, and for some reason melted suddenly into his arms.

"Yes, it's heavenly!" she whispered, against his coat.

He stroked her hair with unaccustomed but very willing fingers. How beautiful she was! How above other women! He raised her face, with its closed eyes, to his and put his lips on hers.

Margaret sat in her soft negligee in the cool of her little upper sitting room, where Miss Trapp had divined and decreed supper should be brought her, after her long ride, rather than in the more formal dining room.

That tremendously capable person was holding the door back with a commanding gesture and her head at its perpetual irreproachable angle while the maid passed through, efficiently, with the tray.

When they left her alone Margaret touched nothing for a while but put her head back wearily and closed her eyes. She was tired but immensely relieved. Things had gone as well as possible. The whole thing had taken tact and savoir faire, but it had been done.

The memory of Carolyn's beauty lingered above everything in her mind. It would have been far easier, and more temporarily satisfying, to berate her, scorn her, scathe her, scatter her like dust, as she deserved; but after all one cannot behave like a fish-wife! She had left her her beauty and her dignity, and her sense of power. She took a certain pleasure in this. She had the well-trained aristocrat's dislike of humiliating anyone—and above all of humiliating herself.

WAYSIDE BLOOM

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

THIS morning I was digging in the sun
In the still garden I have made for me,
When I heard something call,
And I looked up; it was so strange to see
That Life was standing there outside the wall
Quite as she used to stand
Before my garden was begun.
She beckoned to me with her hand
And smiled
And said, "Come, child."

"You know,"
I said, "I cannot go;
I must plant poppies in this garden bed;
It will take long for them to glow
And smoulder red,
But I must press their petals to my pain
Before I go with you again."
And Life still smiled at me beyond the gate;
"You need not wait;
My ways are sown with them," she said.

GENERAL GRANT AND THE QUEEN

Unnarrated Incidents of Grant's Trip Around the World

BY JESSE R. GRANT

In collaboration with Henry Francis Granger

IT was upon the eve of our departure from London, on my father's trip around the world in 1877, that the invitation came from Queen Victoria to visit her at Windsor Castle.

I have often speculated upon the genesis of that invitation. Father was a private citizen of the United States and I do not imagine Queen Victoria wished to entertain us at Windsor. I fancy Her Majesty was as much surprised as father at the necessity. I shall never know, but I can imagine what was said to prompt that invitation. It did not come until our stay in London was drawing to a close and, until it came, there had been no hint or suggestion of its probability.

Disraeli was Prime Minister and head of the Conservative Party. A shrewd statesman, he could not overlook or mistake the portent of the public reception given father throughout England—a welcome that had risen above conventional greeting, swelling into wonderful spontaneous ovations. Nothing of the sort had been anticipated by the Conservatives.

Our Minister to England, Mr. Edwards Pierrepont, was an American with the highest appreciation of the glory of royalty. Before our arrival he had put forth determined efforts to insure for father a royal reception and his efforts had met with but faint response. The Earl of Derby told him plainly that father, under our American laws, was only a private citizen and that England could receive him only unofficially as a distinguished American. True, he would doubtless receive every honor that could be bestowed upon a "commoner" and he would be the lion of the season in London, but the Government could not recognize him in his private capacity as it would, for instance, an ex-ruler of royal blood.

Pierrepont, who thought more of the gracious smile of a royal prince than of the acclaim of the motley public, was much chagrined. Father knew nothing of the Minister's ambitious efforts. The story was told to us later by gleeful Liberals.

At the moment the enthusiasm of the laboring classes, the demonstrative activity of the Liberals under Joseph Chamberlain, the prominent part taken in all the functions by John Bright and the less conservative of the nobility—represented by the Duke of Argyle, Lord Granville, Lord Carnarvon, and even the Prince of Wales; the sympathetic approval of the general public and the encomiums of the press made it appear that the English people were anxious to do all in their power to honor father, and only the Crown and the Conservative Party, then in power, were holding back. Plainly the situation promised to react to the advantage of the Liberals.

But all this prospective political advantage was countered by Disraeli in one clever stroke. The invitation came from the Queen, and the Crown and the Conservatives were in line. Incidentally, Mr. Pierrepont saw the fruition of his aspirations. The invitation extended to father and mother, by the command of the Queen, was to dine at Windsor Castle

and to remain until the following day; it included Mr. and Mrs. Pierrepont, General Badeau, and myself. I was then nineteen years old.

I shall never forget my experience at Windsor. To-day, after the lapse of more than forty years, the memory fills me with conflicting emotions. As always, there was father's sympathetic understanding, and there was the pique my conscience still justifies; but the memory brings no satisfaction—only the doubtful assurance that now, when I am old enough to be the grandfather of the boy I was then, under the same circumstances I should again take the same unsatisfactory course.

I was not anxious to be entertained at Windsor Castle. The ordeal could not be avoided. But from the first I felt that the invitation placed us in an equivocal position: that father, by his acceptance—not Royalty, in its extension—conferred the favor.

We went down by train and Sir John Cowell, the Master of the Household, received us at the station. Explaining that Her Majesty was out driving, he conducted us to our quarters. Father and mother were assigned a state apartment reserved for prominent guests. My single room was large and extremely elegant, with a connecting door to the room allotted to General Badeau. I had been instructed in the procedure and was dressing as the hour for my appearance drew near, when Sir John Cowell again appeared. He inquired solicitously as to my comfort, and after some minutes of casual conversation he entered into a portrayal of the personnel of the Household, announcing and dwelling upon the exalted rank of the various members of the ménage. Satisfied at length, I fancied, that I was duly awed by my proximity to such an array of British nobility, he reached the crux of his detailed and painstaking approach:

"I regret to say Her Majesty is indisposed," he began hesitatingly. "Large gatherings, particularly at dinner, bring on a most distressing vertigo. As a consequence of this deplorable condition it has been decided that only those who must be present are to dine with Her Majesty. It has accordingly been directed that you and General Badeau are to dine with the Household; where, by the way, you will have a much more enjoyable time," he concluded affably.

I said nothing. Encouraged by my apparent docility, Sir John's conciliatory manner became patronizing:

"Immediately after dinner you will have the honor of being presented to Her Majesty," he announced.

General Badeau had come into my room and stood listening. Sir John went on to say that it would appear in the morning papers that we had dined with the Queen, and that we were fortunate in the arrangement that made this distinction possible without the necessity of enduring the tedium of a State Dinner.

My mind was made up now. "It would appear," I said, "that I can have all the honor by report, and avoid even the tedium of dining with the Household by quickly leaving for London." I was getting out of my formal dress as I spoke, my feelings now more of relief than resentment.

"No! No!" cried Sir John in immediate panic. "If you leave now the newspapers will learn of it and a tremendous scandal will result."

To Sir John Cowell the proceedings at Windsor were of world interest. I assured him that the newspapers would never hear of the occurrence from me; that the last thing in the world I should mention was the fact that I had been invited to dine with the Queen, and that upon my arrival she had decided I was only fit to eat with the help.

Sir John gasped. "You do not understand! The members of the Queen's Household are all of the nobility."

"That's what we call them in America," said I.

With an ejaculation of mingled rage and horror Sir John rushed from the room.

General Badeau crossed the room to my side. "We'll have to make the best of it, Jesse," he said. "You cannot leave now."

"Just watch me," I answered and went on with my packing.

A few minutes later Sir John Cowell returned, to find me nearly ready for my trip to London. Sir John was pathetic now. He said that his life at the Castle was far from one of perfect happiness; that he always tried to do his duty, with consideration for the guests under his charge, but if I persisted in going the blame must fall upon him; that he would be accused of managing the matter badly. Would I not be a good fellow and help him out? The foibles of an Old Lady in ill health must be considered—a rambling argument that left me cold, as it clearly disclosed the fact that it was the Queen herself who objected to my presence.

As I had entertained her son, Prince Arthur, in Washington some months before, and was now there by her unsolicited invitation, I felt that her treatment of me was shabby and told him so, also, that I was fully determined to return to London at once. Again he left me, angry and much upset.

A few minutes later he again returned, this time accompanied by the American Minister, Mr. Pierrepont. I was ready to go now, with my valise packed. Mr. Pierrepont wasted no words in polite preamble. He told me that it was a pity the greatest honor my father had ever received, or would ever receive, should be marred by the stubborn folly of a boy; and that if there was further talk of my returning to London he would go in and tell my father.

I answered quickly that I would go with him, that whatever father said I was to do, I would do. So together we sought father. Mr. Pierrepont explained the whole situation to father—the standing of the members of the Household, the vertigo of the Queen, and the fact that in order to make the attendance at dinner as small as it could be, General Badeau and I were to dine with the Household. He told it all, concluding dramatically:

"And Jesse here says that he will go back to London!"

"I think that is what I should do if I were in Jesse's place," father answered quietly.

Mr. Pierrepont was speechless. Here were two Americans he could not understand. He gave it up and retired.

I was back in my room, wondering how I was to get to the station but determined to walk if necessary, when Sir John again returned. This time his face wreathed in smiles as he announced that Her Gracious Majesty would be very pleased to have me at dinner, that it was all his mistake, and that he could never forgive himself for his egregious blunder.

Well, I dined with the Queen, saw half a dozen German Princesses, and had the honor of escorting to table the Countess of Derby. After dinner I went to the billiard room and played several games of pool with Prince Leopold and three or four of his companions—equerries, I believe they were. None of us were good players—they worse than I—and so I won twenty royal shillings.

It was one o'clock when I returned to my room to find Sir John Cowell there, in dressing gown and slippers, sitting at a table with a bottle of brandy and half a dozen club sodas before him. Sir John greeted me effusively. Then we settled down with the brandy and soda and Sir John talked. He said that at the first declaration of my determination to return to London he was utterly nonplused. No situation as serious as that threatened to be had confronted him before. He went direct to the Queen with the story and she said, "Well, let him go."

He then explained to her the seriousness of it—he really did consider it an important matter. The Queen then directed him to tell me that she commanded me to dine with the Household. Sir John, then, was really on my side. He told the Queen that the young man was an American and that to command

would be futile. She then said, "Tell the American Minister to arrange it."

Sir John said that when he came in with Mr. Pierrepont he was very much afraid that I would weaken and abandon my position. Remembering Prince Arthur, he had come to consider my treatment rather shabby. When Mr. Pierrepont brought him word of father's stand he was delighted.

We talked for several hours as the brandy subsided in the bottle. It was an interesting and illuminating disclosure of the inner life at Windsor Castle. It appeared that the Queen, popularly supposed to be so affectionately interested in her loyal subjects, desired most to avoid them. One burden Sir John found particularly hard to bear fell upon him when some wealthy commoner, for some unusual service to the country, must be invited to dine with the Queen at Windsor. It was Sir John's duty upon such occasions to meet the honored guest at the station, drive him around the park, and explain the sudden and serious indisposition of Her Majesty—and that it was a matter of grave importance to the State that the fact of her ill health should not be known. He would then instruct the guest to return home quietly, assuring him that it would appear in the Court Circular that he had dined, as invited, and thus he would reap all the glory and honor. For the most part such guests were content to reap the honor and escape the ordeal. And Sir John told of one guest so dismissed who, years later, forgetful of the fact that Sir John had been the Queen's messenger, gave him a glowing account of the gracious manner in which the Queen had received him. Upon another occasion Sir John had but finished his story of the Queen's illness when Her Majesty drove by. The disappointed guest at once assumed that it was Sir John who was scheming to keep her subjects from the Queen and subsequently sought, in vain, to effect Sir John's removal.

It was late when we parted and the bottle was nearly empty.

Before this conversation with Sir John, when the flood of entertainment was at its full, a chance meeting occurred from which I emerged the notorious member of our party. After a dinner given by the Earl of Derby—who was, as I recall, then Secretary of Foreign Affairs—there followed a very crowded reception. I shall never forget that occasion. I suppose I should have known better but the memory of that evening exasperates me now. It may be the English are not devoid of a sense of humor, but I have never known an Englishman whose appreciation of humor synchronized with mine.

It was, as I have said, an exceedingly crowded reception and I was bored. I should have quietly taken my departure if I could, at the moment, have thought of any place that promised to be less dreary. As it was I drifted into a corner where I stood forgotten and unnoticed. Another solitary individual drifted up beside me and I recognized Sir Edward Thornton, whom I had known well as the English Minister in Washington. We promptly fell into conversation. He said, rather sadly, that his years in the diplomatic service had made him more of a stranger in London than elsewhere; that in a great gathering like this one the fact impressed him more forcibly, robbing such occasions of enjoyment.

I replied that I was not getting much fun out of it myself, but that I was afraid if I left it might break up the party.

Sir Edward stared at me in astonishment. I understood before he spoke that he had taken seriously my attempt at humor. In fear that he would always believe me a dreadful ass, I hastened to explain that I had not spoken seriously, that my remark was intended to be humorous.

"No one would know, you know, if both of us left," he answered.

"Of course they would not! I was only joking," I said.

"Even if we were very well known, no one would know we had left. In such

a large gathering we should never be missed," he insisted.

In despair I told him that I was sorry I had made the remark; that I understood perfectly my departure would never be noticed.

He then explained that our names would appear in the morning papers and so, of course, many people would know that we attended the reception, but he earnestly assured me that my departure would have no effect upon its duration. Again I attempted to explain, for he was a fine old gentleman and I liked him much. It was no use. More earnestly than before he insisted that my leaving would not break up the reception, that it would probably not even be noticed.

Sir Edward was still kindly assuring me of this when I managed to drift away from him in the crowd. The misunderstanding worried me during the remainder of the evening, but in the morning I felt that the joke was on Sir Edward Thornton.

Then the newspapers got hold of it. They did not get it from me. I had not mentioned the circumstance, even to father. I suppose Sir Edward's astonishment at my colossal egotism could not be confined. At any rate the London newspapers printed my remark with every sort of humorous comment. I became the comic relief to father's triumphant popularity. All sorts of ridiculous speeches were attributed to me, each based upon some alleged or assumed expression of my egregious conceit. I grew tired of London.

When we arrived at Ostend, *en route* for Brussels, we were greeted by what we had come to consider the usual crowd. There were personal friends to meet us and there was an address of welcome from the civil and military authorities. We had planned to remain overnight at Ostend and we went to our hotel—father, mother, and myself. It was late in the evening when the badly flustrated proprietor knocked at the door of our apartment to announce that King Leopold was calling. If we were as surprised as the boniface I trust it was not so apparent.

King Leopold came up alone and announced that he wished to pay his compliments and welcome father to his country, because he wished to see and talk with him in freedom from the antiquated and foolish exactions of court etiquette.

The conversation which followed was a long one. The King remained several hours, asking questions and talking most interestingly of his Congo country. When the tales of Congo atrocities spread over the civilized world, they ever brought back to me the memory of that strange evening in our hotel rooms in Ostend when King Leopold talked so earnestly and freely of his hopes and plans for developing the resources and bettering the condition of the natives of the Congo. The tales may have been true, many of them appeared to be well authenticated, but I could never credit them. Surely Leopold intended no evil to the Congo. For several years thereafter King Leopold sent me, as it appeared, each new Government map of Belgium and the Congo.

We went on to Brussels and the King called formally upon father, and father as formally returned the call. Then the King gave a great banquet in father's honor, where every exaction of royal procedure was carefully observed. It was all most interesting; but to me, with my knowledge of the unsuspected democratic intimacy at Ostend, it took on the character of a spectacular play. As long as King Leopold lived I thought of him not as he appeared in the role of King in Brussels but as my personal friend at Ostend.

At Geneva, to my great delight, I came upon Emmons Blaine. For a time I escaped the formal entertainment father and mother were subjected to and, undisturbed, Emmons and I investigated Geneva and its environs. Of the incidents of those quiet but enjoyable days

but one stands out in my memory. Emmons and I went swimming in the lake. The bathing houses were located several hundred yards away from the bridge which crosses the outlet of the lake, the river Rhone. There is rapid water under the bridge and, as I remember, rapids farther down. Emmons and I, both fairly strong swimmers, ventured too far and were caught in a current we could not stem. With difficulty we reached one of several life buoys, anchored at intervals in the stream, and there we clung.

A crowd upon the bridge watched us in what appeared to be quiet expectancy. If we lost our hold we should be swept down the stream. We could not swim back; neither could we cling there forever. The situation was becoming exasperating. The pull of the water, the curious but unconcerned faces above us, the more desperate prospect below combined to make a nightmarish feeling of impotency on our part.

"I wonder what those blighters expect us to do," growled Emmons.

And then a rowboat put out from our boathouse above and took us off. When we landed the proprietor urged a drink of brandy upon us. Later, while we were dressing, he came again, advising more brandy to ward off a possible cold. When we were dressed and ready to leave we must have another brandy in commemoration of a fortunate escape, and I think there was another in farewell.

At any rate, when I reached the hotel and went to our rooms father and mother were there but the floor had become so unsteady that without a word I passed through to my own room, went to bed and slept. Next morning neither father nor mother mentioned the incident. For three or four days I remained silent and then curiosity overcame me:

"Didn't you notice anything peculiar about me the other evening?" I asked.

"Yes, we noticed," said father simply.

With that I told the story, ending with, "I expected a jolly good scolding next morning."

"We are not fearful that one of our boys will become a drunkard," said father. "And mother and I knew if you had done anything foolish you would be sorry enough without our adding to your discomfort."

After that nothing could have tempted me to touch brandy.

The summer was far spent when we returned from Italy to Ragatz. There we met and spent several days in the company of two compatriots—Mr. Schoonmaker of Newburgh, New York, and Mr. Harry Payne of New York City. Mr. Payne is the single multi-millionaire whom I have known whose money did not talk. I spent several days in his company and never suspected that he was wealthy.

It was upon one of our walks, in a public park in or near Ragatz, that I came upon a great tree with enticingly smooth bark upon which I carved the initials of the members of our party. To this act of vandalism there was a surprising denouement. Some years later I met Mr. Schoonmaker in New York City and he told me that he had just returned from another trip to Europe, where he again visited Ragatz and went over the ground he had explored in company with father, Mr. Payne, and myself. Remembering the tree upon which I had carved our initials, he sought and found it. The authorities had surrounded it with an artistic iron railing and upon the tree was a tablet containing our names, the date, and the story of the carving.

An event which greatly amused mother and me occurred while we were in Paris. Some time before this father had made his first and only stock venture. I do not know how he came to do it but he bought outright twenty-five shares of "Consolidated Virginia," and the stock actually paid dividends. From then on father was always about to buy some stock or other but he never quite came to the point of doing it. In Paris he heard from someone a glowing account of the

prospects of "Yellow Jacket," a mining stock then selling at three dollars a share. Father asked Mr. John Mackay if "Yellow Jacket" was a good purchase at three dollars. Mr. Mackay, at once interested, asked what he had heard about it and father told him.

"I'll cable Mr. Fair, in San Francisco, to buy a few shares for each of us," was Mr. Mackay's decision.

At this time we had a courier—Hertog, a Jew. If there was ever a real cosmopolitan it was Hertog. I never knew where he was born but he had lived everywhere, knew every city, spoke every language. He not only knew all a tourist desires to know but he was quick and efficient. I have never known anyone who could get a party about so rapidly and smoothly as Hertog. If there were twenty impatient fares and one cab, you could depend upon it that Hertog would secure that one and the impatient twenty would never understand just how he did it. As a courier Hertog was a jewel beyond price.

Every day while waiting for a report from Mr. Fair, father watched the quotations on "Yellow Jacket." The stock was selling at eleven dollars a share when a letter came from Mr. Fair stating that "Yellow Jacket" was worthless and that he had not bought any.

About this time Hertog sought me. It was the only time I ever saw him embarrassed, but his embarrassment did not prevent him from putting the question he came to ask. He wished to know when father intended to sell his "Yellow Jacket" stock. All unsuspecting, I told him that father had been advised by Mr. Fair that the stock was worthless and had not bought any. Hertog turned abruptly and hurried away, but not before I saw the consternation upon his face. Even then I did not connect cause and effect.

Father was much disappointed at Mr. Fair's decision and continued to watch the quotations on "Yellow Jacket" until the stock sold at thirty dollars a share, when he abandoned it in disgust. From time to time mother gently quizzed him about his narrow escape from becoming a millionaire.

The day came when we left Paris and Hertog behind us. Months later I came upon Hertog in Constantinople. Appearance and manner proclaimed his prosperity. There was no embarrassment now and he was plainly delighted at the opportunity to tell me his story.

Hertog had overheard part of the conversation between father and Mr. Mackay, just enough to learn that Mr. Mackay was going to cable Mr. Fair to buy "Yellow Jacket" stock. Hertog had a cousin in Boston, a man of means, and he promptly did some cabling on his own account. When the stock advanced to eleven dollars he came to me to learn when father intended to sell. To his dismay he heard that father had been advised that the stock was valueless and had not bought. Fearing that the price would drop before the cousin could sell and that the blame would fall upon him, Hertog decided not to acquaint his Boston cousin with this ill news. The stock showed a profit then and if the cousin failed to sell at the right time the responsibility for subsequent loss was his. Hertog left the issue with the gods.

And the unsuspecting Boston cousin held on until he sold at about the highest point the stock reached. Now Hertog was a gentleman of means, traveling for pleasure. When the money was gone he could again become a courier, wherever he might be. I often think of Hertog. What a captain of industry he might have become, but for his wanderlust!

AN ARMY WITH BANNERS

A Story

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

LEWIS HUNTING, like thousands of other young Americans, was a bond salesman. He had a kind of wayward handsomeness that endeared him to women, together with a deep voice and a gravely pleasant manner—both purely physical attributes—which prevented his good looks getting on the nerves of the men he dealt with. He was moderately successful in business; was always well dressed and provided with the comforts of life. A good many of those comforts, naturally, went into his expense account; but when he was not traveling, he lived with his widowed mother, whom he partly supported, in a commonplace but not uncomfortable suburban house. His mother, who adored him, accepted everything he would give her as the reward of her adoration. His father had hoped to send Lewis to a good technical school, but he died at an unlucky moment for Lewis—at the precise time, that is, when Lewis had finished his high-school course and could be considered old enough to earn his living. College would have meant sacrifices on his mother's part which she would have thought unnatural when she had a son who was six feet tall. Lewis also would have thought them unnatural —for *his* mother; though he saw the mothers of other young men moving into apartments and doing their own work without thereby disfiguring the noble countenance of Nature.

Lewis Hunting was no moralist. He had to work, and he did work. He was much away from home, and he fell into a few casual adventures that would have shocked his mother hopelessly. These adventures were very few, however; not because Lewis minded doing things that would have shocked his mother, had she known about them, but because even near-dissipation costs money; and he never forgot that his financial margin was hers, not his own. The adventures were fairly sordid, as the limited contacts offered to a young man in strange cities are apt to make them, and his cynicism was deepened by them. In his later twenties Lewis was living about as lonely an existence as a young bond salesman can. When he was at the home office, he spent most of his evenings with his mother (she complained a great deal of loneliness)—reading, talking, or listening to her phonograph. When he was abroad in the land—which was most of the year—he mitigated the solitude of hotel rooms with visits to movie theaters or pool rooms. Mild flirtations he could find anywhere, owing to his good looks and engaging smile; but he was very wary of anything more intimate or dramatic. He knew very little about women, though he considered that he had plumbed female psychology with an unerring lead line. Most women, he decided, were on the make and no good. Girls he had known at school, who had married his more prosperous comrades, seemed — unless they were sunk invisibly into nurseries —as shameless as the others. One or two of them, indeed, made love to him; and that shocked Lewis almost as much as it would have shocked Mrs. Hunting.

You see him, then—young, bewil-

dered, faintly unhappy and vaguely aspiring beneath the cynicism that kept its visible smoothness in the face of the smuttiest story or the most shameless of feminine advances. The fact was that Lewis would have expanded most naturally in the society of the nicest people, and he never met them. Mrs. Hunting made it a virtue to be too delicate and too sorrowful for social contacts, and he had no relations that would have knit him up, in this or that city, with the local aristocracy. He was diffident with men who had been through college—probably no one ever knew how he had grieved over the frustration of his and his father's hopes—and his diffidence took the form of refusing, with such, to mix business and pleasure. So even old customers, once rebuffed, did not ask him to their homes. Being, on the whole, irreligious, he eschewed all sociabilities that had a sectarian tinge.

Not a very strong person to stand up against circumstances or events or other people's desires. That cynicism of his, after all, was only skin-deep, and the boy beneath was soft. When Netta Jacobs decided to marry him, he was virtually helpless, for Netta was not only supple and alluring—she was clever. When I say clever, I do not mean to praise her understanding or her wit. She was clever like a very clever animal: she had the instinct of self-preservation so strongly developed that she selected without difficulty the tone, the gesture, the look that would serve her purpose. She was a finished egotist, if you like, though "egotist" seems too big a word for her. It implies cerebration, and Netta had no cerebration. She had the protective coloring of the white ermine, the adaptability of the giraffe that can lengthen its neck to crop the topmost leaves, of the creature that has developed a lung fit to breathe both air and water. Only, unluckily, she was neither giraffe nor fish; she was human and capable of passion—of that complicated emotion which does not afflict the lower mammals. The lion stalking his prey is far less terrible than the person who wants to possess another human being, not only physically and financially but socially, mentally, and morally. Netta never put it to herself in that way, but it was so. She fell in love with Lewis Hunting, and her whole organism set itself automatically to the task of acquiring him. It is not often that one person desires another with the totality of his being. Thus Netta desired Lewis. She had no moral sense; but if she had had one, that too would have clung to him. Lewis, of course, had not the faintest chance against her; and between the hour when he first saw her in Jere Wheaton's office, and the hour of the wedding among dusty palms and withering blossoms in the living room of her married sister's apartment, only four months elapsed.

They lived with Lewis's mother in the not uncomfortable suburban house. Netta intended to change all that; but the best equipped organism recognizes impossibilities — temporary ones. In order to get his mother to consent to the marriage at all, Lewis had had to make absurd and vast concessions. She made it clear to him that if he chucked her and married without her consent, he would literally end her life. Besides, there was the question of money. Either Netta would have to live with Mrs. Hunting, or Mrs. Hunting would have to go to a cheap boarding-house. Netta, who would not have cared in the least if Mrs. Hunting had had to live in a Salvation Army Home or the State penitentiary, realized that she would have to give in. For the time being, Lewis was not yet completely her creature, and you might as well ask him to break a blood-vessel as to turn his mother by force out of her house. Nothing would be easier for her than to make — after marriage — the situation impossible.

That, of course, she proceeded to do, though it took a fairly long time on account of Lewis's protracted absences from home. Given Mrs. Hunting, it was

Drawing by Frances Rogers

LEWIS'S MOTHER, DEPRIVED OF HER DOMINANCE, HATED NETTA

quite easy. Lewis's mother, deprived of her dominance, was acutely uncomfortable. She hated Netta, she thought Lewis deluded and doomed, and she kept herself within bounds only because she knew she was playing a losing game. If Netta had been a gentle soul, Mrs. Hunting would probably have made her supremely unhappy. Netta was not a gentle soul, and she made Mrs. Hunting unhappy instead. When Lewis was at home, both women made him feel them pathetic—suffering untold things for love of him. Netta managed that, too, better than her mother-in-law.

A year, two years wore away, and Lewis began to know despair. Netta was all his, and her kisses made it clear. But she hated his mother, she hated their mode of existence; she was moving slowly but surely to the total elimination of Mrs. Hunting from their lives. So much, for a time, was he Netta's that if she had asked anything less, she might have had it. But what she asked of him, he felt, was to kill his mother. Even for Netta he could not slay. And there came, inevitably, a time when he criticized her for asking him to.

They had it out at last, one evening in their own room, when he was just back from a month's trip in the South. Lewis, who had been listening to mocking-birds and smelling cape-jessamine—his sojourns were seldom in such romantic lands—came back with reawakened yearnings, the old hope of beauty revivified in his foolish heart, to find his home uglier than ever. His mother was querulous and plain, and his wife—though as she caught him to her breast in greeting and let her bright eyes and hair shimmer above him, he was ravished again—seemed hard, for all the cheaply perfumed softness of her body. He felt that there was no kindness in her and wondered, for the first time, if Netta would ever develop that tenderness which is the loveliest by-product of passion.

Lewis bent over his suitcase, unpacking things and flinging them about; while Netta, standing between the twin beds, removed and folded counterpanes and pillow covers and wound the clock on the bed-table. Little, intimate, beloved gestures . . . but somehow tonight he did not love them. If he closed his tired eyes, he could smell the jessamine. Netta's rustlings forbade him to hear the mocking-bird.

He straightened himself finally and snapped the suitcase shut. Netta came towards him in all the luxury of orchid négligée and cap.

"Tired, honey?" She stretched her arms and yawned a little.

The answer to that was "No." If he said "Yes," she would be close to him, enfolding him, comforting him, making him forget everything but the physical fact of her. That, he did not wish. "I've got a beastly headache," he said quietly.

The barrier was now built between them, and she walked away to her dressing-table. "Want some aspirin?" she asked over her shoulder.

"No, thanks." Lewis often made these little mistakes. By his refusal of aspirin he revealed to her that he had no headache.

"Oh—just cross."

"Isn't it enough to make anybody cross—the kind of thing I come back to?"

"I'm very sorry you have to come back to it, Lewis. But you would have it that way, you know."

"You certainly don't try to make it any better."

"You'd better drop that right now," she warned him. "It doesn't seem to occur to you that, at least, when you come back to it, I'm here. I live with it, weeks on end, when you aren't here."

"If you mean, Net, that it's all mother's fault, you're wrong. She wasn't like this until you came and made her so. What makes the house so deadly is that you quarrel with her all the time. I'm always having to apologize to one of you for the other. I'm about fed up with it."

"Oh, you are, are you? And what about me? I've been pretty patient, I think, but if you're going to crab things, I think I'll have my say. I tell you I live with it all the time. It's a good deal worse when you're not there, because she's afraid of you. And I don't intend to live with it much longer."

He didn't want to quarrel, he reflected wearily. Why did he have to? But his exacerbated nerves spoke for him. "I honestly believe it's more your fault than hers, because you're young and strong and she's old and weak. She's a sick woman, half the time—has been for years. It won't be for long, Netta."

"You can bet it won't be for long," she murmured intensely. She too was irritated; irritated because, as always, his figure there before her set her heart to beating. She did not want to quarrel, either; she wanted him to make love to her. He wouldn't; and therefore they quarrelled. But Lewis surprised her. Standing there with folded arms, looking gravely across at her, he went on, "If you'd have a kid, Netta, I believe everything would come straight. Mother would forget all about both of us if she had a grandchild to fuss over. And you'd be too busy and happy to mind little things."

She did not recover at once from her astonishment. "You honestly mean that, Lewis? You'd like me to have a baby?"

"I'd like us to have a baby, of course," he answered quietly. "What did you suppose?"

"Well, if you want a child, Lewis"—she too spoke very quietly—"you'll have to marry somebody else. I'll never have one if I can help it—and I guess I *can* help it."

"I don't doubt it." He turned away.

Netta, however, was not through. She had waited long enough for this issue to define itself. As well now as any other time. He had given her the cue with his reproaches.

"And I've got something else to say," she proceeded. "I love you, Lewis, and you know it. I've tried out this idea of yours about living with your mother. You can't say I haven't given it a chance—for more than two years. Now, either it gets broken up and you and I take an apartment by ourselves, or I take a job and have a room of my own in town, and you stick with her if you want to. But you can't have us both any longer. And I wouldn't live in this house even if she went away. I don't want a house, anyhow, unless I'm a millionaire. It's up to you."

His face crimsoned. "You know as well as anything that I can't run an apartment and this house both."

"I'm willing to take a job, anyhow," Netta returned triumphantly.

"It would take all you made in any job to dress you. The kind of thing you put on your back costs money."

"How about your own clothes?"

"I have to be decent to do business. But I don't buy myself fur coats and mesh bags—or the sort of thing you've got on at the present minute. I'm not blaming you for wanting clothes, Net—I guess every woman does—but unless we live right here I can't swing it. Even if you earned money yourself, I couldn't afford to keep mother in this house, with a maid, while we were somewhere else. I'll be making more money next year. We'll see. It would be pretty hard on mother to leave her; but maybe if I can afford to keep her here, the way she is . . ."

"All right," Netta's voice trembled. "I'll look for that job—*and* that room. It isn't of any importance to me that your mother should live in this house—or any house—or whether she has anybody to work for her or not. I've lived with her for two years, and you can take it from me, she's the limit. You can live with her if you want to. I won't—not another week! This family stuff doesn't go down with me—any of it." She laughed unpleasantly. "If you come to your senses any time and want to treat your wife properly, you'll know where to find me. I've never looked at

another man and don't expect to. There's nothing gay about me."

Curiously enough, it was just at the moment when Netta declared herself innocent of intent to wrong him that the idea of divorce first entered, explicitly, Lewis Hunting's mind. In that tired nervous hour he did not care whether she flirted—or more—with a dozen men. He had come to her that evening after a journey that had reawakened old desires—for peace, for sweetness, for calm domesticity, for affections normally diffused, for passion expressed in ways that were not wholly of the flesh. Netta knew as well as he what he could do and what he could not. She asked of him to forsake all duties and take her to some perfumed lair where they could lie as beasts at ease. He no longer cared much for his mother—Netta had finished off that job very neatly—but her hold on him was immemorial. He had no desire to live with her, but he would never fling her out of doors to die. If Netta would only wait another year—but she wouldn't wait, she said; and after all (he asked himself) what would they be waiting for? Netta would not have a child, she would not have a home, she would not have anything—except love-making, which must some day cease. In that hour he knew that he could not endure forever the life Netta offered him, and from that moment, really, began his wary plotting for freedom. Standing there delicately clad, flushed and tempting, she was desirable in his eyes . . . but, inevitably, after two years she had ceased to be a miracle. She, so prodigal of lures, had neglected every lure she might have spread for his incorporeal imagination. Even passion must be bolstered up, quickened, preserved by something besides itself. Netta, he thought coldly, had counted too much on passion. Oh, yes, he could kiss her and draw her bright head to his shoulder—and like it; but her perfume would destroy the memory of jessamine, her voice the echo of the mocking-bird. Tired, tired he was. . . .

"All right, Netta. Take your job and hire your room. Perhaps you'll come to feel differently about it." And already he was hoping that she wouldn't.

She breathed hard. "You mean it? You'd rather have your mother than me?"

"No, I wouldn't. I don't like the way we live. But I'm not willing to kill her to please you. So if you can't stand it any longer, you'll have to do as you like. As I say, you may change your mind."

She wept softly. "I love you so, Lewis. It isn't fair."

His lips tightened. "And I love you, Netta. But it doesn't seem to be enough, does it?" He kept the width of the room between them. He did not wish to be drawn into the quick charm of her proximity. "I shall have to be away a good deal the next months. They're thinking about a Western branch, and I may have to talk it up out there, more or less. It would be worse than ever for you here, I suppose."

"And when you come back, Lewis, are you coming to your mother or to me?"

He hadn't thought of that. But of course he couldn't plan anything yet. "We could both come here, at those times, couldn't we?" he temporized.

Her anger flared up. "No! When I'm once out of this house, I'll never set foot in it again—except for a funeral."

That was the end, he thought. Funny that she shouldn't know it was the end—which was not reasonable of Lewis, for cruel things had been said before and ignored if not truly forgotten.

"We'll talk to-morrow. I'm awfully tired now. Good-night." He slipped into his bed, leaving her to put out the lamp and raise the windows. His tone was utterly spent, and beyond "Good-night" she did not speak to him again.

That was the most explicit talk they had. Earlier there had been bickerings, but all the quarrels were intended to be—and were—smoothed out and composed. These particular statements and retorts were never cancelled.

Netta, who really wanted Lewis more than anything else, had made the mistake of permitting herself, temporarily, to want something else more: freedom, frank expression of her hatred and weariness, the luxury of a defiant gesture. Lewis, at the same moment, came to the belief that what he wanted was peace—and love only if it brought peace in its train. Alas! he wanted even more than peace: seemliness in the ordering of his life, beauty in its texture—intimations of immortality, perhaps. But peace was what he called it. "A man has a right to some peace"—thus he cloaked, or approximated, his yearning.

Destiny then made, in his direction, a few positively affectionate gestures. He wanted to get away, and it became his professional duty to get away. His firm decided to establish a connection on the Coast and kept Lewis for some months traveling between Far Western cities. Twice, in the interval, he came East for hasty visits to the home office. He worked hard on this job; put his very best into it; for he intended to demand, when arrangements were completed, a Western post. Out there, it seemed to him, he could create life anew. Time enough to make domestic plans when he got his business completed.

Netta had found her job—she made not at all a bad secretary—and had duly given Lewis the address of her office. On his first arrival in the East he telephoned to her. Over the telephone she spoke eagerly—caressed him, as it were; and Lewis, exhilarated by Western air, soothed by long absence of domestic fret, found tenderness creeping back into his own voice—almost, indeed, into his heart. He could see her vivid figure across the channeled space between them. He told her he must go to his mother's for the night, asked her to join him. It was good tactics, though at the moment he was not thinking of tactics: he merely wanted everyone to be happy. Perhaps, once out there in another atmosphere, all three of them . . . But Netta's voice slid sharply into reproach, and he felt again all the menace that lay in her vividness.

"Indeed I will not, Lewis. You can go and see her, of course, but I'm not going to. I should think you'd want to see me first, but if you don't, you can go and have dinner with her and then come back and meet me. I can't spring you on my landlady very well, since she's never seen you, but we can live at a hotel while you're here."

His voice changed too. "We can talk about that later. There's no reason why you shouldn't be decent and go out with me, just for to-night."

She did not know that it was an ultimatum; she misread his annoyance, taking it for impatience, and laughed harshly. "Not much, Lewis! When you want me, you'll come to me. I'm a good wife, but I'm a darned poor daughter-in-law. . . . Where do I meet you to-night?"

"You don't meet me anywhere—to-night."

He hung up the receiver, and she heard its sharp click. Even then she did not suspect. She was still gloating over the first warmth of his voice and could not know that the warmth had meant very little—that her chance had been very small and that she had thrown that chance away. Lewis did not so much blame Netta for her attitude to his mother as accuse her, in his heart, of being a person who would make no sacrifices to any situation that might arise. Mrs. Hunting was not so much a special case as the sort of thing that, in a hundred forms, might happen to anyone. Netta was hard and always would be. Even suppose his mother were dead: there would always be this or that thing to strike Netta as intolerable. It was the principle of the thing. No; they would never find that peace which, more than ever in an unfamiliar and beautiful landscape, had seemed every man's right. Netta waited in vain for a sign from him. She got none.

Netta, unaware that Hunting was expecting to be definitely settled in the

West, thought a waiting game the wisest. If he once came back to living in his mother's house, he wouldn't be able to bear her absence. He'd come running, she believed. But he never did live there without her, and the place never had a chance to stir old memories. He was continuously away and, except in connection with divorce, Netta did not enter his mind. Her clutch was finally off him. He seemed to himself to know her wholly, to be completely aware of her character and to spurn it with reason. He did not know Netta wholly, as he was later to discover; but at this time he felt supremely capable of judging her.

Lewis, whom marriage and discontent had greatly matured, did good work for his firm. When he demanded his promotion and his transfer, he got them both. He had worked overtime for many months, giving to his business not only all his mind but all his secret stores of energy. He was not working for a woman, this time, but to get rid of one. The spur was equally effective. When the "flu" hit him in San Francisco, it found him ready prey. Later, facing a limp and helpless convalescence, he asked for a long leave of absence, and it was granted. The length of the holiday he asked was the period needed for a divorce under Nevada laws.

In spite of increases and promotions, in spite of the absence of Netta's bills, Lewis had not a large store of money with which to buy his freedom. He would have, he realized, to send less money to his mother, and he wrote her frankly to that effect. He rather dreaded her answer, though he was grim enough about his own intentions. He need not have been afraid. Mrs. Hunting, who could not have lived in an apartment and fended for herself in order to give his youth more scope or his career more chance, could find both strength and money when it came to getting rid of the daughter-in-law she detested. She could even find the old adoration for Lewis, which had been much obscured by jealous resentment. She saw herself once more—with Netta out of the way—playing a winning game with her son; and her heart overflowed with kindness to him. When these troubles were over, she and her darling boy were going to be happy once more as they used to be. There is no doubt that she meant what she said. She really believed that they had been happy before his marriage; she thought of him as her darling boy. When she dismissed her expensive maid, got an ancient cousin in to keep her dismal company, bade Lewis send her no money until he was free and, in addition, sent him a handsome check, she felt these actions right and natural, a duty and a pleasure. Mrs. Hunting had despaired, and now she had hope. Lewis would now be bound forever to his self-sacrificing, generous, devoted mother.

Most people's emotions are even more muddled than their minds; and there can be no question that Mrs. Hunting, playing her unanswerable trumps, loved Lewis more than she had ever loved him. His emotional rejection of Netta she took for an emotional acceptance of herself. She saw herself preferred; and it warmed her confused heart. Lewis was misread by his mother as he had been by his wife. He knew perfectly that they had not been happy before Netta came, and he thought his mother's sacrifices belated. Though he was grateful for her assistance, the past could not be undone, and no new relation could be built up. He was grateful that she helped instead of hindering, as he was grateful for fine weather in place of storm. His loyalty was perhaps increased by gratitude, but the quantity of his affection for her had long since been fixed. He wrote to her regularly and with the utmost kindness; but it was too late for her to push any further into his heart.

Perhaps he was the happier that no intimate relation needed readjusting. For the first three months of Lewis Hunting's sojourn in the little Nevada

town were by all odds the happiest of his life. He saw his future clear, and for once he saw it bright. He had been afraid—though reassured by his lawyer—that Netta would put up a fight; but the fact was that Netta could not. She had no money with which to fight the case; and she discovered very soon that, though New York would have held her a virtuous wife, from the point of view of the more sensitive state of Nevada she had sinned. She had refused to live under what was legally her husband's roof; she had explicitly refused to give him children or a home, even to speak to his aged mother; she had indulged, indeed, in an absolute orgy of mental cruelty. These things were easily proved. It would have taken money to deprive Lewis of his decree, and money she had not. Nor did Lewis have enough to tempt any lawyer to take her case "on spec." Netta knew that she was beaten. Yet—had she but known it—she had allies dimly mustering on her side. Netta was all instinct, and fate looks on instinct with a kindly eye.

Until strength flowed back into him Lewis was content to lie on the tiny porch of his tiny apartment, staring at the Sierras; and the exertion of going out to his meals and seeing his lawyer, when necessary, was sufficient to his weakened body. After some weeks, however, he tired of watching, in solitude and silence, the dwindling snow patches. Energy returned, subtly heightened by the hope that was his. As the months counted themselves off, he felt Netta a lesser and lesser burden—slipping, slipping from his back. His shoulders ached less with the weight of her. Cheerfulness returned, and he began to welcome the ordinary human contacts. He was not looking for excitement, of which he well knew there was plenty. Neither poker, roulette, bad whiskey, nor rash divorcées appealed to him. Though not over-fastidious, he did not care to seize the day. He hoped, instead, to seize the whole of life. Certainly he intended sometime to marry again—some girl opposed at every point to Netta; intended to have a home, and kids, and a car, and a radio set, and (so far had he become infected with the West) a view. He didn't know just what she would be like, but he would not find her here.

The doctor whom he felt obliged to consult suggested a car and long drives in the open. He finally bought a small one out of his mother's check, knowing that he could sell it again. But to face the inhuman beauty of that landscape one needs a human companion; someone who is equally dwarfed and conquered by the uncaring peaks and the hostile desert. Rather diffidently—you must remember that Lewis was not vain; he undervalued his charm, indeed, since it had brought him only Netta—he asked Mona Jeffers to drive with him; once, and then again and again.

The girl—a poor relation—was companioning a cousin who soon found that she need not depend on Mona for excitement. Indeed, Mona was a mere hindrance to Mrs. Tilton on most occasions. She needed the girl there on general principles and would not send her home; but she wanted her out of the flat a large part of the time. Mona's insipidity, to Mrs. Tilton's mind, was complete. She used her as she needed her, but she used her less and less—especially after she discovered roulette and acquired a rather shady lover. So the colorless Mona was free to sit beside Lewis while they drove afar. Her quietness, her decency, her very lack of good looks soothed him who was tired alike of Venus and the Furies. Love never entered his head. He expected that shadowy future bride to be handsomer than Mona—for men demand everything and are not satisfied until sex blinds them into thinking they have got it. They were blithe days for Lewis: health recovered, hope enlarging itself on his horizon, the weeks passing swiftly by, the little car for magic carpet, and Mona to exorcise the demons of the hills. Everyone was civil to him, and he rejected far more advances than he ac-

cepted. All pointed to his being, through a long life, a happy and useful citizen. Lewis, who was an unimaginative creature, found sanctions all about him for his content. He called them omens or "hunches."

Without being superstitious or sentimental one may suspect that Nature lays traps for mortals, and that the trap is no less a trap for being seldom sprung. No doubt, for that matter, a man often comes through unscathed. There is a spot—a sharp turn of the precipitous road, where a man is uplifted for an instant, defenseless and naked to his stalkers above him on all sides—which goes (not without reason) by the name of Dead Man's Point. The term inherits from the days when those who fetched gold from Virginia City were apt to lose it—and necessarily their lives—at this place. For a few moments as he toiled past a man became, in the nature of things, a target; his best friend would have taken imaginary sight and aim. When you had finished him—in the old days—the disposal of the body offered no difficulties. You rolled him over the precipice into the trackless gorge, and sheriffs were thereby confounded. Booty on that road is now as rare as bandits. Nature, however, pays little attention to the infinitesimal changes of human history: her traps remain traps. Some spots are forever sinister, and this is one of them. The gold may have gone, but, for a softer generation, the view remains; and a foolish youth with bad liquor inside him, driving a car too fast, is as perilous as two guns and a total lack of morals ever were.

There was nothing in Lewis Hunting's heart to cope with that view, which is desolate and terrifying—and beautiful—beyond most. He was not in its class; nor was Mona. But the mere size and scale and arrangement of it impose themselves. You *must* turn back to look, at Dead Man's Point, before you forsake that range for others. Lewis and Mona turned to look—and Johnny Stevens, innocent of everything but that foolish drink, crashed into them at a curious tangent. Mona was flung free, falling, with infinite bruising of her tender flesh, upon rock; but the tilt of the car was such that Lewis was half caught beneath it. It rocked horridly like a hanging stone—one of those natural wonders that attract tourists—and then, rolling over, slid down the path of the corpses. Lewis, whose hands had stretched out instinctively and caught themselves with desperation in a stiff clump of sage, was left—though precariously—behind buttressed for the moment by a few stones of which the car in its final plunge had made nothing. They could not deter the machine, but they sufficed to deter him until Johnny Stevens, sobered by the shock, had dragged him to what is known as safety. Mona came later—half fainting, half crying, but not badly injured. By the time a fresh car came over the pass and picked them up, Lewis was luckily unconscious. They wound slowly home, and Nature—a beast, first, last, and all the time except when she is broke to the service of God—resumed her wise, incomparable smile. A little thing like loose wreckage cannot mar a view like that.

Science, which loves the part more than the whole, took hold of Lewis Hunting and made him one of her choicest fragments. No one could have blamed those able surgeons for being proud of themselves; but, true to type, they were not that: they were proud of Lewis. Half a healthy man is better than a whole man with a trace of sepsis; and Lewis—both legs neatly shorn off between knee and hip—was Exhibit A, a victory, an exultation. His blood was pure, his heart strong, his constitution magnificent, his recovery just what the recovery of the normal man should be. He had not hampered either Nature or Science in any way. The doctors felt affection for him because of his strong heart and untainted blood, and assured him earnestly that there was no reason

why he should not live for fifty years. Lewis heard the words but did not measure their full significance until later.

Numbers of people came to see him in the hospital; flowers and fruits stood about until his eyes wearied of them. He was setting his teeth harder than he had ever done in his life, and he could not unclasp his jaws to breathe the sweetness of roses or taste the pulp of figs. His lawyer had, at his request, written—not telegraphed—to his mother; and in the letter lay a plain request that the news should be kept, by hook or crook, from Netta. The lawyer humored him, writing precisely what Lewis wished; but as that miraculous convalescence progressed, he wondered. No one, of course, would be such a brute as to suggest to Lewis that he change his plans to match his prospects. But—well, *but* . . . They moved him to the hotel when he left the hospital, and guests and employés vied with each other for the task of pushing his wheel-chair in and out of the elevator and dining room. A visiting nurse did the necessary things for a time, but the wounds healed as by a miracle. Six weeks after the accident Lewis was tensely calm: adjusting himself; writing to his firm; trying to apprehend, little by little, what a man with no legs would be able to do for fifty years. His mental mood had not yet relaxed to despair, and his body inflicted no fevers, no relapses upon him. But as he had not reckoned with Nature, so he had not reckoned with Netta, who was Nature's protégée.

Mrs. Hunting—distraught, half maddened—had for a time kept Lewis's command not to let Netta know. But though Netta never read newspapers and had few intimate friends, the news eventually came to her. Someone had noticed the identity of names. The moment Netta heard of it, she asked permission to absent herself, and rushed to Mrs. Hunting's suburban home. She made no mistakes this time: her instincts served her well. Lewis's mother had become, by this stroke, her chief ally, and from the first moment Netta treated her as such. Within an hour she had got from Mrs. Hunting precisely what she wanted. Nor is Mrs. Hunting to be too much blamed for playing into Netta's hands. She had cried over the maiming of her boy, her heart had indeed been well-nigh broken. Yet, confusedly, she saw him as wreckage—beloved wreckage, no doubt; but there was no triumph in possessing him. She had wanted him all to herself, and now, inevitably, she had him thus; and her weak old shoulders trembled under the burden. Being everything to him, as he had hitherto defined it, was being the chief recipient of his favors. The poor woman was discouraged to the marrow; she had no gift for meeting new and shattering situations. Her grievance against Netta had always been on her own behalf—not really on her son's. She was, of course, leagues away from understanding Lewis, who had indeed never done her the honor of explaining himself to her.

Netta cooed over her, Netta wrapped her in pity and compliments, Netta expressed remorse as inclusive as it was vague. Only the last of their talk need be recorded; and much had been decided between them earlier.

"But, Netta, how can I let you go when he told me not to let you know?"

"You can't keep me from him. My boss will lend me the money to go, if I ask him."

"No, no. I'll give you the money. But do you realize what it means, Netta?"

"Do I realize? What do you take me for? I realize that Lewis is down and out, forever."

The feeble tears stood in Mrs. Hunting's eyes. "Yes, that's true. He is. What are you going to do when you get there?"

"Take care of him, of course. He's still my husband."

"You forgive him for wanting to divorce you?"

Netta's mouth twisted. Forgiveness was something she had never in the least understood. "It has all been a horrible mistake. And now Lewis will realize it. He'll find that his wife is going to stand by him, no matter what has happened. Bygones are bygones."

"Netta"—the older woman's voice shook—"I didn't know you had it in you. I guess I never understood you before." She had never been further from understanding Netta than she was at that moment, but she spoke in the utmost honesty. To stick to a broken man who could give her nothing, who had cast her off with insult . . . why, Netta was wonderful.

"You're going to take him back," she marveled humbly.

"Sure I am."

"He ought to worship you, Netta."

Even Netta was a little at loss to answer that. "Lewis doesn't worship people, I guess. But we'll be all right."

"I never did believe in divorce," sighed Mrs. Hunting. It was quite true, and she felt reminiscently ashamed of having so welcomed her son's.

The two women kissed, and Netta, with Mrs. Hunting's check in her bag, departed to pack and make reservations. Lewis's mother watched her go, and pure admiration filled her heart. She wouldn't have expected it of Netta who could so easily, after the divorce, have married again. If only the dear Lord would help her to carry it through! A little toneless prayer went up that night from Mrs. Hunting's lips that Netta might find her strength and her reward. Netta, meanwhile, alert and flushed, was moving about her room, packing her trunk and humming. Never had she felt less need of pity. *She* was again for Cydnus, to meet Mark Antony.

Her train, she found, would arrive at a hideously inconvenient hour; so she stopped short of her goal, had a night's rest in another town, and motored over in the happy morning light. Her heart was beating hard as she faced the hotel clerk and registered. His quick, excited glance of sympathy and admiration encouraged her. She realized afresh the tremendous handicap in her favor. She was, after all, still a wife.

"I'll telephone up," stammered the clerk.

Netta bent across the counter and smiled at him gently. The result was to make him feel that some men had all the luck. For a hopeless cripple to get any woman back after trying to get rid of her—and such a good-looking one . . .

"No," she said. "I've got to see him. And I think it will be easier for both of us if I just walk in. I came as soon as I heard. Does he suffer?" She dropped her voice sympathetically.

"Not now. He's made a wonderful recovery, they say."

She nodded. "I'll just go up and knock at his door. What is the number?"

He told her. "Shall I give you a room?"

Netta flushed a little. "Suppose you wait until I come down. Here is my trunk check."

The elevator girl stared at Netta when she revealed her name and her errand. As soon as Netta was well down the corridor, the girl shot the car to the basement where her favorite bell boy would be haunting the pool-room entrance. She crooked a finger at him. "Say, Ted, who'd you s'pose I just took up to Mr. Hunting's room? His wife! Gosh, she's a wonder—and some looker. Goin' to take him back, I guess. Don't you ever talk to me about women again. There's some of 'em that's worth all the men in creation." The elevator rose, preventing retort.

Netta already had laid her finger on the pulse of Nevada. She had been a little afraid of this special atmosphere which, she thought, might be like nothing else in our great country. But apparently, even in the stronghold of divorce, fidelity was valued. The mere glances of the clerk and the elevator girl had made that clear. Nevada itself would back her, she now suspected, just

as Mrs. Hunting had done. She knocked at Lewis's door and entered.

Lewis sat by the window, a rug spread over him from the waist down. He turned, expecting a bell boy. He saw Netta instead, and so profound was the shock that it seemed instantly inevitable. The fact was too monstrous for doubt. There was hopelessness beneath his hot flush, though his voice was cold and stern.

"Netta! Why are you here?"

Netta took off her gloves, went into the bathroom and washed her hands. She came back, drew up a chair near (but not too near) him and sat down. Only then did she speak.

"I'm here to talk to you, first of all, Lewis. And then to see what I can do for you."

"How did you hear about this?" He pointed at the rug.

"It must have been in the papers. Some one spoke to me about it, finally. So I went to see mother Hunting, and she told me everything."

"Did she know you were coming out here?"

"Why, of course she knew, Lewis. She helped me to come and gave me her blessing."

More virtue went out of him as he heard these words.

"My mother doesn't understand anything about my position," he said harshly. "There's nothing you can do for me. Sorry you had the trip. And now you had better get out as soon as possible. How did they happen to let you up here?"

Netta made no show of temper—which was ominous, Lewis thought. A row, he considered, would be the very best thing that could happen.

"Well, you see, Lewis dear, I am still your wife. And I think"—she spoke gently to veil the brutality of what was to come—"most people would feel that a man in your position couldn't refuse to see his wife, if she were willing to see him. It isn't as if you ever had any real grounds against me, you know. I suppose you thought you'd marry again. Well, I don't see how you ever can, do you?"

"Of course I shall never marry again," he said shortly. She had got beneath his skin—Netta always did—and he felt weak tears starting.

"Somebody's got to take care of you, Lewis, you know. And if your mother and I are willing to do it, between us, I guess you can only be thankful to us. I shall keep on working, of course."

"I'd rather starve," Lewis answered simply.

"That's foolish," his wife replied mildly "—dead silly. Where would you starve? And how? You can be very sure of one thing, Lewis. Your friends aren't going to look after you while your own family stand ready to do it."

"Why do you come and badger me like this?" It was weak, and he knew it; but he could not tell her in plain words that he hated her. The loss of his physical integrity somehow made it impossible to utter so complete and violent a truth.

Netta rose. "I suppose if I told you I loved you, Lewis, you wouldn't understand. But I've always loved you. You knew when you left me, when you tried to divorce me, that I loved you. Do you suppose a woman who didn't love you would come back to you, after the way I've been treated, and after what has happened to you? You can put it up to your precious lawyer if you want to. I guess you'll find that even in the state of Nevada people will consider that a wife who's ready to forgive what I'm ready to forgive, and to take care of you the rest of your life, is worth paying some attention to."

"It's no use talking, Netta. I don't love you—not a damn bit. What do you want me for?"

She bent over him, not touching him. "Darned if I know, Lewis. But I do want you—and I intend to have you. I don't see how you're going to stop it. No, you needn't worry—I'm not going to kiss you. Some day"—she looked

at him strangely, scrutinizingly—"you'll be asking for it. I'll wait for that, thanks."

A bell boy knocked and entered just then to take Lewis down to the dining room. If he was half an hour earlier than usual, he can hardly be blamed. The hotel was buzzing from lobby to kitchen. Word had already gone forth upon the streets of the town concerning the beautiful forgiving wife who had appeared like an angel in the desert. It must be remembered that in Nevada the presumption against the forsaken spouse is not very strong.

"You had better go down alone today, Lewis," Netta said. "I'll go out and do an errand or two, and lunch later."

She left them in the lobby. There were two people she wanted to see before she talked with Lewis again. Thanks to Mrs. Hunting, she knew the names of both, and a telephone book did the rest.

The interview with Lewis's lawyer came first. Netta did not attempt to commit him to anything. She merely announced her presence and her intentions; and she did not fail to refer obliquely to the fact that, however the situation broke, there could be no money in it for anyone.

"Of course I know you'll have to talk with my husband," she said finally, as she rose. "But the fact is that he's down and out, and I'm willing to forget everything and work for the rest of my life to support him. I'm afraid I am his only chance." She shook her tawny head a little pathetically and departed.

Netta permitted herself a sandwich and a cup of coffee before the second encounter. It was possible, she realized, that Lewis had fallen in love; and in spite of Netta's brave sarcasms she knew it also to be possible that another woman had fallen in love with him. If she, Netta, could keep on loving him, another woman might. And if the other woman were rich, she might even allow herself the luxury of a crippled husband. Her hand trembled a little as she rang the bell of Mrs. Tilton's apartment.

She could have shouted for joy, once face to face with Mona Jeffers. If she couldn't cut out that pale creature, she wasn't much good, she opined. She prepared to do battle, rather contemptuously. But Mona surprised her at once.

"We heard that you had come on, Mrs. Hunting. My cousin just came in from shopping. Things get round pretty quickly in this place." The girl was panting slightly, and Netta watched her, catlike, to see what would come. "Oh, I do hope it's true, Mrs. Hunting, that you're ready to make it up and take him back!"

So, even if Lewis wanted this chit, she didn't want him. She had only Lewis to fight, after all.

"I certainly am, Miss Jeffers. I only want to stand by him and take care of him, if he'll let me."

"Oh, how glad I am, Mrs. Hunting Why"—the girl spoke softly—"it is almost worth while it should have happened if it brings you together again."

Precisely what Netta had thought; but she had not expected anyone else to say it. Suspicion attacked her again.

"I wouldn't say that, Miss Jeffers. It's a pretty awful thing that's happened. But he's my husband, and I feel we belong to each other. The real reason I came to see you"—she went on very gravely—"was that I knew you were together at the time of the accident. I didn't know but you and he had fallen in love with each other—meant to get married when he got his decree."

The pale girl flushed. "Oh, no, Mrs. Hunting. There wasn't a thing—ever!" She gave a little involuntary shiver.

Netta noted the shiver and could have laughed aloud. Whatever Lewis might have wanted, this girl didn't want him. Poor old Lewis! His day of charm was over—excepting always for her. Funny: somehow he had "got" her for all time, but it looked as if he would never "get" anyone else.

Drawing by Frances Rogers

"WHO IS YOUR FRIEND?" HE HEARD HIS WIFE ASK

She smiled as she rose to go. "You must remember, Miss Jeffers, that Mr. Hunting has been trying to divorce me. I don't know yet what he will do."

"Do?" the girl exclaimed. "Why, of course he'll worship you. Not many women would do what you are doing."

Wouldn't they? Netta wondered silently as she went out upon the street. Well, perhaps other people didn't know what they wanted. She had never been troubled that way. But it was clear to her that no one was going to interfere with her taking on the whole burden of Lewis Hunting. Relief was in all their voices.

Netta took a room at the hotel, but she did not try to see Lewis again. She dined outside the hotel and filled in the evening at a movie. In the theater she was aware of being covertly pointed out. Before retiring she sent a note to Lewis, saying that she should not see him until he sent for her.

Lewis, however, did not take long to capitulate. After talking with a few people he saw that, in the eyes of public opinion, he had no case. It was cold fact that Netta was behaving with great magnanimity. He was helpless, done for, and she was willing to take him on. The fact that he didn't want to live with her seemed very small in comparison—everybody blew it away, and indeed the mere hint of it seemed to shock. Half a man has no right to the prejudices and preferences of the whole man. How could he fight against the heroine of the hour? He sent for his wife on the second day, and she came at once.

"Well, Lewis?"

"Well, Netta."

That seemed to be all. Then he said haltingly, "I am very grateful to you, Netta."

"You've got reason to be," she answered briskly. "I'll move next door to-morrow, and you won't have to hire other people to wait on you. Perhaps I had better begin by taking you down to dinner to-night." She moved about the room, tidying it. Her presence seemed to flow into the furthest crannies of the chamber, and his nerves began the old gestures of revolt. There was never to be peace.

"Let's go down early," he said roughly.

"All right." She wheeled him into the elevator and wheeled him out and into the dining room. As they moved through the palm room, she heard an unattractive citizen remark aside, "I've got pretty cynical, living in this place; but by heck, a woman like that almost gives me back my faith in human nature." Evidently Lewis had heard it, too, for he flushed.

At the table he ordered, but ate little. Instead, he stared ahead of him—still flushed and curiously, stonily handsome. They talked very little. Netta too was flushed and shaken—with victory. She had got Lewis back forever, and food was unimportant. Money was the thing that was going to trouble her next.

Lewis was dealing with the future, as well as she. He was beginning to realize—the overheard words had thrust it on him—that not only must he live with Netta, endure her unmodulated hardness, perhaps even her strong caresses, but must always be humble with gratitude. He would have died rather than kneel to her, three months ago, when he had knees to kneel with; but, symbolically, he must do just that—forever.

"Let's stick round the lobby a while," he proposed.

"All right, if you want to."

But suddenly he clutched the chair-arm. "No—upstairs!" He had wanted to put off being alone with her, but he had been wrong. It was more terrible to sit there with her, hero and heroine, under those cynical eyes made soft again by the spectacle of them.

"All right," said Netta again. "Just wait until I go to the news-stand and get some magazines." She left him, and he closed his eyes.

A voice in his ear made him open them. "It's terrible for you—her coming like this. But be brave. Nothing

lasts forever. Be brave." The speaker passed on—a woman he had never known but whom, like all the other hotel guests, he had noted for her distinction of bearing and garb. She was not in the least of Lewis's—or of the others'—world, and she would never have employed a young woman so aggressive and sharp as Netta.

"Who is your friend?" he heard his wife ask. Strolling back with her magazines, she had noted the clothes, the air, the aspect of the older woman who had paused—though barely—by her husband's chair.

"I never spoke to her before, and I haven't any idea," he replied. "There are all sorts of people round this place."

He spoke very quietly. It was suddenly easier to be patient. Somehow that woman, with her mere passing murmur of sympathy, had picked his dignity out of the dust and handed it back to him. They had to wait for the elevator, and a cold draft assailed them, blowing directly through the little lobby from the street. Netta took off her scarf and folded it round his shoulders with a solicitous, possessive smile. The world looked on, with moist eyes. . . . Lewis set his teeth, squared his fine shoulders, and looked straight ahead of him with pride.

THE BALLOON MAN

JEAN M. BATCHELOR

HOW can he unenraptured stand
Who marvelously may command
Seven suns in either hand?
Turning on a twisted thread,
Constellations green and red
Float above his placid head,
And as he walks, each hollow ball,
A bobbing planet smooth and small,
Must with his motion rise and fall.

He who for silver would possess
Cheaply a private world, no less,
To satisfy his happiness,
Wholly his own to loose or bind,
May with this merchant quickly find
The bubble brightest to his mind;
Then, having bought, may watch it go
Slowly to nothing, and may know,
Seeing it shrink, all worlds are so.

A CHALLENGE TO THE AMERICAN THEATER

BY FRED EASTMAN

"When this new prophet comes I am disposed to think that he will choose to speak to his generation neither from the pulpit nor from the platform, nor from the printed page, but from the stage. A great dramatist might help us find our souls."
—*Dean Inge.*

THIS article is frankly addressed to the managers and dramatists of the American theater. I am writing not as a critic or connoisseur, for I am neither, but simply as one of your audience. There has been a deal of talk in the newspapers of late about obscene plays and stage censorship. Some of you managers have been telling us "what the public wants." It may be timely then for some of us who make up that public to speak for ourselves.

I love the theater. I loved it twenty-five years ago when I was a lad in a small city of Ohio. Any Monday night then would find me perched high in what was called the "nigger heaven" of our one and only "opera house." There I first saw Rose Coghlan, Maude Adams, Walker Whiteside, and other artists who occasionally honored us. I earned a dollar a week working after school hours, and from twenty-five to fifty cents of that dollar found its way each week into the coffers of the "opera house."

I loved the theater when, as a high-school lad, I ran away from home one day, along with the Methodist minister's son, seventy miles to Toledo to see the widely heralded "Ben Hur." We had planned and saved for that trip for weeks. We had developed our schemes as we smoked our first cigarettes together under the Methodist church. And when we returned penniless we had no regrets. We had sat in orchestra seats for the first time in our lives and we had seen what we then regarded as a great spectacle. Certainly there had been nothing like it either in the Methodist or Presbyterian church.

I loved the theater fifteen years ago when I came to New York to study. I dined on twenty-cent meals in a little bakery shop under the elevated on Third Avenue in order to be able to buy a seat in the second balcony of some playhouse. I became more familiar with the ceilings of New York's theaters than any architect in town.

I love the theater to-day. I sit in the orchestra now, and as I look about me I see my friends who have made the same sort of journey through the years from "nigger heaven" in the Middle-West opera house to the orchestra circle in New York's latest theater.

My experience is not unique. It is typical of the experience of many, if not most, of the men and women who sit about me in your audiences. This is why I am emboldened to talk back and perhaps be a little impudent to you who are making the American theater what it is. We too are a part of the theater—inarticulate, perhaps, but loving it enough to pay for our seats week after week and to cherish it as the art which comes closest to expressing the human soul and interpreting the mysteries of human personalities. We are not satisfied with what you are doing with it. It is not

that you are not giving us more than you gave fifteen years ago. But you are not giving us what we need now.

We in your audiences fifteen years ago were a complacent lot. We took our theater, as we took our religion and our politics, in neat bundles handed down to us by our immediate ancestors. Our religion was a creed, our politics a party, and our theater an entertainment. But the events of these last fifteen years have played havoc with those pretty, pink-ribboned traditions. We have seen our politics land us in the bloodiest war of all history. We have seen our churches turned into machines for raising budgets and their spiritual energies dissipated by institutionalism and sectarian strife. And we have seen our theater degenerate into stupid and banal revues—exhibitions of getting Gertie's garter and of demi-virgins.

Our complacency is gone. A divine discontent has been stirring us to insurgency. The old idols are falling. We have begun in politics and religion the struggle that marks the transition from a faith which is traditional to a faith which is vital. We have examined the creeds and found them inadequate answers to the spiritual perplexities of modern life. We have examined the political parties and found their shibboleths as unsatisfying as the creeds of the churches. It is as bootless for the politicians to raise the cry of "States' rights" or "Tariff for the protection of America's industries" as it is for the churches to rattle in our ears the bones of old creeds or new charities.

And now we are turning to the theater and questioning the theory that this great institution is for entertainment only. Where did this theory come from? What basis has it in fact? Let us come outside the theater of our day and see the thing in perspective.

Punch and Judy, according to one old legend, is a contraction of Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot. The legend, whether historical or not, epitomizes the history of the modern theater. In the Middle Ages the Christian Church had given a rebirth to drama. Passion plays, mystery plays, and miracle plays had followed one another in quick succession. They had been presented in the churches by the priests themselves. They had proved so popular that there was a general demand for an enlargement of their scope. Laymen in the church guilds were commissioned to present them and other religious plays on platforms in the courtyards just outside the churches. At one end of these platforms were the pearly gates of heaven; at the other end the flaming jaws of hell. At the conclusion of the play the good characters went to heaven and the bad ones to hell. Two of the strongest characters which appeared in some of these old plays were Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot. They were great tragic personalities.

But now the drama began to move away from the church and from a sense of mission to the human spirit. It moved first on platforms carried by wagons which went about from village to village. The first scene of a play was presented on one platform and when it was finished another wagon rolled along and presented a second scene. And so on to the end of the play. In the course of time it became customary for these plays to be presented in the courtyards of the inns. Doubtless they brought crowds and were counted good advertising by the landlords. The crowds around the inns found the wicked people who went to hell more interesting than the good ones who went to heaven. The actors, following the itch of the mob for more entertainment, began to use their fiction sense in order to get more laughs. In the course of time they made the characters of Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot comic rather than tragic. These great tragic personalities became mere puppets—Punch and Judy.

Whether the legend is historical or not, it is typical of what actually happened. The modern drama, born in the cradle of religion, with a mission to society as well as to the individual, became a show

business and then a Punch and Judy show when it lost its sense of mission. It never became great until Shakespeare and his contemporaries came along with their vision of the struggling souls of men and lifted it again to a plane of influence and power in human affairs. Drama—show business—puppet show: those are the stages of decline in the theater. The farther the drama moved from sincerity, from a consciousness of something big and worth while to achieve for the human spirit, the smaller and less consequential it became.

Historically, the theater in its great days in Greece and Italy and England has been close to the heart of some vital religion. And when it has broken away and become a show business it has started on a toboggan which has landed it in physical and moral bankruptcy. Is there anything surprising about this? Is it not just what we might have expected from the very nature of religion and of drama? For the essence of drama is struggle, and the deepest struggles of our lives are religious. Whenever the dramatist deals with the deepest of human struggles, therefore, he is dealing with essentially religious subjects. And when he breaks away from those struggles he deals with lesser ones and his art becomes less dramatic—more of a show business. Drama—to show business—to puppet show.

But suppose we put history aside. Stand on any sidewalk of New York and watch the crowds as they pass. Can anyone look into those faces and not see there the spiritual restlessness that is burning within, spurring them on from one feverish activity to the next? There are more Jews here than ever were in Jerusalem, more Italians (including their children) than in Rome, more Poles than in Vilna, more Irish than in Dublin, more Germans than in Munich. From every corner of the earth they have come, cutting loose from ancient customs and moralities, fleeing from something, seeking something better. What they are seeking they do not seem to know. A shepherdless flock of human sheep on a wandering planet in the sky, they do not know where they came from, or what they are here for, or where they are going. It would be easy to cite statistics to prove their defection from the religious institutions in which they were brought up—to show, for example, that eighty per cent of the Jews in New York are apostate from the synagogue, or that there are sixty-nine Presbyterian churches on Manhattan Island but less than a dozen of them now self-supporting. But the statistics tell us nothing that is not patent to everyone who has eyes to see and ears to hear. These crowds are religiously adrift. But they are not irreligious. They are dissatisfied with churches and synagogues that gave them institutionalism for spiritual food—stones for bread—but they are not done with the quest for understanding of the mysteries of life.

Now the significant thing about these restless throngs, from the standpoint of the theater, is their response to the plays of a spiritual nature which have been produced within the past ten years in New York. First came Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House," a play that portrayed a man striving to live in a modern church group as Christ would live. The throngs packed themselves into the theater to see it night after night for a whole season. Then came Jerome K. Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," a portrayal of the effect of a Christlike life in an English boarding house, and again the people flocked to it as in olden days they flocked to a revival. In 1922 came Channing Pollock's "The Fool" in which, for the first time on our stage, there was an attempt to show the contrast between Christ's spirit and the spirit of modern industry. Whether or not it was a good play there can be no question that the spiritual interest was dominant. It ran to packed houses for a year and then five road companies took it throughout the country. A year ago came George Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan" and Vane Sutton Vane's "Outward Bound," both

of them frankly concerned with the religious struggles of men's spirits. Both ran to the accompaniment of joyful refrains from the box office.

Whatever the merit or demerit of these plays from an artistic standpoint—and some of them certainly leave much to be desired—there can be no gainsaying the fact that many of these spiritually restless crowds sought them, went home discussing them, and urged their friends to buy tickets for them at the first opportunity.

To some managers, it seems, such plays succeeded not because they dealt with themes that were close to the hearts of the men and women in the audiences, but because of various theatrical and publicity devices. "The Fool," they said, was good melodrama with a plentiful mixture of hokum. Well, doubtless it was good melodrama and not devoid of hokum; but people do not write hundreds of letters a week to a playwright because he has written good melodrama. The letters that poured in upon Mr. Pollock dealt with the religious struggles he portrayed. His experience was fairly typical of that of the other authors. Despite the success of such plays, each new writer with a drama of any depth of spiritual power has had to move heaven and earth to get a manager to read it. Sutton Vane, finding no manager in London who understood or believed in "Outward Bound," finally took his own savings and staked them upon his drama, and when it proved the most popular play of the season in London no one was particularly surprised—except the managers. Some of our managers really should have been theologians—they learn so little from experience.

I had scarcely penned the above sentence when I received the morning paper and my eyes fell upon the statement of two well-known managers in New York that the public wants only smutty plays and therefore smutty plays only shall we have from them. Have these managers never read the history of the theater? Have they never with any understanding looked into the eyes of the myriads of decent theater-goers? I am not the public. Neither are they. The fact of the matter is that there are several publics. My friends and I who have been loyal supporters and patrons of the theater since our childhood nights in "nigger heavens" of Middle-West "opera houses" are one of them. We do not want smutty plays. Our experience in the theater has recapitulated the experience of the generations that have gone before us. We have run the gamut from drama to show business to puppet show. We have found the entertainment theory shallow and profitless; we have found smut nauseating; we have found bedroom farces and the quest for Gertie's garter inane and stupid. We are entirely and utterly sick of having our theater, an institution which we have loved, turned into a three-sided bawdy house, the fourth side opened to the audience. And we are ready to revolt against these managers whose only standard for choosing actresses seems to be a tape measure.

There is talk of censorship these days and much is to be said on both sides of that subject. But censorship is no solution of our difficulty here. It is not only dangerous to the liberties of a free people but it seldom accomplishes the reform at which it is aimed. It succeeds only in advertising the evil. On the other hand, the lovers of the theater who are saying that bad plays will kill themselves if given a chance seem a bit naïve. Bad plays do not kill themselves merely, *they kill the theater*. They killed it in Italy in the early centuries of the Christian era when the drama had sunk to a show business that was vulgar, obscene, and bloody. They killed it in England in 1642 by "moral defects, looseness of tone, and mockery of ties sanctioned by law and consecrated by religion" which gave the occasion for the ordinance of the Lords and Commons ordering the closing of *all* the theaters. You can outrage public decency for a little while, you can mock at people's moral standards for a day; but as sure as there is

any life left in that people it will rise sooner or later and its wrath will descend upon the just as well as the unjust. That is what may happen in the theaters of our day. The producers of prurient plays are sowing a wind and may reap a whirlwind which will sweep the whole theater into catastrophe.

But this is only the negative side. We are not pleading simply to be spared dirt and licentiousness upon the stage but for something much more constructive, even heroic. Our emphasis is not upon *clean* plays but rather upon *great* plays. We are pleading that you give us plays that are big enough and sincere enough to touch our imaginations and exalt our spirits. Dean Inge has said "a great dramatist might help us find our souls." That is pious language but it comes near to the heart of the matter. We want the theater to interpret life to us. We want it to seek something bigger than amusement. We want it to unlock the secret of human personalities. We want it to hold the mirror up to our inner natures until we see ourselves as others see us and understand one another better. If the mirror is a true one and held at the right angle there will be plenty of entertainment in what we see!

Let there be no mistake here. If there is one type of play that bores us worse than the tired-business-man sort of entertainment (no wonder he is tired—think of the kind of plays he has to see!) it is the type that tries to preach a sermon at us. Sermons have their place—but it is not on the stage. We cannot abide the dramatist's stepping out of his art to lecture us on either morals or life. If he will hold the mirror up to our natures we can find our own sermons, if we want them, and they will be both entertaining and poignant.

Barrie holds the mirror for us in his plays, and no one can accuse him of sermonizing or even of being intellectual. He is far better than that. He gives us an emotional and imaginative reflection of our lives. He sees the Peter Pans, the Little Ministers, the Will Dearths and the Mabel Purdies *in us* and then lets us see them on some island of his imagination. There is only one Barrie, of course, but there are young American playwrights who are striving sincerely to hold the mirror for us. Lewis Beach, Gilbert Emery, Zona Gale, Frank Craven, Philip Barry, Eugene O'Neill—these, and a few others, have groped their way through the banality of the theater of the last few years and given us works of sincerity and truth. They have done more than all the reformers to turn the theater from show business to drama. And Heaven only knows what battles they have had, in order to break through all the barracades the devil has thrown up between the struggling artist in his studio and us, his audience, who are as eager to encourage his work as he is to show it to us. They are our hope for the theater of to-morrow.

One of this small band of artists who understand what we in the audience want is Kenneth Macgowan, who has expressed it thus, "The problem is to find a way to the spirit independent of the church. It is not a question of producing plays in cathedrals but of producing the spirit of life in plays."

"A great dramatist might help us find our souls." Where is he? Even now he may be cooling his heels in some manager's office trying to find out what has become of the play he left there four months ago and hasn't heard of since. . . . Are you people of the theater ready to receive him? Are you prepared to take his message and interpret it to these spiritually restless throngs? If you are, then we who have been waiting patiently out here in the audiences can wait a little longer. But, for the love of Heaven, hurry up!

THE VEILED GODDESS

A Story

BY ELSA BARKER

JOHN GERSTEN was still dazed. He could not believe it—yet.

One week ago she had been so radiantly alive! That last evening before the accident they had sat here in the drawing-room a little while after dinner, talking over his plan—yes, it was his plan, not hers—for a summer holiday in Europe. But how gently reluctant she had always been to go far away from New York! Even in summer she would go only to near-by places where he could come out every evening, except for July and August in the Catskills, where he joined her from Friday to Monday. She had never seemed to realize that he was fifteen years older than she. If his business had not held him in New York, he told himself, of course she would have wandered with him gladly the wide world over.

To see John Gersten sitting there alone after dinner, before the wood-fire in that beautiful room, sitting there in his black business clothes, his thick iron-gray hair tossed back from the sensitive face—which had been firm in its contours a week ago but now showed sagging lines round the mouth—had made his old butler, returning to the pantry with the coffee-tray and the one empty cup, sigh also with regret for the bright presence now vanished from the house.

That empty chair at the right of the fireplace—the good butler had longed to remove it, but had not the courage to do so.

Gersten leaned forward to throw another piece of wood on the fire.

Eight years of happiness to look back upon, and in the future no companion for him but her portrait there above the mantel. She had called that *his* extravagance, for she was always laughing at her own—antique furniture and curios. She had made their house very handsome with the treasures she had garnered from the antique shops, and often the prices she paid had surprised him. But she never wanted him to choose anything, never wanted him to go with her to see her "friends the dealers." And she would never let him buy her a motor car, saying she preferred to use taxicabs, even the subway.

How the strange little ways of the loved one come back to our minds when the loved one is gone—perhaps because the strange ways make the individual. Yes, Vera had been always herself—unique. And she had been both bride and child to him.

Gazing in the flames of the burning wood, he thought of the only thing their life had lacked. He had not really grieved about it while she was with him, but now he pictured a child with the broad brow and the grave gray eyes of Vera.

Moisture blurred his vision.

He had brought downstairs with him before dinner the little pile of letters for his wife which had accumulated during the last seven days. They lay beside him now on the little marquetry table—sent home only the day before her death. It was a nice table of its kind, but he had wondered why she bought it. The house was so full of better things. He

could not bring himself to read the personal letters; but there would be bills, of course, and he would look through them to-night, here before the fire in the drawing-room. The library upstairs was too poignant with intimate memories.

Would it not be well for him to sell this house and go away? At forty-eight he had made enough money to live in studious leisure for the rest of his life. That had been his secret dream: after a few more years of earning, to travel a while with Vera, then settle down with her in some quiet, lovely corner of Europe. But now there was no incentive for those few more years of earning. If she had been less avid of beautiful things, he would have retired this year.

He had always been glad that she had no money of her own, so that she could depend on him for everything. When his mother had died—only a month before he met Vera—he felt lost with no one to work for and no one to go home to at night. He had thought himself fixed in that bachelor solitude; but when he found Vera working bravely to support herself in the show-rooms of an importer and living in one little room in somebody else's apartment, she had smiled away his loneliness in her shy, alluring way. Bewildered at first by the attraction she had for him, he returned again and again to that place where she worked, making pretexts, buying things he had no use for. One day he asked her to lunch with him, and over the table she told him the simple little story of her life, while he told her everything about himself—the loss of his mother, his business, his finances, everything.

Wiser than he, she had known from the first day that they belonged together. He had known women of sorts and had found them as a rule more calculating than romantic; but the purity and courage of Vera's life—her unprotectedness—appealed to that chivalry which had been his mother's ideal of him.

When his love for her had become an aching need how lovely she had been in her reluctance—seemingly afraid of marriage, afraid of the consummation of their happiness. That shyness in her was her greatest charm, and it continued through all the glory of their life together, so that he called her his veiled goddess—Vera, goddess of truth, gauze-veiled in her freest giving, for no man may look upon Truth unveiled and live.

She made him almost a poet.

And her kindness to everyone—especially to poor people. One day, years ago, he had come home unexpectedly in the morning and found her sewing a child's garment for some waif on the East Side. That was while they were living in their apartment on Madison Avenue and before the expansion of his business had enabled him to buy this house. In those days Vera bought her curios at smaller prices and at longer intervals.

Leaning his head against the back of the chair, he gazed up at the portrait above the mantel. The artist had painted her full length, tall and ethereal, in one of those pale-gray evening gowns like a wisp of vapor, her amber hair waving softly around the wide white brow, the brow so strong in contrast with the lower part of her face with the loving mouth and dimpled chin.

But the genius of that portraiture was in the grave gray eyes. They seemed alive. That quiet, questioning look she so often turned upon him—so real it was he could hardly endure it now.

And all this life and love which had been Vera—crushed out beneath the wheels of a motor bus, three steps from their own corner at Seventy-second Street. She had been starting out on some errand of kindness, for beside her they had found a package containing a large rubber ball with the sales-slip from a toy shop. Accident! Destiny! Man had no greater power against such forces than a fly, for all his pride of intellect.

But surely she loved him still—whatever she had become. The thought of what she had become was awesome. If she could only send him some messenger, with even a hint . . .

Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

"WHY," HE CRIED, "WHY THERE SHE IS!"

He reached out his hand for the little pile of letters on the table, and began to open them with the blade of his pocket knife. There were invitations, circulars, bills, and a few letters from women friends.

Tossing the circulars in the fire, he glanced over the bills.

"Gown—$25." She spent so little for her clothes.

"Felden, Druggist. Statement of account—$7.73." He laid that with the gown bill on the table.

"Solomon, Stationer. *Times & Evening Sun*—$1.75."

"Markoe, Antiques. Marquetry table—$200."

Why . . . that was strange. She had told him the table cost four hundred. Could there be some mistake?

He raised his eyes to the portrait as if to counsel with her; and as he met that quiet questioning look in the gray eyes a little shiver of cold went through him.

Marquetry table—two hundred. Yes, she had certainly said four hundred, and he had told her it was dear, that it would have been dear at three hundred. He remembered his embarrassment afterwards—the fear she might think he begrudged her the money for her caprices.

Well . . . he would send a check for two hundred, of course. And he laid Markoe's bill with the others.

There were a few more: one for a hat, another for a pair of shoes, another for ice—$7.50.

The doorbell was ringing.

With a start Gersten gathered up the bills and letters, and rising hurriedly he thrust them into a carved Italian desk at the right of the fireplace.

Who could be calling? He waited—standing.

Between the portières he saw the butler as he passed down the hall to open the front door. He heard the click of the latch, then a clear voice saying:

"Please, sir, can I see the lady who lives here?"

"The lady—who lives here?" The butler's voice was muffled.

"Yes, sir, Mrs. Melrose."

"But there's no one here by that name."

Gersten had started at the name Melrose—Vera's maiden name, though the butler had probably never heard it.

"But I know she lives here, sir," the clear, childish voice insisted, "for I saw her come in here, with a latchkey, only—it was one day last month."

"There must be some mistake, my boy," the butler said kindly.

"Oh, please, don't shut the door!" and there was a tremor in the voice now, "I *know*; she lives here—the house with the lions. Please tell her I'm here. She's—she's my mother."

Gersten felt himself moving toward the hall, which seemed to rock before him.

"I'll attend to the matter myself, Palmer. You need not wait."

Not till the butler had passed through the door at the back of the hall and the latch had clicked behind him, did Gersten turn his face to the boy on the steps.

"Won't you come in?" he said.

The boy came in without a word, pulled off his cap and looked eagerly about him while Gersten reclosed the front door. Then he made a wavering motion with his hand in the direction of the drawing-room, the boy passed between the portières and Gersten followed, drawing together the folding doors behind him.

Turning, he saw a boy about ten years old, maybe, with bright brown hair waving back from a broad brow, and with grave gray eyes.

At the sight of those eyes something happened in the soul of John Gersten for which there is no name.

His face must have frightened the boy, for he turned those gray eyes away—looked toward the fire—toward the mantel—saw the portrait—

"Why," he cried, "why, there she is!"

Gersten stood there—scarcely breathing.

Suddenly the boy turned back to him.

"Won't you please tell her I'm here, sir?"

"She's . . . she's away just now."

"Oh!" A shadow passed over that bright young face.

But quickly the light came back to it. "Then she hasn't been sick? I was afraid . . ."

"No. She hasn't—hasn't been sick."

Gersten moved forward unsteadily and sank down in his chair before the fire, motioning the boy to that other chair at the right—Vera's old place.

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Victor Melrose, sir."

The man drew a long breath which caught. He looked at the boy—then looked away. Leaning forward, he stretched his cold hands toward the warmth of the blazing wood.

There was silence in the room.

Then Gersten said, but still with averted eyes: "How did you happen to—to come here—to-night?"

"Because she hasn't been home for ten days. I've been awfully worried. Nounou's been worried, too, though she pretends not."

Nounou— didn't that mean a nurse?

"She came — home — often, then?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! Very often. Whenever she could get away."

"Get away? Away from — what?" The man's heart seemed to stand still as he waited for the answer.

"Why, away from her work, I suppose. She said she looked after a big house."

So. That other place was — home — and this was only a big house.

The boy was moving uneasily in his chair. "Perhaps," he began, and there was a frightened tremor in his voice, "perhaps I oughtn't to have . . ."

Gersten looked round at him now—he even smiled.

"But I'm glad," he said kindly, "glad you came."

He saw the boy's face brighten, and the gray eyes looked into his own now without fear.

"Yes," he repeated, "I'm glad you came. I must have been—well, rather lonely to-night."

The boy gave a little nervous, eager laugh. "Nounou wouldn't have let me come if she'd known about it. But she's gone to church and—oh, I just had to come! Mother never stayed away so long before."

"Then you've known all along that she lived here?" His voice sounded strange to himself.

A deep flush rose in that boyish face. He looked away—looked into the fire—sat there kicking out nervously with one foot, glancing at Gersten, then glancing away again.

"You knew, then?" The question had to be repeated.

"I *didn't* know, sir, not till—oh, maybe a month ago. I followed her cab one day on a bicycle. The boy on the ground floor—he lets me use his bike sometimes and I let him use my microscope. I never told mother I followed her down here. She's so funny about—oh, about lots of things."

Victor leaned back in his chair again, contentedly, and now he had stopped that boyish kicking-out. He had apparently accepted Gersten.

Suddenly he looked round again: "I don't know, sir, whether . . ."

"Whether what, Victor?"

"Why . . . whether we'd better tell mother that I came."

An electric shock passed up and down the man's spine. Tell mother . . .

But Victor was looking up at the portrait now.

"That's an awfully nice picture of her. Is it hers?"

Gersten shook his head. He could not trust his voice.

"Oh!" there was disappointment in the boy's tone. "I thought maybe, if it was hers . . ."

Something like jealousy, fierce and unreasoning, gripped the man's heart with a pain so sharp that he struggled for breath.

Up to that moment he had not been

thinking—only feeling, feeling and groping for words here and there through the fog that enveloped him. But now he asked suddenly:

"Where do you live, Victor?"

"Hundred-and-fourth Street."

"So near? And how long have you lived there?"

"Four years, I think Nounou said."

Yes, it was four years ago that Gersten and Vera had bought this house and moved to the West Side. So she had always kept them near her.

"You live in a little flat, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just you and Nounou alone? There isn't anybody else?'

"Nobody else—just Nounou and me."

"Did—did your mother ever say that sometime—perhaps—she could live with you?"

"No, I don't think so. I say, that would be awfully jolly, though, if she could!'

Gersten drew a long breath.

But Vera had certainly been Miss—not Mrs. Melrose. A cousin of hers from Boston with the same name, Melrose, had once stayed with them here for a week.

Then other memories rushed up—other surmises.

"Victor, were you in the Catskills two years ago?"

"Yes, sir. We had a little shack up there."

"And she?" He glanced up at the portrait.

"Oh, she came to see us often. She was somewhere near—in a hotel, I think."

Suddenly a thought tore through the man. He glanced at the marquetry table. Two hundred—four hundred! Was that the way she had got the money to support the boy and his nurse? Month after month, year after year — the difference between what she really paid for things and the prices she told him?

He buried his face in his hands. Vera, goddess of Truth! The veiled goddess! He cried out in his intolerable misery.

Presently he grew aware of a timid, hesitating touch upon his bowed shoulders.

"I'm sorry, sir. Can I help—can I do anything?"

Struggling to master himself, he felt that kind little hand stroking his head, heard the voice muffled with sympathy, "Poor man! poor man!"

He lifted his head and looked into the childish face on a level with his own. And he saw those gray eyes full of tears.

"Oh, you poor little waif!" the words burst from him. "Your tears—for me!"

"Where is my mother, sir?"

"Why . . . she's a few miles from here."

"When is she coming back?"

Gersten just sat there—looking at him.

"But she *is* coming back, isn't she?" the boy insisted.

"I'll take you—" it was a whisper—"I'll take you to where she is."

"Now? To-night?" There was a thrill in the question.

"No, not to-night. Some day—very soon."

The boy moved back a step now, and stood nervously fidgeting, though he still eyed Gersten wonderingly—as children will eye a grown person they have seen overwhelmed by emotion.

"I'm afraid, sir, that Nounou will come home. She'll be worried about me."

Gersten got up.

"I'll take you home myself," he said. "I think—I think I had better see Nounou."

The boy pulled the cap from his pocket and held it in his hand—waiting.

"Has she been with you long—Nounou?"

"All my life, she says."

Gersten trembled. Then perhaps she knew . . . a woman whom Vera had trusted . . .

He was in the hall now, fumbling for his overcoat.

"You're awfully kind, sir," he heard the boy saying behind him.

"Am I—kind?"

"Yes. And I think we'll have to tell mother after all—that I came down here, I mean. She won't scold me—she never does."

Going down the steps of the house, the boy slipped his hand into Gersten's.

They found a taxicab on the corner of Central Park West.

"I don't even know the number of your house, Victor."

As the boy gave the number, he added, "If we go fast maybe we'll get there before Nounou."

During the short drive Gersten was silent. Who was this woman he was going to meet? Surely no ordinary servant, for the speech of the boy she had trained was clear and pure.

They stopped before an apartment house of the poorer sort. It had a row of letter boxes on both sides of the vestibule, a ragged doormat. Victor opened the street door with his key, and they went down a long narrow hall with walls of a dingy red, then climbed four flights of dimly lighted stairs. At last they stopped before the narrow door of a rear apartment which bore the name "Calvin" neatly written on a white card in a little tin frame.

Calvin. The name had some vague association in Gersten's mind, though he could not place it now.

As he saw the tin door of the common outside dumb-waiter, he thought, "She took barely enough, barely enough! She might have taken more."

Victor opened the door of the apartment; then saying, "Excuse me, sir," he ran in ahead, calling:

"Nounou! are you there? Nounou!"

But there was no answer, and Gersten passed directly from the outside hall into a small square living room, lighted by one gas jet in a three-branched chandelier. The ceiling was quite low. Three other rooms, all open, led from the living room, and Gersten saw the kitchen and the two small bedrooms as Victor ran round and closed the doors.

Then the boy seized a box of matches from the table, lighted one, and held it up.

"Please, sir, I can't reach . . . ."

As Gersten took the match from him, Victor cried eagerly:

"Let's have all three of the lights. Mother always does when she stays after dark. . . . Yes, that's nice. Thank you."

Gersten laid his hat on the table—a square dinner table of yellow oak with a cover of faded brown velvet. There were no antiques here. The walls were in yellow cartridge paper, and there were a few inexpensive Chinese prints. Three easy-chairs of yellow wicker, three straight wooden chairs painted black, a little stand, a hatrack by the door, a soft brown carpet, a yellow silk curtain at the one window—that was all. Yet the room was beautiful. It looked like Vera—save for the crude, unshaded lights. But she could seldom have been here in the evening.

Victor was hanging his overcoat on the rack by the door. Then he swung round, in his quick, nervous way:

"Please sit down, sir. Nounou won't be long now."

Gersten had no experience with children, and there was something touching in the boy's acceptance of him. And what initiative, what courage in his going alone to the big strange house, and now—yes, he was seeing the adventure through, like the little gentleman he was. And this child was Vera's—bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh! The thought was too awful—too beautiful—too awful. The conflict in his soul was tearing him asunder.

Then he noticed that the boy was watching him, puzzled by his abstraction.

So he sat down in one of the cushioned wicker chairs, and the boy sat down near him.

"How nice it is here, Victor!" He was trying to speak naturally, to forget himself, to meet the boy's hospitality half way.

"Mother loves it," Victor smiled, with

a glance of shy pride round the room. "She says she's happier here than anywhere else in the world."

The man said nothing—he was looking straight before him.

"I wish she could come oftener. I miss her dreadfully when she's away."

"Yes . . . yes, Victor."

A key rattled in the lock.

"Nounou!" the boy cried, and jumping up he ran forward to open the door.

As Gersten rose to his feet he saw before him a very tall, square-shouldered woman in black, with gray hair and brilliant dark eyes.

Seeing him there she stopped short.

"A friend of mother's, Nounou," Victor was saying, with restrained excitement.

"I am John Gersten."

He saw her start. Then she stood there speechless, glancing from him to the boy.

"You want to speak with me?" she asked very quietly.

He bowed his head.

Turning away, she removed her black cloak and hat and hung them on the rack by the door. Then she said to the boy:

"Victor, dear, will you say good night to Mr. Gersten? It's past your bedtime."

A shadow of disappointment passed over the boy's face, but he held out his hand obediently.

"Good night, sir, and thank you—thank you very much."

"Good night, Victor. Sleep well."

"You won't forget . . . you promised . . . where she is, you know."

"I won't forget."

The woman, with a murmured, "Excuse me a moment," went into one of the bedrooms with the boy and closed the door.

Gersten waited, standing there by the table. The woman's personality had surprised him. There was a dignity—yes, a poise and power in her presence which commanded his respect. He had one desire now—to speak with her in utter frankness. He must. The strain he was under was wearing down his strength.

She came back in a moment, carefully reclosing the bedroom door behind her. Her strongly modeled face was white with apprehension, her dark eyes burned. As she stood there, tall and gaunt in her straight black dress, she seemed to him like some heroic figure out of the world's past.

Coming forward she motioned him to be seated, and sat down near him in one of the straight chairs. For the space of a few heartbeats they looked at each other without a word.

"She is dead," he whispered.

The woman gasped — straightened herself as she took the blow.

"When?"

"Thursday, a week ago."

Then she sat there, looking at Gersten, while the tears slowly gathered in her eyes, rolled unheeded down her face, and dropped on the worn hands clasped in her lap.

He told her how the boy had come to his house that night, and how he had followed his mother home one day.

"But for that," he said, "I might never have known. . . . "

She put out her hand, clutching at the edge of the table.

"I always advised her to tell you, Mr. Gersten."

There was something in her face so noble, so true, that nothing she could say would seem other than right to him. Just to see her sitting there, just to be able to talk with her like this eased a little the tension that was breaking him.

"It wasn't, I suppose . . ." he groped for the right word, "it wasn't an early marriage?"

She shook her head.

"I—I didn't think so," he murmured, "or surely she would have told me."

She said nothing, but stared straight before her.

"Your name is Calvin, isn't it—the name on the door here?"

"Yes, Madge Calvin."

Drawn by John Alonzo Williams

SHE WAS LIKE SOME HEROIC FIGURE OF THE WORLD'S PAST

When he told her about the accident she looked like a woman of stone—too deeply moved, as he could see, for any outward sign.

And he told her of the rubber ball they had found beside Vera, and how he had supposed it was intended for some poor child she knew.

"Yes," Madge Calvin said, and her voice seemed to come from a long way off, "she wanted the boy to get more exercise, to play in the park every day with other boys."

Gersten remembered how Vera had never wanted to walk with him in the park, though she was always ready for long tramps when they were in the country. And her refusal of a motor car—a chauffeur would have observed her movements.

"Yes . . . yes, I see," he breathed. "I suppose you spent the summers in New York."

She nodded.

"My wife never wanted to go far away from New York."

"Of course not, Mr. Gersten. The boy was miserable if he could not see her often, and in the country there is so much talk, for everybody knows everybody. It would have been so difficult to arrange a place for us. Always the danger . . ."

"Yes," he echoed, "always the danger."

How the woman was adapting herself to the fact of his knowing! But—there was still so much that he did not know.

With every word Madge Calvin had spoken, Gersten looked a little deeper into that abyss which had been Vera's mind. He remembered now the innocent little story of her life which she had told him over the table in the restaurant, the first day she had lunched with him. How much of it was true? Was any of it true?

He had seen from the beginning of their talk that Madge Calvin was an educated woman. Her speech proved that, her ease of manner, everything. What had been her relation with Vera?

Then a thought—fantastic but not impossible, in view of their life of concealment—flashed across his mind. Could this woman be Vera's mother? She had told him that both her parents were dead.

He raised his haggard eyes.

"Where did you first meet—her?"

She hesitated—rubbing one palm across the other, and her eyes had an introspective, far-away cloudiness.

"It was—it was some years ago that I first met Vera." But she did not look at him.

This wall she had suddenly built up—it was more than he could endure.

"You'd better," he said, and his voice was agonized, "you'd better tell me everything."

She looked at him now. There was compassion—almost a maternal patience in those darkly kind eyes of hers.

"It's not easy for me to talk," she said, gently. "I've had a—a shock to-night."

"And I?" he looked at her almost reproachfully as he repeated, "And I?"

"Yes, yes, I know . . . I know." He might have been a child whom she soothed of its hurt. "I'm only wondering—wondering how much she would want me to say."

Yes, she was truthful—even when she evaded the whole truth.

He was silent, giving her time to realize that Vera had nothing to fear from him now.

"It's strange," she said, veering away from the subject, "that I didn't see a notice of her death. But I'm so busy with the housework and helping Victor with his lessons, sometimes I don't read the newspaper for days together."

Still he waited.

But she seemed lost in thought, gazing at the tips of her fingers. Then suddenly she looked up at him.

"I've seen Vera so many times, sobbing till she was breathless, for the—the deceit, Mr. Gersten."

"She—she spoke of it, then—to you?"

"Very often, when we were alone to-

gether. It was always the same thing. 'If John could only understand me—just as I am—and love me still!'"

"She thought I couldn't?"

"She was convinced that you couldn't. She said you worshipped an ideal, and so . . ."

"Yes?"

"Why, that you couldn't face the reality of her, as an individual who had loved and suffered—sinned, I suppose you'd call it — before she ever saw you."

He pondered that, his eyes fixed on vacancy.

But her voice startled him out of his abstraction.

"Yes, I've known Vera ten years—two years before she married you."

"Two years before? Why, that must have been about the time of the boy's birth."

"Yes," she said, "yes. And I *will* tell you. I was a nurse in the maternity hospital in Albany, ten years ago. I was present at Victor's birth."

It seemed to Gersten that a great hand seized his heart and crushed it.

"A maternity nurse!" he breathed.

"I began life as a teacher," she said, "but I soon tired of that. When Vera came to the hospital in Albany I had been a nurse, there and elsewhere, for fifteen years, and I was tired of that also—wearied out with seeing women suffer. So when Vera and her baby had to leave the hospital, I went with them. We've been together ever since. You see, at the hospital they were advising her to give her baby for adoption, and I—well, I could see myself that she wasn't going to be strong enough to work and support it, and as I had saved a little money . . ."

Gersten was gripping the arm of his chair.

"You had saved a little money? You mean . . ."

But she waved it away. "That's nothing. I hadn't anything to love—till I found them."

There was utter stillness in that little room.

Then the man leaned forward, his teeth chattering:

"And when you—when you found them—hadn't she—hadn't Vera—anything at all?"

"Not a cent. We came down to New York but it was eighteen months before she . . . well, she finally got that place with the importer where you met her. My savings were nearly gone by that time."

A change came over the face of this gray, dark woman—a softness came into her eyes. She smiled at Gersten.

"You remember the little flat in East Nineteenth Street where Vera was supposed to have a room?"

He nodded.

"And you remember that you never saw her landlady—not even the day you and Vera were married in the City Hall?"

"Yes."

"Well," she said, "I was the 'landlady.' I kept out of sight with the baby whenever you came to the flat. You've probably forgotten, but the place down there was in my name—Calvin."

He caught his breath. Yes, that was the vague memory which had puzzled him when he saw the name on the door here a few minutes ago. And he began to tremble—perceiving more and more of the windings of that labyrinth above which his unsuspecting happiness had been built.

"The baby was supposed to be mine," she went on. "I was ten years younger then; but when he got old enough to understand about surnames, Vera wanted him called Melrose—naturally. We had moved away from Nineteenth Street then, and there seemed no great danger in the name."

"And the boy believes that his —" the word choked Gersten— "that his father is dead?"

"Of course."

He hurried on to say something which would have been difficult a moment before:

"Of course I'll never let him want for

anything—never let either of you want for anything."

She started as if an idea had suddenly struck her. She flushed—then paled again.

"You're very kind," she said, "but—but there'll be money enough, I suppose."

He was utterly bewildered. Money enough?

"I don't know," she said suddenly, "how I'm going to live without Vera. She was all I had—she and the boy."

Gersten looked up at her almost timidly: "She was all I had, too," he said.

And they sat there gazing at each other.

"Mr. Gersten, eight years ago when Vera first told me you wanted to marry her—even then I advised her to tell you everything. But no, she was afraid."

"Afraid I wouldn't . . ."

She nodded. "You see, Vera had lost her confidence in men."

Gersten's whole being was one aching question—a question that his lips could never utter.

But she seemed to read his thoughts. "I don't know," she said. "I never asked her and she never told me. When I followed my profession I heard so many tragic stories. . . . Yes, I'm glad she told me nothing at all, nothing at all about that."

He raised his unbelieving eyes to hers.

"And you—with your awful knowledge of life—advised her to tell me everything?"

"Yes."

"But why? Tell me why."

"Because she loved you so much, John Gersten."

A sob broke from him. He tried to speak—but could not.

"I hope you don't think, Mr. Gersten, that I've talked too freely about her."

"No, no!" he cried. "It was necessary . . ." his voice broke.

"I was only thinking," she said, "that maybe I lost my manners, years ago, wrestling with God for the lives of women."

He shuddered.

Yes. He could see her—feel her—wrestling with God for the life of Vera. He looked at those thin worn hands, folded now on the lap of her coarse black dress, like the dress of a sister of charity.

A line he had read somewhere passed through his mind, "A rune of the sorrow of women." Yes . . . the sorrow of women. He had never thought about women in that way before.

"And you advised her to confide in me!" He returned to it again, for it seemed to him so amazing.

"Are you thinking now, perhaps, that she married you for money?"

"Good God, no! But after what you've told me, I shouldn't have blamed her if she had."

"You *wouldn't?*" her voice rang out.

"No."

She just threw her long black-sleeved arms straight over her head, as if in praise to some great power she believed in.

"Then I was right," she cried, "I was right!"

"Hush," he whispered gently, "you'll wake the boy."

The tears were rolling down her face again.

"And I've got to tell him," she breathed, "in the morning—about his mother's death."

That was another obligation which no man could share with her.

"I was wishing only to-night," he said, "that she could send me some messenger. And then he came."

Her brilliant eyes were fixed upon his face. "Yes?" she waited.

A warm glow suffused his heart. "I have wanted so long," he said, "to have a son—so long."

"Oh!"

A strange look had come over her face now. It hardened suddenly, and she sat up very straight in her chair.

"I think," he said, and there was a

wistful shyness in the smile he gave her, "I think the boy likes me. He slipped his hand into mine as we came down the steps. Of his own accord he—"

She interrupted: "Do you mean that you want to adopt him?" Her tone was shocked—cold.

"Yes. Yes, I do."

She was looking straight at him—motionless, intent.

"Why," he said, surprised at the change in her, "do you know of any reason why I shouldn't adopt the boy?"

"Are you thinking, perhaps, of taking him away from me?"

"Why . . . why, no. I . . ."

"Because you couldn't do that, Mr. Gersten. I'm his legal guardian. And the insurance is also in my name."

"The insurance!"

He was stunned. It was just one thing more.

"Of course," she said. "His mother's life was insured for forty thousand dollars. But how she ever kept up the payments and supported the boy and me besides, without your knowing, will forever be a mystery to me."

He buried his face in his hands. The woman didn't know, then, she didn't know, and by God, he'd never tell her! Even Vera had not dared to tell Madge Calvin about the dealers' bills. That secret was his, as that other secret of the boy's paternity was hers—if it *was* hers. For he knew that he might beat his head forever against the rock of her loyalty and she would tell him only what was good for him to know. He also could be loyal.

He was startled out of his reverie by her asking his advice about collecting the insurance money. And they counseled together — that no shadow of suspicion should fall upon the dead woman.

But with that money in her hand, how strong Madge Calvin would be! With her simple wants, she could live on the interest of it and educate the boy. An utter loneliness swept over him.

Then came another thought, startling in its clarity: how strong *Vera* had been! But what she must have felt during those eight years of love and deception and dishonest bills . . . he groaned, unable to imagine it. An honest business man, he felt the secret which he held for Vera to be more appalling than the one Madge Calvin guarded.

Forgiveness—but the word seemed to have no meaning. Only pity was large enough to cover Vera's memory—pity and charity, whose other name is love.

The broken ideal in his heart cried like a lost child.

"Mr. Gersten." Her voice aroused him from his brooding thoughts.

"Yes, Miss Calvin."

"I've been thinking," she said. "I've been thinking that I'm very selfish—wanting to keep the boy to myself."

"You—selfish?"

"Yes. Every boy needs a father. If you take him, I can be a sort of governess in the house—he'd have to have somebody. I think Vera would want you to take him if she could speak."

A sort of governess in the house! He glanced at those hands in her lap. Nounou, a baby's name for her, borne through the years in the dignity of devotion. Vera, penniless in the Albany hospital . . . a little money saved . . . eighteen months of dependence . . . the years of service to the growing child.

Gersten did not deceive himself. He knew that he would not have married Vera eight years ago had he known what he knew now, though his love for her was like an aching wound in his side. And without this woman's faith to bear him up—that, and the boy's need of him—only a brooding and disillusioned future stretched ahead.

"Would you be willing to leave New York?" he asked her. "It might be difficult here—embarrassing about the boy. He might even come to know . . ."

"So long as I have Victor," she answered, "I don't care where I live. The only thing I dread is telling him—in the morning."

As he rose to go she said:

"I've been thinking of something else, Mr. Gersten. Maybe—I don't know, but maybe—in giving you eight years of unclouded happiness, and bearing herself all the burden of her secret, Vera was really being kind, wise and kind."

As Gersten opened the door of his house he felt strangely tired and a little dizzy. He had lost so much to-night!

The butler came forward.

"I'm afraid the wood fire has gone low, sir. Shall I light it again?"

"No—no, thank you, Palmer."

As the butler turned to go—did he imagine it, or was there an anxious look in the eyes of the old man? Could it be that his own face showed the ravages of the hours he had just passed through?

He went towards the fireplace and stood looking up at the grave gray eyes of the portrait. Somehow those eyes did not look quite the same as before. No less lovely they were, no less kind—but never again the same.

After long contemplation he murmured brokenly:

"Eight years . . . the worship of the ideal . . . a man's perfect happiness!"

And unveiled knowledge seemed a worthless gift beside the bliss of his *lost ignorance*.

SPINNING

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

DID you, O Daphne, long ago,
Stray with your nibbling sheep
On those far hills I seem to know,
Looming in dreams of sleep?

Did you a little spindle whirl
From morning until night,
Making a thread from fleecy curl
Of their shorn raiment white?

Sometimes, I think me you, Greek girl,
Drawing an endless thread!
A little spindle I, too, whirl—
But it spins song instead!

You wandered, and fine wool you spun,
Happily till the night.
My spinning, too, will not be done
Till falls the lyric light.

INVENTIVE GERM-CELLS

The Architects of Evolution

BY HENSHAW WARD

THREE days ago I bruised a knuckle; to-day the wound is healed over, and I accept the bit of new skin as calmly as if it were a section of repaired pavement. But if I knew about the thousands of cell lives that were lost in that catastrophe on my finger, if I could see the tens of thousands of life-producing labors that have been performed there, the speck of flesh would appear a great and miraculous structure.

The scene of those building operations would be interesting merely as a spectacle, and in the next few paragraphs I shall offer a slight account of one phase of them. But the goal of the rest of this article lies far beyond. When we have seen how the ordinary cells of the skin were replaced we shall be at a lookout point from which we may view, as if in a distant landscape, the field of Evolution. These humble particles which form our flesh are part of that realm of life which includes both human heredity and social change.

When I carelessly rammed my hand against the door-casing I destroyed an area of skin about a quarter of an inch long and an eighth of an inch wide. This had been composed of perhaps fifty thousand individual cells, which were all so broken or detached that they perished. My body had no power to bring up a regiment of similar cells, dump them into the breach, and say, "Be healed." No, those dead cells were of many sorts: flat and horny ones at the surface, below these three layers of different sorts that were packed like mackerel in the hold of a fishing schooner and, in a lower layer, many intricate sets of apparatus like nerve-ends, capillaries, pigment-makers, muscles, oil-glands.

We had best not say anything about these complicated organs of the skin, since they are so largely beyond examination. Let us content ourselves with the largest, most obvious, most uniform cells: those of the third layer from the top. Even these cannot be replaced in bulk, by wholesale. For each one of them is an individual, differing in some degree from its neighbors, as men differ in a regiment. Every one of them *was born* from a parent cell.

Are you at all startled by hearing about the "birth" of a cell? Surely you have not conceived that living tissue is composed of hunks of inert matter. Imagine that I had a needle fine enough to detach one of these cells (one three-hundredth of an inch in diameter) and to hold it before you for inspection under a powerful microscope. Suppose that I had a super-lens which would enlarge the cell to the size of a football. Suppose that I could work magic for you and show some of the labors which are carried on there. It is a laboratory for vital processes far beyond the skill of men.

It is filled with "protoplasm." We do not know what that is. Protoplasm is simply our ignorant name for the unapproachable secret of life. Protoplasm is not all one kind of material that a chemist can analyze, any more than pansies and panthers are one kind of material. But since we cannot detect the different kinds of life when we look into

cells, we give a common name to whatever living substance we see in them.

The life in protoplasm is directed by a speck called a "nucleus." That is simply our name for the mystery which lives in that tiny space. Far within the nucleus, all but invisible to the most searching gaze of science, is the mechanism that can direct the birth of a new cell.

Such an intricate organism as this is a kind of separate creature. It is adapted for special functions; and it can reproduce itself, as the one-celled animals do. It could no more happen into existence than a sunflower or a camel could. It is an organized unit of life. If I see a hawk flying overhead, I know that he was once in an egg and was born. It is just as obvious that any cell was born. It must have grown out of a cell, which had grown out of a previous cell, which had grown from a previous cell. There cannot have been any gap in the series of descents since life began on the earth. Every cell, in every particle of my body, is the offspring of some previous cell.

Its origin cannot be any hit-or-miss process; a new cell cannot "just branch off somehow." Even a beet-sugar factory that man makes—a clumsy pile of apparatus for doing the simplest sort of chemical work—has to be designed by an architect with studied care. There must be complete blue-print plans, an engineer's care to have foundations solid, a builder's minute pains to have walls kept plumb and courses of brick level, expert work to make steel girders exact, expert manufacture of vats and engines, high technical skill to furnish spectroscopes and chemical reagents. If so lumbering an institution as a man-made factory requires all this provision, much more will the creating of so intricate an organism as a living cell.

Of all its delicate adjustments not the least jot of a small item of one can be left unprovided for.

The specifications for a future cell lie in the nucleus. When this receives the impulse to reproduce, its mechanism is set to work, and it operates its multitude of minute parts with an accuracy that is awesome to think of. So small is the space within the nucleus and so dim are the outlines of operations that no one scientist could ever have made out the details of that workroom. But the investigators, by combining their observations for a generation, have learned enough to give us some picture of the steps of a birth.

They tell us that in the course of half an hour or more the following program is carried out: First, the nucleus swells out to occupy a larger portion of the cell. Several loops appear in its liquid; they grow shorter and thicker and become straight; they then arrange themselves in a row across the center of the nucleus, as if they were so many bits of a small, round match, placed end to end in a line. These are the chromosomes. Each of them splits down its length into two equal parts, as if a fine knife had been driven through the line of sticks and had divided them all at one blow. Thus the original tangle of loops has been separated in an orderly manner into two equal sets of straight pieces. The two sets now draw apart, moving away from the equator of the nucleus toward opposite poles. Meanwhile the whole cell has been preparing to divide: a groove has appeared on its outside, as if made by a string that had been drawn tight around it in the same plane where the little bodies split within the nucleus. The groove grows deeper and deeper, till the cell is split in two. The result is two small cells, each composed of half of every detail of the previous cell, each with a complete equipment of cell life. These grow quickly to full size and are now prepared to reproduce in the same way as often as they have orders to do so.

That brief sketch of cell birth may give a wrong impression by its comparison with "bits of a match." Of course the real processes, if our senses were fine enough to see them, would appear

as a series of countless steps in a most elaborate architecture, steps that are made with supreme nicety.

And perhaps the crude sketch has made the reader forget the size of the space that encloses all the operations. One three-hundredth of an inch is the diameter of the skin-cell we are looking at. And of this minute space the nucleus fills only a fraction.

Even within the nucleus all the complexities of a future organism are arranged for in only a portion of the available space—that is, in the chromosomes.

The mind cannot begin to comprehend such close packing of forces; it quits exclaiming about "marvels" or "unspeakable mysteries" because any words of wonder fall so far short of what we feel.

Yet we must tolerate one more astonishment. Every cell in my flesh has an inheritance that comes, in equal proportions, from my father and my mother.

So inconceivably lavish is nature in her care for the details of healing a wound.

All we can do is to accept the fact that in those infinitesimal loops, the chromosomes, at the limit of microscopic vision, is packed the complete outfitting for the whole life of a new daughter cell. Every one of the cells* that make up flesh or wood or animalcules was born by means of chromosomes in this way.

There are all kinds of cells. The bark of a tree is built of several kinds, each with its own individual sort of protoplasm to keep up its activities. Finger nails and mahogany are made by protoplasm that builds hard wall for its cells and then dies. In the brain are cells where protoplasm keeps records of sensations and manages switchboards for sending messages to other cells. A nerve-cell is a long, slender fiber. In a cubic inch of normal human blood there may be seventy billion cells, each class of which is fitted to do its special chemical work.

* With certain exceptions that the curious reader may learn about on page 116 of E. B. Wilson's *The Cell*, 1925.

STEADFAST GERM-CELLS

So much for the body-cells, each of which reproduces only its kind. Until a person has some conception of what is contained in a body-cell he is not prepared to hear about the subject of this article, the still more wonderful germ-cells. Take a bit of pollen-dust from a wild rose. Each one of the tiny grains is a germ-cell—which means that it carries all the specifications for a whole new plant. It makes all the types of body-cells that are needed to form roots and ducts and stems and leaves and hairs and blossoms and future seeds. In these little germ-cells sleep all the structures of the next generation, complete to every least item, such as giving to each petal a certain shading of color from tip to base. The chromosomes in them are faithful agents, powerless to disobey. They always carry out these specifications. They cannot construct grass or huckleberries; they cannot construct another kind of rose; they can only reproduce a plant like the one from which they came.

This holds true for every pollen-grain of any kind of plant. It is true for every sperm of any fish or bird or beast, since there is no essential difference between the sperm-cells of plants and animals. In every one there are some chromosomes within a nucleus, and their course of development is all determined in advance: they are compelled to build their new life on the pattern of the parents. No earthly power can reach inside the chromosomes and alter the directions that they are created to carry out. Nor is there any way of so altering the body of a parent that its reproducing-cells will be made on a different pattern. However much you may mutilate a blossom or a body, if you allow the sperm-making organs to work at all, they will produce the only type of germ-cell that they are fitted to produce. They must make the identical kind of chromosomes that their parents made and that their offspring will make. Their business is to repro-

duce by the given pattern. There is no way of bringing to bear on them any influence that will cause them to build by some other pattern.

Every statement about the sperm-cells in the previous paragraph is also true of female germ-cells, or "eggs." Every such egg in plants and animals is also a cell in whose nucleus is a complete pattern for an individual of the next generation. Every minutest part of a descendant is provided for.

In some lower animals a single germ-cell may develop into a new individual, and the biologist's logic knows no reason why any egg might not so develop. But throughout the greater part of the kingdoms of animals and plants nature has decreed that there shall be no birth of a new creature until an egg and a sperm have united. They fuse completely, interchanging all the details of their structures. Then this composite cell divides into two cells, each of which is made up equally of elements from the father and the mother. The two cells do not part company but remain in close union. Each of them then divides in a similar way, and a union of four cells results. The four become eight; the eight become sixteen; the sixteen become thirty-two; and so the growth continues until several trillion cells are formed into an aggregate that is detached from the mother and begins a separate life.

It is clear that in the early development of the embryo there was a differentiation of cells for carrying out the various parts of construction: one set of cells was commissioned to build the skeleton, another the nerves, another the digestive organs. Many such interacting sets formed the body. One of these, which was established during the first few days of the embryo life, was destined to create the reproductive organs. This, in nature's scheme of things, was more important than all the rest; indeed it was the part for which all the rest was made. The whole bodily structure is, in nature's estimation, no more than a case to protect and nourish the germ-cell factory, where the eggs or sperms grow. This was set apart from the bodily organs, like a treasure in an inner room of the palace. It was to be the agent for the only purpose that nature seems to care about—reproduction. It was to create, in prodigious quantities, those exact patterns of heredity that are stowed in germ-cells. Though it might be thrown into disorder by mishaps in the body, its ways of working were not subject to any alteration. So long as it was unhindered, it would shape exactly the type of heredity which it was destined to shape.

It is by means of such germ-cells that the unbroken stream of heredity is continued. So precisely do they transfer inheritance in the current of descent that my skin is now what it was a thousand generations ago; perhaps a physiologist could hardly distinguish it from the skin of ten thousand generations ago. The hairs on my arm lie smoothly in the same directions that chromosomes have precisely duplicated for hundreds of thousands of years. There are some species of plants and animals that have persisted without a noticeable alteration through geological periods which must have amounted to fifty million years. Their chromosomes have been steadfast while the Andes were washed to the ocean and upheaved again.

WAVERING GERM-CELLS

The constancy of chromosomes is one side of the two-faced truth of heredity. The other side is that chromosomes are always somewhat variable. Since they shape an individual from liquid materials composed of billions of atoms, it is not conceivable that each portion of the new body should have just the same number of atoms in just the same relations that were in a parent or that will be in a child. We could safely guess that the work of chromosomes in an enduring species wavers about some norm of structure, now on this side and now on that, but never departing far from this norm.

In fact we do not have to guess. It is manifest that two trees were never precisely alike, and delicate measurements would doubtless show that no two leaves were ever exactly the same in size and contour. Even in similar twins slight differences can be revealed by refined scrutiny. No animals are ever reproduced with absolute accuracy. In cattle and sheep and dogs and birds there are perpetual variations. If a man who has exceptionally keen eyes trains them by years of experience to observe pigeons closely, and if he trains himself on one breed, and then if he specializes on one sub-variety, and if in this limited field he confines himself to observing some one feature, say plumage, then he can detect differences that no other man in the world could see. To the eye that has been sharpened by twenty years of constant training the difference between the eyebrows of two silk-worms is apparent; even in an egg the varying color is revealed. Delicate scales in a laboratory will show that two beet-roots have different percentages of sugar. Exact reproduction is never to be found. To some extent every germ-cell is wayward.

Variation in the work of chromosomes is an observable fact, undisputed. But when and to what extent such variation *can be inherited* is the great battleground of present-day biology. It is now known that much variation, perhaps most of it, is only a fluctuation about a mean. Small potatoes and small men have offspring that are, on the average, larger than themselves; individuals above the normal size have offspring smaller than themselves; the variation in size swings to and fro about a median, making no more advance in one direction than a pendulum would.

Many kinds of striking variations are repeated so often that they are seen to be a regular part of the stream of heredity. Everyone knows that most clover leaves grow in clusters of three, but that in any field there are several clusters of four and may be clusters of five or more. Men have always observed that some pigs are born with a solid hoof instead of the usual two toes; pigs may occasionally have a third toe, or a pair of bristly tassels under the throat. In any flock of peacocks there may suddenly appear a bird of smaller size with black shoulders, as if the chromosomes of this animal were prone to make, every so often, this particular kind of variation. The spiral of a snail's shell regularly grows in the direction in which the hands of a clock move, but occasionally specimens grow in the opposite direction.

There are other sorts of variations that do not progress toward permanent change in one direction, that do not accumulate to a fixed alteration of heredity. In fact some prominent biologists have seen so much of these "fluctuating" variations that they have become skeptical about the whole Darwinian theory of gradually piling up minute changes till a new species is formed. But the great body of scholars to-day confess that no other theory is in sight and that they are fairly well content with recent evidence in favor of the old one.

The theory, put very tersely, is this: every plant and animal is different in certain ways from its parents; some of these differences are inheritable; if, in the struggle for existence, a given variation (say a shorter beak in a nuthatch) makes an animal less well fitted for life, that animal is less likely to leave progeny; but if a given variation makes an animal somewhat better fitted for life, it is more likely to survive and leave a line of descendants; those descendants that inherit the favorable variation are the ones that will continue the race, and in them the favorable variation will tend to increase and become a fixed characteristic of a new variety.

Such a change to a new variety must be gradual, extending over a long period of time. It is a supposition. No new species has actually been seen to develop in nature, though the snails of Tahiti have, within twenty years, branched into new varieties that are practically species.

Nor has any new, stable species ever been bred artificially. But in domesticated plants and animals the variations have been so often accumulated in a given direction, to such remarkable results, that we may well suppose we see here a counterpart of nature's process.

I will first give some examples of the extremes of variation and after these some examples of the more moderate sort that breeders select progressively.

All monstrosities are extremes of variation. The Siamese Twins were two men joined to each other by a thick tube of cartilage, through which their vital organs were so closely connected that no surgeon dared cut them apart. They were very unlike their parents. The Blazek sisters were a pair of women who had only one spine between them. When they died, the courts had to decide whether the twins were one person or two persons. This two-in-one body bore no resemblance to its parents or ancestors. Peppino Magro, twenty-two inches tall when fully grown, and Kazanloff, one hundred and eleven inches tall, varied from their parents in stature; they were born with some abnormality of the little gland which directed their growth. A baby that is born without arms, or with a jawbone growing in its body, or with a full set of teeth, or with a hairy nose and forehead, or with a tail, shows a decided variation from its parents.

Among plants there is no end to the monstrosities that are frequently seen. Ears of corn are double or distorted, or have unnaturally arranged kernels. A little peach sprouts from the cleft of a large one, or a kind of second orange may appear at the base of an orange. A bean, which normally sprouts with very large leaves, at the base of which are little insignificant scales, may show gigantic scales and no leaves.

Wayward chromosomes cause numberless comical results. They sometimes produce doubled legs on frogs and doubled feelers on insects. They have been known to sprinkle extra fins at random on fishes and to put a perfect right leg on the left side of a fowl. They may plant several extra spurs on a gamecock's leg, or wing-feathers on a leg, or membranes between the toes. A ram with a whole crowd of little horns on his head suggests that some chromosome was disordered and tried to do ten times too much. Sometimes it would appear that two chromosomes are tangled, with the result that an animal has one of its sides male and the other female.

Wayward chromosomes are sometimes beneficent, building better than their norm and producing an individual whose new characteristics are inherited by his descendants. In 1791, on a Massachusetts farm, was born a ram whose legs were so short and body so long that he was nicknamed the "otter"; he was valuable because he could not jump fences, and he became the founder of a new breed of sheep called the "ancon." Forty years later the same sort of thing happened on a farm in France. A ram was born with a large head, long neck and legs, covered with smooth silky wool; he was the forefather of a new and valuable kind of sheep. Such sudden creations, or "sports," are decided alterations that chromosomes make in the pattern they are supposed to follow—"happy mistakes" we might call them. Such a mistake certainly brought joy to a Kansas farmer in 1889, who one day found that a young calf in his herd of Hereford cattle had no horns; it founded the race of "polled Herefords."

These great variations in animals are celebrated because they were so useful to man and were as romantic as the discovery of a new diamond mine. Sports in plants have been more numerous. For one example, there was once a set of chromosomes in an orange that did not put in any seed-making apparatus, and that ornamented the base of their work with a queer whirl. An orange-grower noticed this sport and liked it; since then the "navel" orange has been on all our fruit stands.

Many improvements in domesticated

plants and animals have originated with the same sudden completeness, as unearned gifts from the chromosomes. The races of wheat are a standing illustration. Its chromosomes are restless and variant; one Frenchman claimed that he had cultivated over three hundred varieties. Though most of these sports show only slight differences, occasionally there is a large and decided one. About twenty years ago in Canada two different varieties were mated; the chromosomes were so stimulated to mix up and recombine their elements that a hundred variations resulted, one of which—it appeared on only a single stalk—proved to be a hardier plant with better bread-making qualities than North America had known before. It was named "Marquis." A century ago this fact of the sudden sporting of wheat was known; a famous Scotch grower testified that he had never seen grain which had been improved "by cultivation," but only "by selecting the new varieties which nature occasionally produces, as if inviting the husbandman to stretch forth his hand and cultivate them." In 1819 he "observed quite accidentally a single plant of a deeper green and more heavily headed out"; this he cultivated, and it became one of the best kinds for the region where Walter Scott lived.

In 1923 "a single branch of red apples was sold by Lewis Mood, of Ferrell, New Jersey, to a nursery firm for $5000." The year before "$50,000 was paid for a single strawberry plant by the R. M. Kellogg Company of Three Rivers, Michigan, to its grower, Harlow Rockhill, of Conrad, Iowa."

There are records of a golden-colored grape that sprouted from a black variety in England, of "a multitude of varieties that sprang from one seed" in a French vineyard, and of new hothouse varieties that are produced "almost every year." Each kind of apple was originally a solitary sport, a unique product, made by changeful chromosomes. No new kind of peach was ever attained by effort, but always by discovering a novelty hanging on a tree. If an agricultural experiment station should try for a century to train the seeds of a potato, it would fail; its only hope is to be on the lookout for what the roots have happened to bring forth.

Volumes have been filled with instances of the fact, universally observed by gardeners and animal breeders, that chromosomes will every now and then produce valuable novelties for us. I will tuck into this paragraph two sample quotations from Darwin: "I have seen it gravely remarked that it was most fortunate that the strawberry began to vary just when gardeners began to attend to this plant; the truth no doubt is that it had always varied." Of course it was the truth; three hundred years ago some shrewd gardener "availed himself of the inherent power of variation possessed by the plant." All beans may look alike, even to the most sharp-eyed grower, but "after two severe frosts only three of the 390 scarlet-runners remained, not even the tips of their leaves being browned; it was impossible to behold these three plants, with their blackened dead brethren all around, and not see at a glance that they differed widely in constitutional power of resisting frost."

Nowadays we are all familiar with the way in which such variations are selected through a series of generations of progressive improvement in a desired direction. The wild strawberry plant that varied to somewhat greater size had offspring that were still larger; a beanvine which was resistant to frost could be developed to still greater resistance in succeeding generations. During the last century a scrubby Chinese daisy has been converted into a wide, gorgeous, fluffy chrysanthemum. We are all familiar with similar accumulations of variations in dahlias and berries and dogs and cows. How breeders work from faint beginnings to extraordinary alterations can be seen in one of Darwin's descriptions: "In the great majority of cases a new character is at first faintly pronounced, and then the full difficulty

of selection is experienced. . . . The finest powers of discrimination and sound judgment must be exercised. . . . I have been astonished when celebrated breeders have shown me their animals, which have appeared all alike, and have assigned their reasons for matching this and that individual. . . . The best flock-masters do not trust to their own judgment or that of their shepherds, but employ persons called 'sheep-classifiers.' When the lambs are weaned, each in his turn is placed upon a table, that his wool and form may be minutely observed." Every breeder is selecting slight variations and increasing those that he desires by continuing his selection through a series of generations.

If our knowledge of variation depended on such achievements in artificial breeding, we might distrust it. But it is abundantly confirmed by what the naturalists tell us of wild plants and animals. The wild orange plants in the jungles of India have the characters of the bitter variety, "but occasionally wild oranges occur with sweet fruit." "The chestnut trees may possibly survive the present blight, because there may be here and there one that contains a secretion which will kill the attacking fungus; there are such trees in Asia, whence the blight came." "Our common forest-trees are very variable." "It is probable that all insects occasionally show some abnormality of wing venation." "The description of new mutant types in almost every plant and animal that has been carefully examined indicates the very general occurrence of definite mutations." "Mr. Bates, after examining above a hundred of the big beetles, thought that he had at last discovered a species in which the horns did not vary; further research proved the contrary." The prevailing fact of variation in nature is put thus emphatically by Wallace: "We find no evidence of greater variations in domesticated animals than in wild ones."

I have led you through a gallery of the changes wrought by variant chromosomes, and now you ask me, "Well, what of it?" In the first place, this: As a matter of understanding the Evolution Theory, the first and greatest essential is to know about the variation in germ-cells. Evolution begins there. For some reason there is a general tendency to think about evolution the other way round. College instructors have to shout to classes, "Think first of chromosomes. Keep your eye on the chromosomes." The most victorious moment in Darwin's life was when it flashed upon him that the stuff of evolution is variations, and that these are sifted by the environment. The course of all evolution has been determined by the variations—of whose causes we know nothing—in germ-cells. If favorable variations are inherited and result in a permanent alteration of a species, a better adaptation to its environment, a step of evolution has taken place.

In the second place, I shall briefly draw a conclusion and invite you to draw a different one if you dislike the logic. Look at the one fact that is obvious in every change which has been described in the previous section. The fact is that no race of living creatures has been altered, for better or for worse, through changes produced in the cells of body or brain by outside influence. No education of muscles, no training of nerves, no accident to the body, no exercise of it, has ever been transmitted to the germ-cells. Children will be what the chromosomes determine. If anyone desires to improve the race, he must realize that he is dealing with material which was made by a chromosome mechanism. If he would alter such material permanently, he must look for the variations that chromosomes produce.

THE FIRST LADY OF THE CONFEDERACY

Portrait of Mrs. Jefferson Davis

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

WHICH was the greater tragedy: that of Mrs. Lincoln, who saw her husband murdered in the very hour of supreme triumph and culminating glory and was herself cast into obscurity and despair, or that of Mrs. Davis, who saw her husband's heroic struggle, in which she so ardently shared, end in disaster and utter ruin? It is hard to say. And neither woman was peculiarly fitted to bear adversity in a chastened or humble spirit. In fact, there were a number of elements of resemblance between them. Also, they had the same colored seamstress, who gossiped about them both.

Varina Howell was born in Natchez in 1826. It is curiously significant of the tangle of relations connected with the Civil War that the wife of the President of the Southern Confederacy had Northern and Whig antecedents, while the wife of the President of the Union came distinctly from the South. Miss Howell grew up in comfortable Southern surroundings and was well educated. In 1845 she married Jefferson Davis, then a widower without children and seventeen years older than she. She was closely associated with his brilliant career, as soldier and statesman, played a striking part in Washington society in the fifties, shared her husband's triumphs and anxieties during the four years' existence of the Confederacy, and saw all her hopes wiped out by the surrender of Lee. She was with her husband when he was captured, made desperate efforts to secure his release from prison, and was the intimate partner of his later wandering efforts and sorrows. After his death in 1889, she wrote an elaborate history of his career, and lived on somehow till 1906, having survived all of her six children with the exception of one daughter. She was always treated with respect in the South, as embodying great memories and departed glory; but her real life came to an end with that of the President of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Davis was not only well educated, by schooling in Philadelphia and by tutoring at home, but she profited by her education and continued it all her life. She read quite extensively. When she was sixteen she "was reading hard to finish my course of English and Latin classics," and she quotes Latin in later years in a rather unusual fashion. She was able to talk intelligently with the many men of distinction and power whom she encountered in her varied life, with statesmen, with men of letters, even with men of science, like Joseph Henry. She kept up a close intellectual companionship with her husband, and he was a man of surprisingly active and well-stored mind. She aided him greatly in much of his writing, and her Life of him affords ample evidence that she had exceptional gifts, both as a thinker and as a mistress of English style.

Mrs. Davis's intelligence was not only active and far reaching, it was singularly acute and penetrating. Her observations on men and things are always suggestive, even if one does not agree with them. During her life in Washington she met the most prominent statesmen of the middle of the century, Webster,

Clay, Calhoun, Seward, and Sumner, and her relations with the notable figures of the Confederacy were even more intimate. She analyzed all these distinguished personages with constant and appreciative attention.

Mrs. Davis seems to have been as intelligent concretely as abstractly. She was a good housekeeper, could manage either her large city establishment in Richmond or the plantation of Brierfield. She knew how work should be done, and could do it herself, if necessary. Her enemies, who found fault with everything, even asserted as proof of her unaristocratic origin that she had done housework in her youth, rather a crime in a slave-holding community. But I like particularly her graceful picture of herself and her husband, in one of the too rare tranquil eddies of their turbulent career, striving together to improve the old estate and toiling side by side in the garden, like Adam and Eve, then for recreation mounting their horses and riding whirlwind races, in which, according to her own account, the man hardly outspeeded the woman.

Money is the supreme test of domestic management. Here again the critics are busy and murmur about Mrs. Davis's extravagance. No doubt she liked to spend and in a sense she was obliged to spend. At any rate, I find no evidence whatever of her being burdened with the load of debt that afflicted Mrs. Lincoln. There is a certain ungraciousness in her effort to protect herself during the last bitter days in Richmond by storing up flour, which her husband strictly forbade her to carry away, in view of the privation and starvation about her. But something must be forgiven to a mother with little children. And for years after the war she had to meet money difficulties which must have been distressing and humiliating enough to one who had been situated as she had.

As to Mrs. Davis's relations with her servants, so significant in the slave-holding South, we have little reliable testimony besides her own, which is not unnaturally very favorable. She gives a beatific picture of plantation life, of the sympathetic care of master and mistress and the devotion of dependents. In the main I have no doubt the picture is a faithful likeness. Welles gives a rather hideous story of a slave whom Mrs. Davis had personally maltreated. But similar improbable stories were told even of General Lee. Mrs. Davis had a quick and vigorous temper, which may possibly at times have extended to her fingers as well as to her tongue. But some of her servants seem to have been most faithfully attached to her and to her husband, even after the war.

The mother of six children naturally gives a great part of her life to them. Mrs. Davis was faithful and devoted. "I feel the responsibilities of a parent so intensely," she says, "that I thank God there is a time when the power, and consequently the onus of failure ceases." Few mothers could have been put to a severer test than that hurried, horrible flight from Richmond, with four helpless children, the youngest a baby of only a year. Mrs. Davis stood it admirably, and in later illnesses and suffering her devotion was beautifully constant. Also few mothers have to go through the tragedy of five deaths. Mrs. Davis endured it and lived, but with what agony may be imagined. Like Mrs. Lincoln in Washington, she lost a son while she was in the White House at Richmond. Little Joe fell from the second story upon a brick pavement and was killed. First we have the earlier picture of the child trotting in his nightgown into the parlor among visitors to say his prayers at his father's knee. Then close upon this comes Mrs. Chesnut's dramatic account of the funeral: "Here I see the funeral procession as it wound among those tall white monuments, up the hillside, the James River tumbling about below over rocks and around islands; the dominant figure the poor, old, gray-haired man, standing, bare-headed, straight as an arrow, clear against the sky, by the open

grave of his son. She, the bereft mother, stood back, in her heavy black wrappings, and her tall figure drooped. The flowers, the children, the procession as it moved, comes and goes, but those two dark, sorrow-stricken figures stand: they are before me now."

It is clear that Mrs. Davis must have had a superb physique to go through all she did. There were brief moments when she gave out; but in the main she was vigorous and energetic, equal to all efforts and to all emergencies. Also, she had God with her always. The comfort of religion was an immense support to her and to her husband both. In early years Davis himself seems to have had some intellectual difficulties. But after a long period of quiet plantation life, with much thinking and reading, he came out with a sharp and literal orthodoxy. General Schaff justly and ingeniously connects this narrow, dogmatic theological standpoint of the Confederate President with the solitude and remoteness of his youthful surroundings. It is curious to reflect that Professor Stephenson, with equal justice, has found in the same background much of the origin of Lincoln's dreamy and poetical mysticism.

A YOUTHFUL PICTURE OF THE DAVISES

From a daguerreotype taken some time before the Civil War

Davis's religious attitude and preoccupation were not wholly acceptable to some of his critics. Their feeling about it appears in the bitter comment of the Richmond *Examiner:* "We find the President standing in a corner telling his beads and relying on a miracle to save the country." Nevertheless, there is something genuinely impressive and winning about the intense sincerity and earnestness of Davis's religion, as shown in his long conversations with Dr. Craven; and Mrs. Davis turned as constantly as he did to the comfort which is most unfailing for those who can find it at all. When the clouds hung darkest about her, she wrote: "However, we hope all things and trust in God as the only one able to resolve the opposite state of feeling into a triumphant, happy whole."

For a woman who plays such a great part in the world as Mrs. Davis, the social life is necessarily the most conspicuous, if not the most important. Mrs. Davis had some eminent social qualities. She liked to meet people, she liked to watch them and analyze them. She could talk brilliantly and attractively with almost anyone. She could make her house run easily and could furnish an excellent table, even when the resources for such a purpose were somewhat scanty. She dressed with taste and elegance. She was dignified and imposing and impressed all sorts of people with her personality, sometimes favorably, sometimes not quite so much so. Pollard, who detested her, gives a description which is savage to brutality: "Mrs. Davis was a brawny, able bodied woman, who had much more of masculine mettle than of feminine grace. Her complexion was tawny, even to the point of mulattoism; a woman loud and coarse in her manners; full of self-assertion." The gentle General Schaff suggests

something bewilderingly different: She "had soft, liquid, dark eyes, a voice of Southern charm, and was a ready, pleasing talker." Perhaps Mr. Eckenrode's medium view is the most just: "She was rather handsome, though her features were slightly marred by a thick upper lip which gave her, unjustly, a slight suggestion of cruelty. It was a smooth, proud, comely face."

As to Mrs. Davis's ease and vivacity in conversation there is little dispute. She held her own with the best talkers in Washington and drew out the best they had. She is said to have been sarcastic. Such a quick tongue cannot always escape that charge. Yet her sketches of the great characters about her, as they appear in her book, are remarkably free from harshness or satire, though the temptation to it must often have been great.

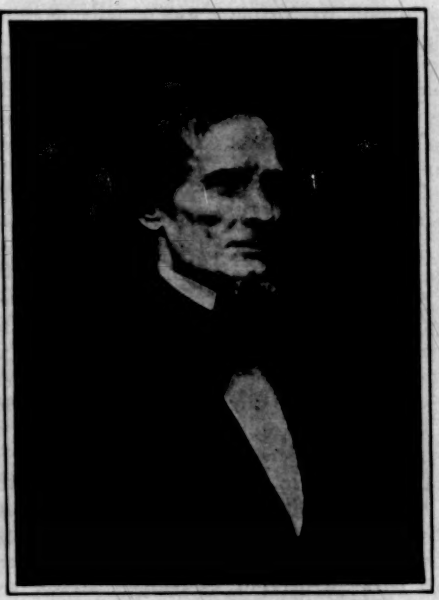
With these social gifts and limitations Mrs. Davis obtained a considerable success during the Washington years. No one speaks of her exactly with enthusiasm; but her cleverness drew all sorts of people about her and her intelligence held them. Her intimate discussion of men of all parties and pursuits proves how wide was her acquaintance with them, and her husband's popularity ensured her access to any circle that she cared to enter.

But when it came to the presidency of the Confederacy during those critical days in Richmond, it was a different matter. Mrs. Davis had to encounter precisely the same difficulties that Mrs. Lincoln met in Washington. If she lived simply and unpretentiously, the critics complained that she was not keeping up the social dignity of her position. If she tried to entertain, there was an immediate outcry that the White House was callous to the sufferings and disasters of the country. Mrs. Davis met the situation as best she could. But there was always plenty of faultfinding. The *Examiner* shrieked about the White House display and luxury. The President had costly horses and carriages and entertained expensively, while the poor people of the South were starving. Mrs. Davis was extravagant, loved ostentation, and cared little for the misery that was so evident everywhere about her.

These charges were no doubt exaggerated and unjust. At the same time it is evident that neither Davis nor his wife had the gift of being democratically popular. Both had a strong sense of the dignity of their position and were apt to emphasize it in tactless ways. One little story is told, not directly affecting Mrs. Davis, but vividly illustrating the atmosphere she developed about her. "It was usual for the Howell girls of President Davis's family to come into the church after the service had begun, and, beautifully gowned, to walk down the aisle to the President's pew in front of the chancel. On this Sunday Mrs. General Lee, who was in town, came to church before the service began. She was very plainly dressed, and, being recognized by the sexton, was taken at once by the usher to the President's pew. When, later, the Howell girls marched down the aisle to the pew, they observed this plain old woman and stood at the door of the pew for her to vacate. Instantly there was a hiss all over the church. Every near-by pew door was thrown open to Mrs. Lee." There were too many incidents of this kind in Mrs. Davis's public career.

Moreover, even for a more adaptable temperament, the conditions in Richmond would have been somewhat trying. The old Virginia aristocracy was never particularly lenient towards outsiders. Mrs. Chesnut, who was a most charming person and came from South Carolina, where good society had some opinion of itself, complains rather bitterly of the tone at the Capital: "Until we came here we had never heard of our social position. We do not know how to be rude to people who call. To talk of social position seems vulgar. Down our way that sort of thing was settled one way or another beyond a peradventure, like the earth and the sky. We

never gave it a thought. We talked to whom we pleased, and if they were not *comme il faut*, we were ever so much more polite to the poor things. No reflections on Virginia: everybody comes to Richmond." Now the President and his wife came from a much more doubtful region than South Carolina. At first Richmond society was inclined to be tolerant and good-natured, and a thoroughly tactful and conciliatory disposition might have overcome all prejudice. Mrs. Davis had not such a disposition. The feeling which grew up about her is well indicated in a letter written me by a Southern lady of to-day: "I wonder if your pen can invest that I almost said hybrid opportunist with the glamour of interest and romance. I never cared for her and I believe the older Southern people, who were in a position to know did not care for her either. She wasn't a Southern woman and while we may admire her loyalty to her husband and her adopted cause and country, we realize it was self-interest rather than simon-pure patriotism that actuated her. The later generations have with vast sentimentality contributed to her apotheosis." Yet even Nero had flowers placed upon his grave by an unknown hand. And when the exigencies of the time forced Mrs. Davis to sell her horses an anonymous purchaser returned them to her stables the next morning. So I fancy some people loved her after all.



JEFFERSON DAVIS

She had evidently the impulsive generosity and sympathy which belong to a quick, ill-regulated, impetuous nature. I doubt whether sustained self-sacrifice would have come easy to her or have often been accepted. Yet there are many little touches of kindness, unobtrusive but obviously sincere, which show that there was a human heart in her somewhere. Above all, she was capable of warm and tender affection where she had once attached herself. No study of her would be complete that did not take into account the really lovely letters written to Mrs. Howell Cobb in the disastrous years after the war. There is far more than a merely perfunctory regard conveyed in passages like the following: "I so often think of you surrounded by children and grandchildren, a home and a future, and bless God that all I love are not like me, floating uprooted. Do, dear old friend, write to me and tell me *every little* thing about yourself, and your family. I am so much afraid of your feeling yourself a stranger to me, and of each cord becoming loosened by disuse, until we drop off altogether into the mechanical intercourse, valueless because labored." Surely the woman who wrote that was lovable as well as loving.

But the warmth of Mrs. Davis's affection was in the main bestowed upon her husband, and the depth and constancy of their mutual love is quite beyond dispute. Davis had naturally a tender and

devoted temperament and the kind of temperament that concentrates its tenderness upon one object. His first marriage to the daughter of Zachary Taylor was romantic in its persistence against the opposition of the bride's father and in the tragic circumstances of her early death by the infectious fever which almost killed her husband.

When Davis made his second choice he did it with loyal and abundant affection, and his attachment to Varina showed in all the crises of his life as well as in the ordinary current of it. Here again Pollard is worth quoting for the extreme hostile view: "Mr. Davis was the most uxorious of men; and it was surprising that a man of his fine nervous organism . . . should have fallen so much under the dominion of a woman who was excessively coarse and physical in her person, and in whom the defects of nature had been repaired neither by the grace of manners nor the charms of conversation." Extravagant and absurd as this is, it well indicates the depth of feeling which Davis himself repeatedly expressed. In the height of triumph and success he turned to the one person with whom he wished to share them. In failure and despair he poured out his soul to her, and her tenderness and sympathy were his greatest consolation. In the long and elaborate letter, written in April, 1865, just after the great downfall, he expresses his marital devotion with touching directness and intensity. He has made and will make every sacrifice but one, which is beyond him: "I have sacrificed so much for the cause of the Confederacy that I can measure my ability to make any further sacrifice required, and am assured there is but one to which I am not equal—my wife and my children." He recognizes that, instead of the great hopes that had been held out to her, he has little left to offer; but he knows that she loves him for himself and not what he can bring: "Dear wife, this is not the fate to which I invited you when the future was rose colored to us both; but I know you will bear it even better than myself, and that, of us two, I alone will ever look back reproachfully on my past career." And he assures her at least of his undying affection, such as it is: "Farewell, my dear, there may be better things in store for us than are now in view, but my love is all I have to offer, and that has the value of a thing long possessed, and sure not to be lost."

Mrs. Davis's response to this affection was equally devoted and self-forgetful. Strong, self-reliant, and dominating she may have been. But she was a woman and a lover, and I like especially her confession of longing and dependence when she at last receives permission to correspond with her imprisoned and tormented husband: "The permission has relieved me of the dreadful sense of loneliness and agonized doubt and weight of responsibility. I may ask his advice instead of acting upon my own suggestions, and above all I may ask how he is." The same warm note of passionate tenderness sounds through all her letters and her book.

And that book is the heart of the matter in dealing with Mrs. Davis. Evidently there are few tasks more difficult for a woman to undertake than to write about her husband, though many women plunge into it with entire serenity. In one sense it may be said that a woman who knows a man in his daily home life, a mother, a wife, a sister, a daughter, knows him better than anyone. When he goes out into the world and deals with other men—and women, it may be urged that he puts on a mask which he drops entirely by the domestic hearth. But, after all, that mask is part of the man. The outside counts as well as the inside. And that outside the wife rarely sees as the outer world sees it. She knows much that the world knows not; but some things the world sees that she is ignorant of, and of which no one gives her an inkling. Further, a wife usually knows many of her husband's defects—no one better. She has the keenest insight into

them, and is often ready enough to point them out—to him. But when it comes to telling outsiders, it is another matter. Not only loyalty to him, but her own pride and self-respect impel, oblige her to cover up, to defend, to deal in the cunning alchemy of love which transforms defects into curious excellences. She may be aware of this process, or she may not: it is hard to say which state of mind more impairs the validity of her testimony.

But, try as she will, she cannot tell the life story without making the defects stand out. The more she conceals, extenuates, excuses, the weaker her case is apt to become. The more passionately she idolizes and defends her hero, the greater is the danger that the indifferent reader will find her gently ridiculous and the kindly reader, pathetic, while the very efforts she makes to exalt the idol are apt to result in presenting him in a manner far, far different from what she anticipated. Perhaps I may again quote in connection with Mrs. Davis the beautiful lines of Beaumont which I applied long ago to Mrs. Longstreet's Life of her distinguished husband:

> Those have most power to hurt us whom we love:
> We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.

It cannot be denied that, granting the difficulty of the undertaking, Mrs. Davis has done her work with great skill. She herself sets a very high standard and one that few can expect to attain: "Detraction is the easiest form of criticism or eloquence, but just, discriminating praise requires the presence in the commentator of many of those qualities which are commended in the subject." In general she avoids foolish and unfounded eulogy and she endeavors at least to meet and dispose of intelligent criticism. In any case she tells us much of value about her husband and about herself. Only the discerning reader gathers a great deal of this without any intention on the writer's part.

One is struck first with Mrs. Davis's insistence upon her husband's health. For all his activity, for all his exposure to hardship and endurance of it in his military life, he seems always to have been sensitive, to have been subject to illness; and in later years—that is during his senatorship and presidency—he suffered intensely and constantly. Through his physical trials Mrs. Davis tended him with devoted care. At least it appears so from her narrative, and no one disputes it. In one illness, when he was threatened with the loss of an eye and the doctors wondered how it could possibly have escaped, he said, "My wife saved it." And the wife's comment is, "All the triumphs of my life were and are concentrated in and excelled by this blessed memory." Mrs. Davis insists upon the patience, the fortitude, the cheerfulness with which her husband endured all these afflictions. He did not allow them to affect his temper, she says. Yet one finds it hard to believe that a great ruler of men could be made out of such material.

Take another aspect of Davis's character—his intelligence. His wife emphasizes with perfect justice the clear and high and broad quality of this. He thought widely and deeply about many things, especially things political, reasoned forcibly, and put the process of his reasoning in vivid and effective form. But when he had once arrived at conclusions he would not readily change them; when he had definitely thought out his own standpoint it was extremely difficult for him to recognize that there could be any other. This defect seriously hampered his whole career. And his wife has brought it out with entire clearness. When she first meets him, long before there was any thought of marriage, her shrewd insight discerns the flaw. "He impresses me as a remarkable kind of man, but of uncertain temper, and has a way of taking for granted that everybody agrees with him when he expresses an opinion, which offends me." Later, after better knowl-

edge, she reiterates her feeling of the limitation, even in passionate defense: "He sincerely thought all he said, and, moreover, could not understand any other man coming to a different conclusion after his premises were stated. It was this sincerity of opinion which sometimes gave him the manner to which his opponents objected as domineering." And friends objected to it as well as opponents.

The dogmatic, positive, fixed attitude which showed itself in abstract intellectual matters, was still more obtrusive and damaging in the management of men. Mrs. Davis insists, again with entire justice, upon Davis's tenderness and kindness. He wished no one to suffer. Suffering irritated him, and he endeavored to relieve it wherever he could. But he moved in an atmosphere of high thought and settled conviction, where there was little room for the wishes and plans and convictions of others. There is one striking phrase of Mrs. Davis's, not written in connection with her husband, but having a certain bearing upon him, all the same: "Perhaps I attach too much importance to the humanism of great men, but I have observed that this quality is oftenest found wanting in men of great intellect." It was humanism that was wanting in Davis, for all his sensibility. He was not adaptable, not pliable. He liked no one about him but those who shared his views or at least submitted to them. He could not use great instruments according to their own quality for great purposes. In this, as in many other points, he has a notable resemblance to Woodrow Wilson. It was this spiritual rigidity which involved Davis in his tragic and fatal quarrels with Joseph E. Johnston, with Beauregard, with Toombs, and many others. And then we have Mrs. Davis's pitifully characteristic remark in regard to one minor incident: "The talent for governing men without humiliating them, which Mr. Davis had in an eminent degree, cannot be acquired, it is inborn." These are the methods of defense which drive one's perversity almost to the assertion of the contrary: he had the talent for humiliating men without governing them. Truly, those have most power to hurt us whom we love.

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS

So everywhere the worshiping wife urges good qualities that are undeniable in themselves; but she does not see that often the excess of these qualities becomes defect. She praises her husband's sincerity. He was admirably sincere; but an outspoken frankness may bruise and wound. And she proclaims him loyal. So he

was, always. But the loyalty too often meant a mistaken and perverse clinging to servants and supporters who were unworthy. And no doubt there are other qualities less ambiguous and disputable, and in enlarging upon these Mrs. Davis has the agreement and sympathy of everyone. Her husband's courage was fine and unfailing. No one can question his readiness for sacrifice. No one can question his instinct of patriotism, his obstinate devotion to the cause he had undertaken to serve. The devotion may have been misdirected; it was absolutely and constantly sincere. Yet it is curious that at the very end of her long narrative Mrs. Davis, without in the least meaning to do so, makes perhaps the severest criticism that can be made by anyone. Most students to-day would agree that from the beginning the Confederate cause was hopeless, that no man, however gifted, holding the place of Jefferson Davis could have brought about a different result, though the various aspects of the struggle might have been altered. Yet Mrs. Davis, quite unconsciously, places the burden of failure not upon the inherent impossibility of success, but upon causes in the nature of the man himself: "In the greatest effort of his life, Mr. Davis failed from the predominance of some of these noble qualities." Again I say, those have most power to hurt us whom we love.

Yet, whatever the hurt or the help of her defense and criticism, no one can dispute the wife's absorbing, enduring affection. Her husband was all in all to her, and she had little hope, little interest, little thought for anything else. She shared his triumphs, she comforted his weakness, she partook his captivity when she could, and when she could not she made every possible effort, even to the point of humiliation, for his release. Whatever her defects, and they were many and obvious, she was a devoted wife, and the last words of a passionate letter, written in the moment of greatest peril, sum up all that is finest and most winning about her: "Oh, my dearest, precious husband, the one absorbing love of my whole life may God keep you from harm."

Mrs. Davis's communion with her husband was not only a personal and domestic matter. There was no aspect of his career, no phase of his activity, in which she was not interested. The knowledge of all the elements of the great struggle displayed in her book is really astonishing. Her Northern antecedents and connections rendered her somewhat suspicious to critical Southerners, as Mrs. Lincoln was in Washington. But there cannot be a moment's doubt of her passionate sympathy with the Confederate cause. Only she was shrewd enough to see, especially toward the end, what her husband's rigorous logic was so reluctant to admit: the hopeless contradiction between the theory of State Rights, on which the Confederacy was founded, and the stern exigencies of military control. Writing to a friend just when the catastrophe was near, she frankly expresses her heresy in this regard: "The cohesive power of a strong government is needed when the disintegrating tendency of misery is at work. The consent of the masses governed is only accorded to government which confers at that time large blessings—faith is never displayed by the masses in things hoped for if they chance to be those everyday blessings which we call necessaries—I am disheartened with popular sovereignty, still more with state sovereignty, and fear both are fallacies." Which at least suffices to show that she was a woman who thought, and thought keenly.

With such political thinking and with her temperament, it would naturally be assumed that she had a great influence over her husband. Unquestionably she had. His enemies believed that her influence was constant and far from beneficial. Mr. Eckenrode probably puts the matter in the fairest light: "There can be no doubt that Varina Davis was a congenial companion for an intellectual

man, and that she secured a considerable influence over her husband, even possibly in political matters. Her abounding vitality would have made her predominate over the semi-invalid Davis but for a will which always kept him master of himself."

In technical military affairs the influence would naturally be less felt. Yet the ample discussion of these in the Life shows how fully Mrs. Davis was conversant with them, and during his occasional absences Davis writes to her with abundant detail of military events and extended comment upon them, proving at least that she understood all that was going on. In the long and most curious letter, written by Mrs. Davis April 7, 1865, there is a striking revelation of her attitude as to the incidents of the war and the men concerned in it. Here you trace with the greatest nicety the character of her influence and just the form in which it was exerted: "Though I know you do not like my interference, let me entreat you not to send B. B. [Braxton Bragg] to command there. I am satisfied that the country will be ruined by its intestine feuds if you do so. . . . If I am intrusive, forgive me for the sake of the love which impels me, but pray long and fervently before you decide to do it." No one will deny that this is tactfully expressed.

As regards more general public policy, it might be expected that Mrs. Davis's opinion would be even more decided and her advice more urgent. How close, how intimate, how constant was her watchfulness as to what went on appears admirably in her own rather remarkable admission that she was an auditor in an adjoining room when the Cabinet met to hear the report of the Commissioners who brought back word from the vital conference in Hampton Roads. The sentence which Pollard quotes as to the project to make Lee commander-in-chief may not be literal, but its vehemence is by no means uncharacteristic: "I think I am the person to advise Mr. Davis; and if I were he, I would die or be hung before I would submit to the humiliation that Congress intended him." Much more impressive, however, because more in the spirit of the military passage above cited, is the bit from the letter of April 28, 1865, referring to the last despairing hope of transferring the Confederate government beyond the Mississippi: "As to the trans-Mississippi I doubt if at first things will be straight, but the spirit is there, and the daily accretions will be great when the deluded of this side are crushed out between the upper and nether millstone. But you have now tried the 'strict construction' fallacy. . . . If we are to require a Constitution, it must be much stretched during our hours of outside pressure, if it covers us at all." Surely this was a masterful woman, and one who might herself have dreamed of building empires.

Yet, in spite of all these activities and interests and efforts, I am inclined to think that Mrs. Davis had less personal ambition than might be imagined. She would have been active and assertive in any sphere of life; but she would have been equally contented, perhaps more so, in a humbler domestic career. She herself sums up the drawbacks, with her usual keenness: "Then I began to know the bitterness of being a politician's wife, and that it meant long absences, pecuniary depletion from ruinous absenteeism, illness from exposure, misconceptions, defamation of character; everything which darkens the sunlight and contracts the happy sphere of home." And if it be said that this was written in age and to a certain extent for public effect, we may turn to the charming passage, responding to a remark of her husband's, which I have quoted above: "It is surely not the fate to which you invited me in brighter days, but you must remember that you did not invite me to a great Hero's home, but to that of a plain farmer. I have shared all your triumphs, been the *only* beneficiary of them, now I am but claiming the privilege for the first time of being all to you."

At any rate what ambition she had

JEFFERSON DAVIS AND HIS WIFE

This photograph and the others which illustrate this article are from the collection of Frederick H. Meserve of New York City

was altogether merged in her husband's, and she herself insists, and with apparent justice, that his ambition was less than some people suppose. He did not want the presidency, she says, would have preferred a military command; and this is commonly believed. Still, it is a little difficult in his case to separate personal ambition from the tremendous, dogged, driving determination to make his cause and his policy and his splendid, insistent will triumph over all the obstacles of a perverse and wicked world. He had God with him, he must triumph, he would triumph, and she would help him triumph. Then he failed, disastrously, ruinously, and the world tumbled to pieces about him and her. The hopes, the desires, the efforts, the maddening sacrifices of four bitter years culminated in a calamity which in the beginning had seemed to her absolutely unthinkable. There was the hurried flight south, the nightmare capture in the gray dawn, the

agonized uncertainty of imprisonment and trial, the Odyssey of exile and privation, the loss of the idol who had meant the whole of life to her, and the long years of survival filled with the immense brooding shadow of a great memory. Mrs. Davis's life ends for us with the death of her husband. In spite of later activities and experiences, no doubt she would have wished it to end actually, in the spirit of the beautiful passage in one of her letters to Mrs. Cobb: "I watch over him unceasingly and pray to go first if it must be that we are to be parted. Twenty years difference asserts itself, when the younger of the two is middle-aged, and I am in terror whenever he leaves me." But if she had expressed such a wish to him, he might have answered with the words of Hamlet to Horatio:

"Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story."

And she did tell it, with all the life she had and all she had had, with all her loves and all her hates and all her hopes and all her dreams.

A SONG OF MARCO POLO

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

MADONNA, I have gone the world around,
Fought for blue jewels, marked the azure dyes
Of Tyria. Great wonders have I found—
I have seen nothing lovely as your eyes.

Madonna, I have sailed a hundred seas,
Coasted the flaming gardens of the south,
Plucked roses born of fire. Yet what were these?—
I have seen nothing lovely as your mouth.

Madonna, I have seen a land struck white,
Frozen and ice-locked from a world apart,
Have felt the white death at my throat all night—
I have known nothing cold as is your heart.

Madonna, I have ceased from wandering,

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION AND THE PRESS

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

MODERN England has passed, within a lifetime, through a prodigious change: and one of the chief marks of that change, at once a cause and an effect of it—still more a symptom of it—is the change in the nature of the public Press.

The general change through which England has passed is of such sweep and magnitude that it would, in any other country, be called revolutionary. That epithet is rarely applied to anything English, because in no English development has there been any shock (however rapid or drastic the change) since England became an aristocracy two hundred and fifty years ago. But it is on the scale of a great Revolution none the less. This character of persevering continuity is due to the religion of patriotism, which is by far the strongest and most permanent feeling in the nation and which is inextricably connected in the national mind with the preservation of inherited forms—or at any rate, names—under the guise of which all transformations are effected. This masks to some extent for foreigners, but much more for the citizens of the nation, the scale upon which change has taken place within living memory. But apart from this, men are rarely aware of the process of change, however rapid, unless it be accompanied by some catastrophe or by some other particular definite and striking event. Yet the change is there: and prodigious.

To appreciate the magnitude of the change as compared with the corresponding process in other European societies, it is enough to contrast the literature describing England in the first third of the nineteenth century with the actual aspect of England to-day. The *Pickwick Papers* belong to a different world—it might be a world, not of a long lifetime ago, but of centuries ago. Read a novel of Balzac's in some important French Provincial town of to-day, and you will be struck, not by the contrast, but by the similarity of the social atmosphere after a similar stretch of time.

Like all changes, this process has been cumulative, and its later stages much more pronounced than its earlier. It has not proceeded from material conditions: it is always spiritual conditions that drive a society. But it has been limited externally by material conditions. For instance, the England of less than fifty years ago was an England where most of the adult human beings had been bred as children in country villages. The England of to-day is an England in which the overwhelming majority has been bred in large towns.

It is debatable whether this vast modern turnover of social England would seem good or bad to a patriotic observer estimating it with the reasonable impartiality of the distant future. It has given us a very great accession in population and in total wealth. During most of the process—up to the end of the nineteenth century at least—it gave us corresponding increase of political power; and it is by no means certain that this increase of power has not been preserved—though that is something which only the near future can tell. It has certainly improved the chance of life; it has (quite recently) improved the standard

of living for the poorest. On the other hand, this latter good is still insecurely founded: it has not as yet a true economic basis but reposes in great part upon artificial subsidy; and while the density of our population and its perpetual increase were a matter of pride till quite the last few years, they are to-day felt to be something of a menace; especially as, in a fashion much more striking than in any other community (and indeed peculiar to this country out of all Europe) the increase comes from the poorer levels, and the higher you go in the scale the more you find the increase turned into, first, a stationary figure and then a very sharp decline.

There has been a considerable transfer of values between industry and financial earning; that is, the power of demand of the community as a whole, which for a hundred years has contained both main elements of manufacture and negotiation, is now more and more dependent upon insurance, banking, and in general international dealing with credit, and less (in proportion) upon the making and export of goods wherein we had for so long something of a monopoly. In this again it is debatable whether the change is good or evil. Our greater and greater reliance on Finance indirectly increases political power, but it disturbs the social conditions of a highly industrialized and purely capitalist community, where the mass of the people must be either productively employed or artificially sustained by subsidies, and by a restriction of free competition in the labor market.

If I were asked what was the most fundamental point in the whole affair I should reply, "The change in the nature of instruction." It began with an England in which the popular mass was witty, intellectually active, contented, diverse, illiterate, and conscious of its impotence to decide questions outside the very limited horizon of its individual members. On the other hand, those members judged what they did judge by direct personal knowledge; by primary, and therefore true, impressions. It has ended in, or at any rate for the moment reached, a state of society in which the popular mass is instructed to a fairly high level in the things thought necessary to the conduct of daily life: in writing and reading, in arithmetic, and in the elements—the very bare elements—of certain other information, especially a sort of official view of the national history, and even a little geography, in so far as it bears upon the British Dominions.

How great the change is in this department of instruction everyone over fifty to-day in England can testify. It has strong good points. On the other hand, the result attained is mechanical, and at the same time oddly dogmatic. The whole mass of the nation has been passed through a system of affirmation, impressed upon it in very early youth, permanently received, and never corrected by discussion or further observation of that kind which is available to the very small proportion of leisured men and women who form what used to be the governing ranks of society. The result is an enormous demand for what can only be called half-educated stuff. What is worse, that demand is only exercised for such stuff when it corresponds to an admitted pattern. There is an almost illimitable market for what the masses believe to be instructive; but the instruction must be a repetition of what they have already been told, or they will leave it on one side as mere error.

There is in this direction a very illuminating tale told of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. He was explaining to a popular audience the false conventions of our parliamentary system, and the way in which the party labels had not between them any real lines of cleavage, while there did exist a sharp line of cleavage between the professional politicians of the clique and those outside their common circle. A youth at the back of the room shouted, "You don't read your newspaper."

Now I have said that this great change

is particularly marked in the matter of those very newspapers, and I have said that this is both a cause of continuing change in English society as a whole, and an effect of that change; but still more a symptom of such change.

I have had experience of the London press and of much of the Provincial press for about thirty-five years. It is true my life has not been absorbed by it; perhaps if it had been it would be more difficult for me to appreciate the gulf between the Press of 1888 and the Press of to-day. But I have had a continuous acquaintance with the machinery of this large affair, its owners, its nominal or real directors, its economics, and the style of matter which it requires and provides; and I think I am competent to describe the turnover between that day and our own.

The inception of the revolution in our Press is fairly clearly marked by the successful adventure of Alfred Harmsworth and the foundation of the *Daily Mail* in the 'nineties of the last century. It must not be imagined that this innovation was principally a cause of what follows. It was much more an effect of a tendency which had been apparent increasingly during the previous ten years or so in the Press itself. Still more was it an effect of opportunity. The *Daily Mail* appearing in the early 'eighties would have been laughed at, and would have failed, because what was then the governing class of England would have despised it, and their judgment and decision were then still collectively supreme. This experiment of the late 'nineties—for only in the late 'nineties was its effect felt—was no longer subject to such a decision or judgment. The new Press which appeared thence onwards had certain evident advantages which, however much men of traditional culture may regret its presence, they would be foolish to deny. It put into a small compass, and very clearly, matter which hitherto had been put diffusely and without an immediate appeal to the eye. Its readers were content (as they had long been ready to be content) with some short summary opinion by way of leader, written in a cheap style indeed, and upon a very low standard of information, but at any rate clear and definite. It kept—and here Harmsworth had a real talent—fairly close to the popular demand; though it did more, of course, to create that demand than to follow it.

But we should go widely astray if we exaggerated the impetus given by this one novel newspaper and its owner. The great change came in a wholesale flood of re-statement, re-arrangement, re-molding of the English Press, which was complete in a very few years and put us into possession of—or if the phrase be preferred, under the subjection of—a new organism, which organism has continued from that day to this—for half a lifetime—itself changing somewhat, of course, but recognizable as one very great and very powerful new thing in the State.

What are the elements of the contrast between the old Press and the new?

I will not attempt to answer that question in one judgment, but I will try to tabulate the main points.

First, and I think much the most vivid characteristic of the change—the one that would strike most violently an educated Englishman accustomed to the Press of the 'eighties, and brought suddenly into contact with the Modern Press after an interval of forty years—is the breakdown of what was once the strong wall (in its day apparently immovable) between what was provided for the reading of the gentleman and what was provided for the reading of those whom he regarded as his distant inferiors (they themselves regarded themselves as distant inferiors in those half-forgotten days!). The English Press was very clearly divided into two main sections: one, a considerable bulk of matter provided for popular reading, ranging from the sensational treatment of crime to imaginary secret information upon politicians and the wealthy in gen-

eral; the other suitable to the interests, the knowledge, and the functions of what was then admittedly the governing class. In other words, there was a popular press and a press for educated men.

I do not mean, of course, that the better kind of paper did not circulate over a field very much wider than the governing class or even the larger educated class; what I mean is that a great number of people who read it were pleased to think that they were reading the kind of thing with which a gentleman should be provided. The owners of these papers would have been horrified to hear that their sheets were judged to have broken in some instance any canon of that class. It was a matter of course that the conventions of that class should be observed in them.

The first, or popular section, was of no effect whatsoever on national affairs; and the second was of some considerable effect, though of course of an effect not comparable to the real power which was exercised in those days by the gentry as a whole, and in particular by such of them as were in public life. For England was still aristocratic and the advent of plutocracy, though it had begun to menace us, was not yet seriously feared.

I say there was a strong wall of partition between the two types of paper. That wall broke down about the time of the South African War and what followed was like the mingling of two fluids or, to use a better metaphor, two viscous substances when the partition between them is taken away. Each flowed in some measure into the region of the other; almost unmixed extremes remained in their original form for many years; but the Press as a whole took on this new character of popular vulgarity and sensation on the one hand, even in the papers professing to cater for the small wealthier class of society, while a certain level of instruction, a certain raising of the style of writing, and a certain admixture of policy and public consideration came into what had been the lower half.

On the balance, of course, it was the baser part which most affected the mixture; and while it is true to say that the modern English Press as a whole is better written than that of thirty years ago, it is still more true to say that the Press as a whole breaks the old canons of gentlefolk continuously and without scruple, and is far beneath the old level in the discussion of domestic policy and, much more, of foreign affairs. We have three or four papers left which pride themselves on remaining exceptions and standing up above the waters: papers in which there is no chatty column, the anonymous writer of which pretends to intimate acquaintance with the great; no blackmail; no *glaring* or actually contemptible ignorance of European affairs. In these few remaining exceptions we have also preserved a reasonable level of book reviewing, though nothing like that which you find in the chief papers of the Continent. Their language is always decent; they have even preserved (what used to be universal in their kind of sheet) a certain measure of discussion and criticism: the power to look at things as educated men look at them, with no need for what is called, I believe, a "slogan," or for any other crude device to save thinking.

But the controllers of these few islands which still stand up above the flood deceive themselves when they imagine that they are fully continuing the old traditions. They are only with difficulty saving what can be saved, and they are profoundly affected by the general change. For instance, they dare not discuss financial scandals in public life which forty years ago they would have been the first to denounce. They dare not, in peril of their circulation, admit too large a proportion of educated matter, or tell their public—even when they know it—what the true balance is of society at home and of international forces abroad. Not one of them could publish information of, let us say, the less flattering judgments of England passed in the American Press. Most characteristic of all, not one of them

could to-day expose and denounce the political activities of the men who have triumphed in that popular sensational Press which has now so much more power than they have themselves.

Secondly, I would note something which lies at the root of the change. The newspaper of to-day is the instrument not of a directing editorial mind, or of a group possessing known general and openly debated interests: it is the instrument of an individual wealthy man (or at most of a pair, hunting in couples), and that wealthy man—there are very few of him—is as a rule uneducated. It is not an accident that the few chief owners are rarely of any culture. The cultured kind of man has atrophied in himself the faculties, if he ever possessed them, which make for success in this peculiar trade. He tells himself, no doubt, that he is too noble to stoop to actions and modes of thought which produce success for a modern paper, such as emphasizing the horrors of the gallows, acquiring power by secret threats, peddling and retailing the details of private lives, or even open lying. Perhaps he is sometimes too noble; for my part, I believe he is also incapable, through the constant direction of his mind in other channels. At any rate, he does not control the popular press. That is now in the hands of such men as those of whom Mr. Baldwin said with heartfelt sincerity that he would not have them in his house; they can properly conduct the master-newspapers of our time. The Editor—often an ephemeral figure—has ceased to be a Director: he is a servant; and every writer for him is subjected to the restriction of expressing the will of another man, and that man normally his inferior.

In other words, it has been recognized that the great newspaper is a form of power attaching no longer to excellence in language, information, or reason, but to mere wealth; and under the supremacy of that idea diversity of judgment, manifold discussion, close and balanced appreciation necessarily disappear. A man like Ferrero can write as he chooses in some great organ of the Italian Press, and within certain limits the paper is proud to print it. I say "within certain limits" because there must always be broad lines of policy, and a paper devoted, say, to free trade would hardly make a specialty of close reasoning by a protectionist. But I mean that a man of the intellectual eminence of Ferrero can write as he wills when he writes at all, and is not cramped by the lack of education or the social ambitions of the person who owns the newspaper. A great Hellenist can appear in the *Temps* without being pulled up for being "highbrow." A strong traditionalist such as Maurras in France—the best political writer of our time—can affirm his negations of religion in a sheet the audience of which is largely Catholic, and no one would dream of restraining such a pen. It is thought an honor to have it at one's disposal. But here to-day in England men of the same caliber must express themselves in books. The Press is open to them only if they follow a particular model or if their known convictions upon some limited subject coincides with whatever is for the moment the personal interest of some one of the half dozen owners. And that is why none of our first-rate men are to be read in our papers as they are in the papers of Continental Europe.

The third characteristic I note about the great change is the complete dependence into which our daily Press has fallen upon advertisement revenue.

I do not mean that advertisement revenue has not everywhere and always during the last fifty years formed an important item in the means of livelihood of every paper. Still less do I mean that a body of great capitalist advertisers on the one side are the masters of a body of newspaper owners on the other. On the contrary, the few great newspaper owners are of much the same type as the great advertisers; and naturally associate with, and are often personally interested in, the ventures of the great advertisers.

What I do mean is that advertising revenue has become the principal consideration after the personal objects of the proprietor, and is often superior even to these. I mean that without a very large advertisement revenue indeed, the modern great daily English paper could not exist; it would lose so heavily that no purse could stand the loss.

Now this does not mean that the advertiser can control policy (save in unimportant points, such as not mentioning the ingredients of patent medicines) but it does have—indirectly—two very prominent effects. The first is that a newspaper, to live at all, must achieve in our society a very large popular sale, save in the few cases where a powerful nucleus of educated opinion supports it. The second is that opinions distasteful to the big business world cannot be expressed. The man who advertises soap on a large scale does not prevent the paper in which he advertises it from advocating free trade in soap and the value of foreign competition. But he and his peers would not advertise in a paper which reasonably discussed the problems of modern capitalism; they would feel vaguely that they were subsidizing an enemy. And this has established a sort of vicious circle whereby the Press cannot live without big business, big business cannot live without the Press—and that circle is closed to wide, diverse, and reasonable discussion of the great social problems of our time.

I who am writing this have all my life combated the ideal of socialism. I hold it to be inhuman in character and destructive in practice. But when I desire to discuss that all-important modern quarrel as a reasonable man should, and not demagogically, I am compelled to take refuge in obscure sheets such as the admirable *New Age* of a few years ago, or else put what I have to say into a book. The comments of our great Press upon the whole affair are pitiful. They are below the schoolboy level of argument—and all that degradation of public debate is modern. When I was a very young man the *Star* supported the Dock strike, and the writers upon it were free to give the whole proletarian argument full play. The thing would be unthinkable to-day.

This dependence upon advertisement revenue is in the main due to a particular social phenomenon which also has its very good sides. The English people have come to adopt, after so many years of unbroken prosperity, a high standard in material things. An English newspaper is better printed, in greater bulk, and upon better paper than any corresponding newspaper would be upon the Continent of Europe. Hardly anyone in England would buy a thin, blurred, flimsy two-page sheet such as is, for instance, the *Action Française*, which is among the most powerful papers in all Europe. The English paper to-day costs (to produce) from two to three times the price that is paid for it; and under those conditions dependence upon advertisement revenue, with all the consequences following upon such dependence, is inevitable.

It will be seen that the view I have expressed is one adverse to the revolution in our journals which has marked the last thirty years. I might modify that adverse judgment by many a good word beyond those which I have admitted. But on the whole I think it must be accepted that the change is greatly for the worse. And what is more, the evil of it is increasing. But will it last?

I should be inclined to answer "No." I think its days are numbered, though no doubt it will be followed by some other evil less tolerable.

I think its days are numbered because its power and effect depend upon methods which are essentially ephemeral. Even the threat of exposure—that is, the use of blackmail—which is the chief form of political power attaching to a press of this kind, comes to lose value when it has been tried more than a certain number of times. Not long ago I can testify that the challenge of one

great newspaper to get a particular public man out of office was accepted, challenged, and completely failed. The lesser forms of the same power will, I think, go the same way. The negative power—the power of boycott—will remain much longer than the rest; but the direct power of making opinions is already weakening.

It will naturally be asked whether our Press in England has not suffered from concentration of ownership into a few hands, such as has raised comment and some anxiety in your own case recently upon the other side of the Atlantic.

My answer to the question would be that the almost inevitable tendency of modern businesses thus to coalesce—a tendency due to the modern means of communication—has been of a more partial and irregular effect with us than might have been imagined.

There are very powerful forces indeed making for the highest concentration. The great bulk of our population lives in two areas: the Midland and Northern coalfield, and London. These areas are within a few hours by rail, a system of newspaper distribution by fast early morning trains gives a very wide radius to any successful daily publication and, in a small area such as ours, the field might well have been covered before now by one great Trust. What has hitherto checked such a process has been, more than anything, the strong local tradition of certain great Organs as for instance *The Yorkshire Post* and *The Manchester Guardian*, to which might be added at least a dozen others. It is true that some of the best-known local papers of this kind have been bought up by multiple owners of London, but the experiment does not look permanently successful. The whole point of these local journals, the whole of their strength, lies in a certain spirit peculiar to each; and if their clientele notice a change in this the circulation falls and the purchase becomes valueless.

We have, therefore, to a surprising degree the presence of vitality in separate organs which, were they nothing more than mere competitive commercial organs, would soon have been the victims of a merger.

An excellent test and example of this is the position of the best edited and the most cultured of all our daily papers, *The Manchester Guardian*. *The Manchester Guardian* is published at a point under four hours from London, and in competition with local editions of such a London paper as *The Daily Mail*. Nevertheless it not only maintains itself as by far the most solid representative Northern paper, but—and this is the point—has a circulation in London itself appreciable in volume and of considerable effect upon opinion.

On the other hand, a form of concentration of ownership of an extremely dangerous kind has appeared in the case of popular London papers whose proprietors have joined their efforts and make virtually one Trust speaking through more than half a dozen organs and an indefinite number of weekly papers and magazines. If influence were to be tested by circulation alone, this London Trust, as it may properly be called, would be not only a danger but a disaster. Happily for this country, mere numerical effect has not yet reached a political power corresponding to circulation, and I conceive that, before it does so, the turn in the tide will have come. The influence of the newspaper good and bad will be lessening rapidly under the effect of a new influence.

For another power greater than the Press and the master of it, is rising everywhere above the horizon. That is the conception of direct government: of an open, powerful, personal executive which shall have it for a duty to order society, to restrain its grosser evils, and shall be compelled by public opinion to exercise its functions. The tide in Europe is going that way; and with the advent of such a resurrection in the age-long conception of the duties of a government, mere wealth in the hands of such an instrument as I have described will be terrorized and powerless.

THE LION'S MOUTH

THE SORROWS OF A HARMLESS MAN

BY McCREADY HUSTON

"I REALLY ought to stroll over to Johnson's and say 'Ah' into his engine a couple of times," I remarked to my wife, peering in the direction of Johnson's place. I could just make him out among his cars at the garage entrance, and the sight made my right forefinger—which was between the pages of a new book—tingle.

My wife looked interested. That is one thing about her: she can always look interested. I have known her to look that way even when somebody suggested that we go out for a day in the woods and "just be kiddies again." You would never suspect what she is thinking.

"Johnson somehow has made up his mind that I know something about motors," I explained. "A few weeks ago I made the mistake of looking at the works of one of his machines while the hood was raised and he came up close to me and put his finger on one of the little what-do-you-call-them hickeys, and said, in a low voice, 'What do you think of that?'

"There was my opportunity. Like the time Simpson asked me what I thought about his new fishing reel, I should have admitted to Johnson that I know so little about a car that I have to put it in the shop every time we change a tire. You know the number of books I have had to read about bass and trout fishing in order to make good with Simpson after looking at his reel and saying 'Hum.'

"So I should have told Johnson that the only thing I am good for around an automobile is listening for squeaks. But instead, I put my finger on the little hickey when he took his off and said, 'Humph.'

"In a minute I knew I was lost. Johnson turned on me with those pale but determined eyes of his and nodded—he didn't say anything—he just nodded: and I nodded back; and we stood there nodding at each other while the perspiration started from me at every pore. Every second I was afraid he would ask me something about a car. He didn't then; but as I was leaving he sealed my doom: he said, 'It'll be nice to have somebody in the neighborhood at last who really knows something about a motor. I have no use for these half-baked mechanics who get hold of a fine piece of delicate mechanism and ruin it.'

"That was the night I lay awake and tossed and muttered in my sleep. You remember it, of course?"

My wife nodded.

"I've kept away from Johnson ever since; but I passed him this morning on my way to the station and he had a dumb, wounded look in his eyes. I knew he was thinking that I had been untrue to him. And almost every evening for the last week he has wandered out to his garage after dinner and puttered about. I know what's up—he's waiting for me to come over.

"It's either his happiness or mine," I went on, throwing my book on the table, "and I can't stand to see a man like Johnson suffer. It is like the time I let on I knew something about early American furniture."

My wife laughed. It wasn't a pleasant laugh—it made me suspect that sometimes she thinks I am just a little ridiculous.

"Anyhow," she said when she had recovered, "you learned something about antiques from reading about them in order to make good with that decorator."

"Yes," I said plaintively—I think it must have been plaintively, for I felt plaintive—"but think of the time I lost from my business and the sleep, not to speak of the money that I could have made while I was reading up on furniture. Between the furniture and the bass I probably lost five thousand dollars last year without catching a single fish or acquiring a single Windsor chair. I want to go over to Johnson's and relieve his suffering, and I know if I do I'll be tied up on automotive engineering for three months and my law practice will go to destruction."

Again I peered across toward Johnson's place. Dusk was settling over the city and another day was slipping into history. I sighed: I thought of Johnson's face and sighed again.

"It isn't as bad as the time you looked wise when somebody mentioned places to buy liquor. You were really ludicrous that time," my wife remarked casually.

I wish she wouldn't say that. Sometimes she makes me feel that she really does think I am ludicrous. There is a lurking mockery in her tone, if you know what I mean. Of course she had me there—I'm afraid I did make a fool of myself that time.

Jenkins got it into his head some way that I was a bit of a rounder, knew the city quite well, and was a sort of connoisseur of rare pre-war potables. It all came about through an unintended wink of the eye. We were sitting on our porch one Sunday afternoon when he dropped a remark on the general subject of illegal beverages. Just then a gnat flew into my eye and I winked, and in a second I saw I was done for. A most understanding expression came over Jenkins' face and he winked back—and from that incident there grew the greatest complication of entanglements, with sly references by Jenkins so continually that I finally saw that he suspected me of leading a double life. I got so I was afraid to meet him. Unfortunately I did not explain to my wife how it all began; and one evening when the Jenkinses were playing bridge with us, Jenkins made a remark that caused my wife to give me a look—she lost no time in closing the rubber and getting the Jenkinses out of the house. I think it cost me nearly three hundred dollars in presents to get the thing straightened out, and after it was straightened out my wife laughed at me. Every once in a while she does that and it makes me uncomfortable; I wish she wouldn't do it.

"Why don't you go over and smoke a cigar with Mr. Johnson and, when the conversation drifts around to motors, you can make a clean breast of it?"

I jumped—that was exactly what I wanted to do! In fact it was what I had always wanted to do with the bass fisher, the furniture collector, and the liquor fancier. And it was not moral cowardice which had prevented my doing so, though I am afraid sometimes (when my wife laughs like that) that she thinks it is. The reason is that I do not like to disappoint men and make them suffer. Johnson, you see, was happy because he thought he had found an expert with whom he could really enjoy his machines. The shock of disillusionment would be too much for him, I feared. I tried to point that out to my wife:

"I wish you could have seen the sick, hurt look in Johnson's eyes this morning when I passed him. I can't go over

there and disappoint him. It will be easier for me to study up on mechanics for a year or so than it would be for me to destroy Johnson's faith. I'll sleep better to-night if I go over now and make a few casual remarks—though I ought to be looking up some authorities in that big will case that goes to trial next month."

I got up wearily and started for the door. My wife started one of her laughs and then, seeing that I was in no mood for raillery, overcame it.

"Sit down," she said calmly. "If you won't tell Mr. Johnson that you don't know anything about machinery, I have something to tell you. I was over at Johnson's yesterday and Mrs. Johnson told me how happy her husband was over having discovered a motor expert in the neighborhood and what good times he expected to have with you."

She laughed a couple of notes and then overcame it by a tremendous struggle. When she was normal she went on:

"I saw in a minute what you had done and what kind of a year I should probably have, living with you while you tried to live up to that reputation; so I came right out with the truth."

"You did what?" I cried, starting to my feet.

"I told her the truth. Now go on up to your study and get to work on that will case in peace."

I am afraid I looked rather silly standing there in a bewildered way; I was knocked all of a heap, as they say. Never before had my wife interfered in my private affairs.

Suddenly she burst into that laugh.

"Whenever I think of Mr. Johnson looking sick when he passed you this morning, I can't control myself," she choked. There was nothing for me to do but go to my study. When my wife is in that mood it is better for us to be apart. Sometimes I am afraid she finds me really amusing—something I could never stand if it were true.

THE SOCIAL ORGANISM

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

WE HAD been talking about capital punishment. I had been maintaining that there is only one argument against it—a sufficient one, the same in fact that holds against the thumb-screw and the rack—it is barbarous. We had read in the papers that morning of sentence of death having been passed on a murderer. The condemned man knew that he had just eighty-three days to live. "Think," I said, "of those eighty-three days and nights passed in the solitude of a prison cell. Imagine them, *feel* them. You are outside and safe and happy; but put yourself in there, realize that you're trapped, done for, that you will never get out until they come for you at night and lead you to a room near by and put your neck in a noose and then with a devilish machine jerk you fifteen feet in the air and so jolt the life out of you as a terrier shakes a rat. Is the slow procession of the hours that lead to that final horror a less hideous torture than the rack?"

Perhaps my friend was lacking in imagination or perhaps he was just one of the practical, realistic, unsentimental men by whom the world, it seems, has to be run. In any event he did not agree with me. He dismissed my case as an example of "this humanitarianism which we are hearing so much of to-day." His position was simple and had no nonsense about it. Society, he said, must protect itself, and the criminal undermined the social structure. Society, in fact, was an organism and the criminal was diseased tissue which had to be cut out by a surgical operation. He seemed to like this analogy, for he went on to

compare criminals to germs infecting the social organism. We must treat them accordingly.

I did not attempt to continue the discussion. I hate human sacrifice, even when the God happens to be called Society, and I cannot trust myself to speak temperately to his worshippers.

As I walked over to the club I passed two movie palaces. At one the attraction was a drama in which ten thousand camels and fifty thousand human beings —or perhaps it was fifty thousand camels and ten thousand human beings—had taken part. At the other, "Desert Love," I gathered from the posters that the chief ingredients were aeroplanes, oases, the hot palpitating passion of the Orient, and the purity of an innocent girl. People were crowding in.

Do you know, sometimes I think that the movies are a menace to society.

When I reached the club I picked up the evening paper. Our evening paper is a peculiar organ. On the front page it prints the beginnings, and the beginnings only, of all the news stories. No article that began on that page has ever been known to end on it. The result is a sort of menu of the day's happenings. Thus a rapid survey was enough to inform me that two statesmen had been making speeches—the usual bunk; that four thousand persons had been summarily executed in Bulgaria; that a combination of companies had been formed for the manufacture and sale of tetraethyl gasoline at the imminent risk of poisoning half the population of the United States; that there had been two fires in town—"origin, carelessness"; that four men had been up in court on charges of reckless driving. I turned over the remaining pages, but I did not dwell on them. They appeared to be largely devoted to advertisements of fake bargain sales and quack remedies. If you had bunions or cancer or gas after meals or tuberculosis or were too fat or too bald or too homely here were devices that would cure you in a few weeks. . . . Do you know, sometimes I think that—But I've said something like that before.

I decided to go home. In the hall of the club I met a man I know. He told me what he said was a good story. It wasn't good: it was just plain bawdiness unrelieved by either wit or gaiety. I sniggered. I don't think I mind men telling me lewd stories: what I really mind is that they should think that I am the sort of man who appreciates them. For that shows that I *am*. I felt dirty.

I made my way to where I had parked my car. When I reached it I found a tag attached to it commanding me to report to Police Headquarters at once. I had violated one of the parking regulations. You see, if there are many cars parked in this street it is rather dangerous in case of a fire. . . . It seemed as though I were becoming a bit of a menace myself.

And then I perceived the real error in my friend's description of society as an organism and the criminal as a germ. . . . Society isn't an organism: it's just an aggregation of germs.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

FREE WILL, REGULATION, NON-RESISTANCE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHAT is wanted in our generation with a particularly fervent desire is mass production of education. The world has been jolted pretty hard lately and a great many of the doctors have got the idea that, if people knew more, they would behave better and avoid some forms of misconduct which threaten to crack civilization. How far they are right in their supposition that education improves people and makes them more peaceable is matter for discussion. The Germans, in a way, had more education than any other people. They seemed to be the most thoroughly schooled people on earth, but it did not keep them out of the war. The great obstacle to mass production of education is not the distrust of its value but the fact that teaching has to be fitted to each individual and that no two individuals are alike. Now the parts of one Ford are just like the parts of another, and you can fit them together and the thing will go. They are all factory made, but people—especially young people—are not like that. We know they are chock full of idiosyncrasy, very individual, often obtuse in some particulars; and when you go to fitting on to them a ready-made suit of education, like as not it won't hang right. Besides being different, these creatures have inside of them a piece of clockwork called a will and that is what they run by. We are instructed by our pastors and masters—that is by some of them—that knowledge of good and evil and free will in our choice between them is the particular gift of God to us which makes the great distinction between us and the animals. Not the only distinction, of course; a good many of the animals have four legs and more sensitive perceptions in various particulars than we have, and do not bob their hair nor shave, as most of us do; but the great distinction between us and them is free will, along with which there goes doubtless a superior intellectual capacity that in truth may be for all we know, and probably is, a product of the will.

Well now, free will is valuable. How are you going to save it? It is recognized that the animals beat us in some things. They seem to have powers of sense that we have not. They have discernment of things invisible to us and apparently can see ghosts. They can smell what we can't smell and get information out of it that is quite beyond us. When we want information of that sort we go to dogs to get it. They have a sense of direction that we have lost. They can find their way out of the woods by instinctive sense of direction. The migratory birds have the same thing. They know when to start their annual journeys and in what direction to make them. Indeed the animals and their lives are very wonderful and full of mystery. There they are, living beside us! What they know we only guess. We study them and some of us who are sufficiently intelligent seem to make progress in discovering what they have and what they do with it. It is the same

with the insects, big and little, down to the myriads which we see only through microscopes. So we see life going on everywhere and we know quite well that a lot of it which we do not see at all still goes on. We notice no schools for bees or ants, and nothing but parental instruction for birds and all the animals; yet we see that they get along and prosper according to their opportunity and increase or decrease according to their chances, so we conclude that what they know by the light of nature is valuable and we suspect that what is given to us and our children by nature is also valuable, and that in our educational proceedings we do well to save as much of it as we can.

NOW take a modern child. A lot of trouble has been taken to produce that child. It started longer ago than anyone has been able to compute with any certainty. Put aside for the moment the evolutionary theory that we began life as seaweed or something like that, and start with man. Starting even so and avoiding discussion of the earlier methods and maneuvers of the Creator to make us, if we merely start with man we go back a long, long time that seems to grow more protracted with every significant excavation. Recorded history goes back only about ten thousand years, and that is a mere trifle in the age of man, but it is a fair length of time if one is to discuss deliberate and organized education, which has doubtless existed much longer than that. Now there have been two main ends of education —to impart knowledge, and to train the young to do as their elders thought they should. A great aim of education has been obedience. It seems very necessary in children—at least it is highly recommended in Scripture. You have to have a certain amount of it in human life or you will have more trouble than you can handle. But if it persists too long or is too fervently exacted, you lose free will and with it the greatest prerogative of man.

What does education mean anyway? It means to bring out what is in one, and that is what education ought to do. What is the greatest thing in us and the most important for education to bring out? It is free will, the capacity to choose between good and evil, between wisdom and foolishness, and to follow whichever one prefers. Without free will there is little or no permanent progress in civilization. Civilization will progress through obedience to God, but doubtfully through obedience to man. The understanding of the Divine Will is knowledge. By that men improve and develop good judgment. Not so, necessarily, by the understanding of the will of man and concurring with that. The great exercise provided for us by Almighty Wisdom for our journey through this life is the exercise of intelligence and of our wills; to meet temptation and beat it; to get as good a living as we can; not to injure or destroy our neighbors nor by them to be destroyed; to reach more and more to that understanding of the Divine Will which is knowledge and truth. That is the nature of our job here. In our childhood we need guidance, and there are only too many people who never really grow up and who need more or less guidance all their days. But those who do grow up must develop by the exercise of their own minds and their own wills, otherwise they will neither be strong nor wise. To live by rules laid down by other persons for the government of our actions is not enough. We are not machines nor made to run on rails. We don't profit, after childhood, by being told to go in when it rains or come out when it clears. We ought, ourselves, to learn about such things. If someone really knows more than we do, we should profit by his knowledge. It is not to be desired that we should be our own doctors or our own lawyers, unless indeed we know more about health than the doctors do and more about law than the lawyers, or are lucky enough to escape sickness or litigation. We may, however, hope

to know religion as well as most of the ministers do, because that is the one special subject in which we have constant training. At least some of us have it. Time was when most people had it, but that may not be true now. That does not mean that there will not be clergymen who know more about theology, men who know more about literary criticism and, indeed, about almost everything, than we do, but we may hope to get along without running to our clergy to tell us what is right or wrong.

IN SPITE of our great need of developing each for himself our own powers of self-direction in this extraordinary country and this extraordinary time, we are afflicted with a pest of people who insist upon telling us what to do and are able to get laws through legislatures that aim to make us do it. They want to tell us, and they do tell us, what not to drink, what not to learn, what not to believe, where to send our children to school, what shows to go to, how to dress, how much to wear when we go swimming, what to do on Sunday, and to what particulars of theology to subscribe. A good deal of all that is not new in the world. It has always happened that there have been people who have thought that what they saw was all the truth there was and who insisted on imposing their conception of it on others. Prohibition is not new; insistence upon details of creed is not new, but such things have so rained upon us in recent years that really we begin to be astonished. And what is the reason? The reason is that by the working of democracy the power to regulate has gone into the hands of half-taught people whose understanding of life is imperfect and their knowledge limited. Most of them mean to do right and make right prevail, but go about it in so faulty a way that what prevails is wrong. They sow for peace and raise war. They sow for temperance and raise rebellion. They do not know what seed they scatter.

Take Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan supposes himself to be a Christian, and in some measure no doubt he is. He considers it essential to sound Christianity to believe in the Virgin Birth. He would not allow in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church clergymen who do not hold that belief. That is not so bad, because it affects only the Presbyterian Church. It is not the gnats he strains at that are Mr. Bryan's real ailment but the camels he swallows. Here he is insisting on the Virgin Birth, which is difficult for some people, and running amuck through the whole philosophy of Christ's teachings of which, evidently, he has no understanding at all. Christ regulated no one; he compelled no one. As has been said of him, he had complete understanding of the psychological effect of compulsion on men, whereas the prohibitionists and the regulators by legislation seem ignorant of anything but the first and more obvious consequences of what they do. They do not seem to understand that mind is free and that all effort to compel it to accept what it does not assent to ends in hypocrisy, evasion, or resistance. They do not seem to understand that legislation makes nothing right and nothing wrong, but that our sense of right and wrong is a growth of centuries and millenniums and, that when laws conflict with it, our consciences reject them, though we may find it politic so to shape our conduct as to keep us out of trouble with the courts and avoid the attentions of the police.

The complications of the world are difficult just now, and the thoughts of many people run on the solution of them. An interesting man who has rather novel ideas on some fundamental subjects, being asked the other day what the world needs, replied: "What it needs is the gospel of Christ. Implicit faith in that will save the world. Nothing else will." His answer was interesting because of what he thought Christianity meant. The old religions, he said, stood for prohibition and punishment, but Christianity for freedom and

forgiveness. His idea was altogether that Christ came to make us free; that he came to use our wills and not to suppress them; to cure the world from the inside out, not from the outside in.

Of course, it sounds like a counsel of perfection when one speaks of using the will of man to save the world and remembers that it is by the will of man that the world is imperiled. Nevertheless, that is what Christ has done and would have us do. He would save the world, not by compulsion, not by legal regulation, but by such a reshaping of the will as he had power to effect, and described as rebirth. That power undoubtedly remains in the world to this day and works in our times, and it is about the most valuable asset we have and, some day, believers think it will really be tried out and bring peace.

THAT, however, seems not imminent. We have to be content with much more modest deductions, as that creeds will not make belief, nor regulations make character, nor laws necessarily bring order, nor prohibition, temperance. Connected with these things are the ideas we seem to be gathering about money. The Bible says the love of money is the root of all evil, and people who go after it with energy still talk as though it was the chief end of life. But for all that, its prestige in the last quarter-century has diminished, and since the Great War we have been going through a course of silent instruction about what money really means. We have taken for granted that it was an advantage to persons who got it, albeit instances to the contrary have not been rare; but as the discussion of the war debts that Europe owes us goes on, the advantage of squeezing money out of Europe seems to grow more and more doubtful. For money is merely a form of power, a factor in compulsion. When it promotes life it is useful; when it clogs energy and impedes human intercourse, or diminishes the ardor of effort, it hinders life and does harm. Imprisonment for debt, after prevailing for centuries, passed away chiefly because it was uneconomic; because there was no sense in it; because men could not earn money to pay their debts while they were shut up in prison. So we may come in time to have sense about the war debts and cease to heckle Europe for moneys that she cannot repay without too great a strain on her resources and standards of living, and which, probably, we could not receive without serious disturbance to the working of our own delicately contrived and related economic machine. What the Great War may finally be discovered to have effected is the end of the long, long tried attempt to save the world and keep the peace by compulsion, and the beginning of an effort to do so by general consent. When the philosopher quoted above said that implicit faith in the gospel of Christ will save the world and nothing else will, something like that was what he implied.

Christ said: Resist not evil. That was one item of his counsel to his followers. It is very puzzling. Did he mean that there should be no resistance to evil? Or did he out of his profound discernment see that evil, if given its head, would breed a much more efficacious resistance than any we could provide against it? The cure for many difficult situations is to let people have their own way and face the consequences. We use that remedy often as it is, and should use it oftener if we were less combative, and were not misled by traditional valuations which rate material things too high and spiritual things too low. Our propensity to do that seems almost incurable, but we get a lot of instruction as we go along, and "Resist not evil" may not always baffle our intelligence.

A Letter to Our Readers
On Our Seventy-fifth Anniversary

THERE is nothing that would give the editors of *Harper's Magazine* greater pleasure than to be in closer touch with its readers. Oftentimes there are matters about which we should like to consult you. More often still there are interesting things we should like to tell you. This is one of those times, and as it is impossible to write to each one of you personally, we are writing this open letter to let you know something of the plans for our seventy-fifth anniversary year.

We have been working out these plans for many months, always with you in mind. We have called in the foremost experts to help us make the Magazine more beautiful, more easy to read, and more completely in harmony with the modern emphasis on typographical excellence. And we have acted upon much of the sound advice that you yourselves have given us.

The September number will come to you in a new dress. There will be no change in size, but the striking cover designed by a famous type expert will tell you just what the issue contains. There will be an exquisite frontispiece in color—the master work of a distinguished American painter—and it will stand alone as the only picture in the Magazine. The mellow softness of the paper which this change will permit us to use throughout the Magazine will please the eye and make the type more readily legible. The title page will be a thing of beauty, and the decorations at the head of each article will delight all lovers of good book-making.

The Magazine will be aimed more directly than ever at you as a representative of the intelligent minority—as a thinking, cultured reader who seeks both entertainment and an enlarged and broadened point of view, who wishes to keep in touch with all that is best in literature, and who must be equipped with a more than casual knowledge of the many vitally significant things that make up our life in a world that was never so interesting as it is today. Fiction? Yes. We have been gathering together a brilliant group of short stories by the most famous American and English writers. *Harper's* will lead in this field as it has always led. There will be as much fiction as ever, and a greater diversity of other contributions.

Our desire to give you this greater diversity, to give you much more actually to read, to make the Magazine richer in all ways, has been our chief preoccupation. And knowing you to be representative of the best American culture and taste, we have arrived at the conclusion that we can give you something even more vital to you, something more intensely human, something more provocative, by devoting the pages of the Magazine entirely to your entertainment, interest and stimulation rather than to pictorial features, charming in themselves but after all of only passing interest. When you receive the September number we feel sure that you will agree that *Harper's Magazine* is more than ever worthy of its great heritage—always moving forward with the times—the magazine of infinite variety and the utmost distinction.

The Editors

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

HERE is a true story of success that beats most of those in the magazines which tell us how to make good. Twenty-five years ago a young man from Zanesville, Ohio, named ***Zane Grey***, was practising dentistry in New York and eking out a small income by playing professional baseball in the summer. The young man wanted to write. He wrote a novel called *Betty Zane*, about a sister of one of his ancestors. It was refused by dozens of publishers. Finally Doctor Grey published it at his own expense. It brought him neither fame nor fortune. He wrote other books and stories, and still the publishers would have none of him. He kept on in the face of poverty and rebuffs, even when the cottage in which he worked was so cold that his numbed fingers could hardly hold a pencil—and became the most popular writer in America.

Seven and a half million copies of Zane Grey's books have been sold. A single novel, *Riders of the Purple Sage*, has been bought to the extent of seven hundred thousand copies in the United States alone. Another, *The U. P. Trail*, has reached half a million in the United States. His income from royalties, serial rights, and motion-picture rights is now written in six figures. Why? Because he takes readers out of themselves, out of their dull routine and their thwarted lives, into the exhilarating atmosphere of a land of cowboys, buffaloes, elemental virtues, Indians, and adventure; and also—some of the critics forget this—because he knows how to make the brilliant scenery of the West glow in the imagination of his readers.

The dog story which he contributes to this issue of the Magazine, based on his own experiences on a lion-hunting trip in the Grand Canyon, exemplifies both his knowledge and love of Western outdoor life and his descriptive skill. We commend it both to those who know Mr. Grey's fiction and to those whose education in this respect has been neglected.

A few years ago ***Dallas Lore Sharp*** stirred up an acrimonious debate by his aspersions on private schools. In the leading article of the month he now returns to the subject of education with some equally pointed aspersions on intelligence tests and other pedagogical phenomena of the day. We foresee another debate, which we trust will not be acrimonious. Mr. Sharp will be remembered by HARPER readers as the author of a series of remarkable articles on the ways of the bee (now collected in a book, *The Spirit of the Hive*). He lives in Hingham, Massachusetts.

A one-time sea-going engineer, ***William McFee*** still enjoys voyaging. This month he takes us by air and rail to the most inaccessible capital of this hemisphere and, with all the subtlety which made *Casuals of the Sea* and *Command* delightful, interprets for us the curious Colombian state of mind. He has already contributed to the Magazine two other papers on his South American adventures.

"Savoir Faire" comes to us from the skillful hand of ***Laura Spencer Portor*** (Mrs. Francis Pope), one of the editors of the *Woman's Home Companion*.

When ***Jesse Grant*** sat in the Harper office and told us the tale of his visit to Windsor Castle in the seventies, we said, "You must write that for the Magazine." Now he has done so. We publish his account as the last of his group of reminiscent papers. These, by the way, will form a part of his forthcoming book, *In the Days of My Father, General Grant*.

Two months ago ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould*** (Mrs. Gordon Hall Gerould, of Princeton, New Jersey) contributed a pungent article on Reno. Now the divorce colony serves her a background for a short story.

As the new theatrical season opens, the Reverend ***Fred Eastman*** makes to managers and playwrights an appeal which will be widely seconded. There has been a great to-do recently about censorship of the theater, but Mr. Eastman is concerned with a question more fundamental and more positive. His autobiographical article, "Shall I Remain in the Ministry?" which we published last March, impressed a large public.

The final story of the month is the work of ***Elsa Barker,*** of New York City, an occasional contributor to the Magazine.

By the time this issue appears young Mr. Scopes will have come up for trial in Tennessee, a fact which gives special timeliness to ***Henshaw Ward's*** article on one of the most interesting phases of evolution. Mr. Ward, who used to teach English at the Taft School and now lives in New Haven and engages in scientific writing, contributed last month a notable paper on a subject less than an inch long—a clover leaf.

Gamaliel Bradford's portrait of Mrs. Jefferson Davis is the third in his gallery of American wives. His fourth and last subject will be Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

"Hilaire Belloc," wrote Allan Nevins the other day, reviewing *The Cruise of the Nona* for the New York *World*, "is one of those whole-souled, robustious, stirring fellows to whom no activity is alien. He came out of a French artillery camp, tore his way through Oxford with brilliant salvos of wit, hit upon a new method of writing history and illustrated it with imaginative works on the French revolution, went into Parliament, walked across France and the Alps to Rome, sketched his way from Algiers to Timgad, explored the Pyrenees, invented a mediaeval world to suit himself, showed with one hand what duffers Gardiner and Froude were, and with the other how easy it was to beat Lewis Carroll writing children's verse, lectured in America, impaled the Jews, wrote a history of the War, and is still only fifty-five." Mr. Belloc is also, it might be added, a delightful essayist and the author of some stirring poems. A book of his entitled *The Road* will be published next fall. Meanwhile he dissects the British journalism of the day somewhat as American journalism was dissected in June in "Sell the Papers!"

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The poets include ***George Sterling,*** a Californian who has published several volumes of verse; ***Anne Goodwin Winslow,*** a native of Tennessee, now traveling in Europe, whose first volume will be brought out this fall by Harcourt, Brace & Co.; ***Jean Batchelor,*** a new contributor from Narberth, Pennsylvania; ***Theodosia Garrison*** (Mrs. Frederic J. Faulks), of Short Hills, New Jersey, a well-known poet whose lyrics have frequently appeared in HARPER'S; and ***Edith M. Thomas,*** long a member of the editorial staff of the Magazine.

Charles A. Bennett, author of that delightfully amusing book, *At a Venture*, in his more serious moments is assistant professor of philosophy at Yale University. He shares the honors of the Lion's Mouth with ***McCready Huston,*** of South Bend, Indiana, who makes this month his first bow as a HARPER author.

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Malcolm Stephens Parcell, whose painting appears on the cover of the Magazine, is not yet thirty: he was born January 1, 1896. He studied at the Carnegie School of Fine Arts and is a member of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh. In the past few years his work has attracted increasing attention. He won the Saltus Gold Medal of the National Academy of Design in 1920, and has carried off two medals—The Logan and the N. W. Harris—and a thousand-dollar prize at the Chicago Art Institute.